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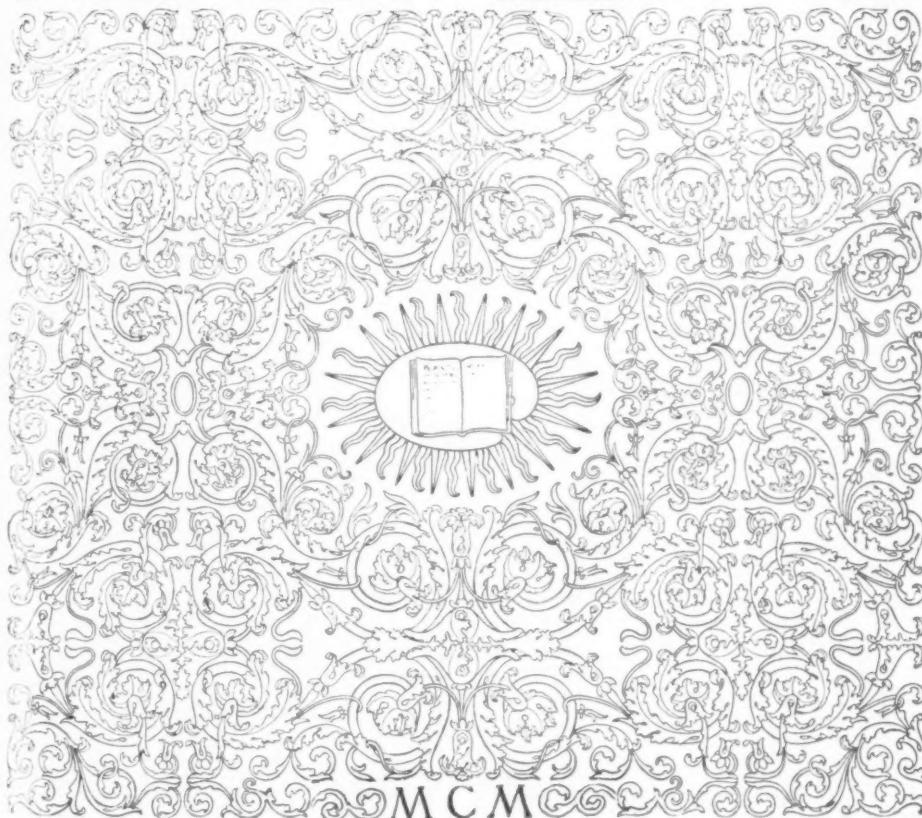
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APRIL, 1900.

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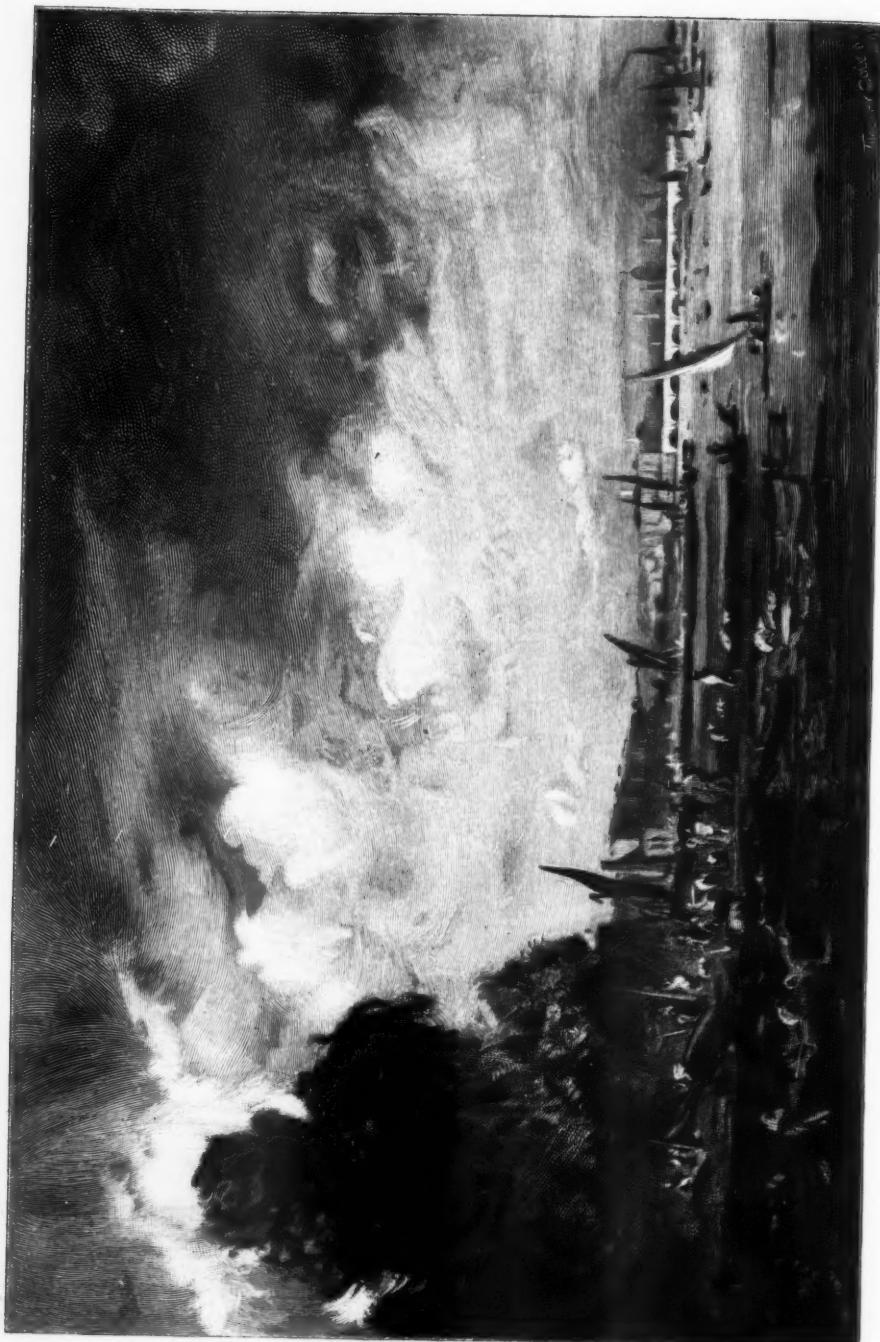
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(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE THAMES. WATERLOO BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.
A SKETCH BY JOHN CONSTABLE.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY.



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 6.



THE DULCE-PIJI FAMILY.

A STUDY OF MARMOSETS.

BY JUSTINE INGERSOLL.

WITH PICTURES FROM LIFE BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

THEY are not vaudeville artists, as one might suppose from the title, but simply a family of marmosets. Oustiti they are called in France, and silk monkeys in Germany. In a certain dictionary the implication is made that they are ugly little fellows, and beholding the illustration which inspires this uncomplimentary description, one cannot wonder at it, for never was marmoset created in a likeness so hideous. Further still, I have heard them called marmozets, marry-mozets, marmoooks, and even marmots. This last misnomer is the cruelest of all, for the marmoset is proud of his distinction in the animal kingdom.

What is a marmoset? you will ask. The books of natural history will tell you that they are the smallest species of the monkey tribe; but when I hear them singing like a thicket full of thrushes, as they do when they are quite content, then I say they are birds; again, when I see them jump about my room as light as puffs of smoke, then I say they are spirits; and yet again, when I look into their faces and see the expression there, half human, half elf-like, then I say they are hobgoblins. I have been under the spell of these bewitching little beings for

many a year, and to-day I am no nearer knowing what they really are than I was at first. Even Dulce, who is the head of the family of which I am going to tell you, keeps up the mystery of his identity. Dulce comes from Colombia, South America, but he goes wherever I go, in winter in a fur-lined basket, and in summer on my shoulder. Seeing him there, I have heard people exclaim, "Is it alive?" which shows the intelligence of the average observer, for Dulce is all-a-quiver with life from nose-tip to tail-tip. Again I am asked, "Is he intelligent?" "Very," I reply. "And how does he show it?" "By loving me," which answer should be conclusive. Dulce is a gentleman of the old school, fastidious, alert, and valiant. Vehement in his likes and dislikes, and quick to recognize the good and the bad, he acts as my divining-rod. I know when Dulce sings softly upon first acquaintance that here is a person to trust, but when he goes off in a succession of short clicks like a policeman's rattle, then I am on my guard. When I first saw Dulce he was trying to make the best of things in a grimy corner of the shop of a South-street dealer in animals. He had that very day come from his tropical home, and I

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wondered if the hands that had decorated his ears with ornaments of coral and tinsel were hands that had loved him, and if so, how they could ever let go a being so beau-

of the face which scrutinized me so critically. Poor little exile! I went close to his cage, and, to my joy, instead of shrinking from me in agitated aversion, as all the others had



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

DULCE.

tiful. No silk was ever softer than his fur, through the gray of which I caught shades of orange and black. His eyes were sparks of electric light, struck from the battery between the white tufts of hair on each side

done, he came to meet me. I opened the door, and before I knew it he was upon my shoulder, with one of his white rosettes pressed against my cheek, singing the tenderest and sweetest little song, which told

me that I was his and he was mine. I took bread and milk. But Dulce came to teach him home, and because he was so sweet I called him Dulce.

"You are foolish to love him so, because

me how to keep his race in health, beauty, and happiness. His first object-lesson was to pounce upon a box where I kept weevils,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

BINO.

no marmoset ever survived a winter in this climate," my friends would say. Quite true. Before Dulce came I had seen many of his kind die agonizing and, I know now, unnecessary deaths, not from climate, but from

or meal-worms, for my mocking-bird, and make way with a dozen or more at a sitting. In this way he told me that the marmoset was insectivorous. Meal-worms can be had all the winter from bird-dealers, as well as

live bait from the fish-market; but when summer comes Dulce and I go on grasshopper hunts, and such sport as we have chasing them about in the warm grass, and ferreting under stones in cool places for crickets! In June, when Dulce is sound asleep,—for he snoozes from five o'clock in the afternoon till ten the next morning,—I go out in search of the crisp brown bugs that fall under the electric light. Eggs, both raw and hard-boiled, cooked lobster, and paper-shelled clams are all capital substitutes for the summer insects. It is now six years since I found my little companion, and to-day he is as active and as strong as a Shetland pony.

Piji, his mate, is of his own choosing. He selected her out of many marmosets, and it was a pretty piece of romance to see how delicately he kissed her on her lips when he took her for better or worse. Piji is pretty and pert and very timorous, but Dulce loves her, and if she were to die I think he would die too, for that is the way with these beings of intense and fixed affections. Knowing this, I said one day, "And then, Dulce dearest, there would be nothing left to remind me of you, for never could there be anything so sweet as you again on earth." "Don't you be so sure of that," he chirped, kissing away the tears from my eyes; "you leave that to me."

Another member of this family of phantasms is a little creature we call Mimi. Mimi weighs about three ounces, and came to me suffering from paralysis—a far more frequent disease among marmosets than consumption. Bread and milk was responsible for her condition. Mimi has an air of valetudinarian importance. She is fidgety to a degree, but that does not keep the others from being kind to her. For almost a year I have kept Mimi alive and free from pain with homeopathic doses of *nux vomica*. Quite in contrast with this frail, querulous little old lady is Bino, a splendid specimen of the cotton-headed marmoset. Snow-white as to breast and legs, her back is covered with a jacket of cinnamon-colored fur; her face is black and of an Ethiopian cast, veiled with a film of grayish down, which makes her look as if she had run against a cobweb. On her head there is an avalanche of snow-white hair, which hangs square upon her shoulders and gives her a grotesque likeness to the Abbé Liszt. Like him, she is a great musician. Nothing more mellifluous can be imagined than the flute-like cadences of her voice, and her pipings are always in a weird

minor key. I have a friend, a French artist, who on this account calls her *ma petite Biniou* ("my little bagpipe"). Like all self-sacrificing beings, Bino is shamefully put upon by her brothers and sisters. I am sorry to say that I have seen Piji, Mimi, and even my sweet Dulce snatch from her food for which she was hungry, but I have never seen the time when she was not willing to give up to them the choicest cuts of grasshopper. When their little hands are smeared with tapioca or their feet are covered with dust, Bino's beautiful mop of hair is used as a napkin or a door-mat, as the case requires. Not one of them ever thinks of being barber to Bino, but let any one of the others present a disheveled appearance as to his or her locks, and straightway Bino gets to work and brushes and shampoos the tangled hair till it shines like satin.

Not until the babies came did I comprehend the true beauty of this remarkable animal's character. But now I have let out the most wonderful event that ever occurred in the history of the Dulce-Piji family, and, so far as I know, in the history of any family of marmosets in captivity. Once before such a thing did occur, but I interfered with a hot-water bag, thinking that I knew more about it than the mother did, and the poor little baby was boiled to death. It was in the latter part of April that I came home one evening to find my Dulce waiting for me at the top of the banisters—something he had never done before, for, as I have said, he is a great sleeper. He looked mysteriously important, and greeted me, I thought, with more than his usual dignity. Bino was jumping from cornice to cornice, her face working and twitching with some strange excitement, keeping up all the time a shrill piping. Over the rim of the basket where they all sleep, her eyes as big as saucers, was popped the face of the valetudinarian. But Piji, pretty little Piji, the most excitable and easily scared of the lot, was nowhere to be seen. A sudden terror froze my heart. Piji, poor little Piji, had been killed! "Dulce, Dulce," I cried, "is it rats?" Dulce looked mysterious, and led the way to the top of the high desk where the basket stood. He and I lifted the flannel blanket. I heard the newest and faintest and strangest little chirpings. "No, dear," said Dulce, "it's not rats"; and there lay little Piji with all the terror gone out of her eyes, looking very sweet and complacent, and under each arm a little black wabbling head moving restlessly about—two little images of Dulce! I kissed Dulce over and

over again; then I took Piji and her babies, Dulce offering no objections, and put them in a cage by themselves, where they would be warm and quiet. I gave the mother a double allowance of meal-worms, tapioca, and banana, and from day to day the babies grew bigger and stronger. They have round polliwog heads set on silver-gray bodies, and sleek tails ringed to the tip with black.

cage all day long, and at night I would see her steal down two or three times to assure herself that all was well with the babies. One day the babies disappeared. Piji showed no signs of agitation, but I searched high and low to find them. Finally, there they were high on top of a tall cheval-glass, and Aunt Bino was the kidnapper. She was kissing them and hugging them to her in a



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE BABY.

I think they were impatient to see the world, for on the third day I took them on my hand, and, with a snap, four little black eyes opened wide. When they saw the sort of place it was, two little mouths, the color of oleander-buds, uncurled, and in concert they gave a piercing shriek, and were glad to scramble back to their mama and hide their faces in her fur, where they clung tighter than any limpet to its rock.

All this time Bino was going on like a crazy creature. She would stay close to the

transport of unselfish affection. She had torn a hole in the wire of the cage and possessed herself of them, much, I think, to Mama Piji's relief, for by this time her big, lusty sons were getting too much for her. Seeing the pleasure it gave her, I let Aunt Bino, after this, assist in the daily care and education of the babies. Their faintest cry stirs her face into wrinkles of solicitude, and she waits in a quiver of impatience until Mama Piji grows weary of the demand made upon her, and somewhat petulantly bites the

tails of her sons to show that she would be rid of them. Then it is that Aunt Bino's arms are stretched out, and first one and then the other is carefully lifted from the mother to Aunt Bino's strong back; or, as it sometimes happens, they go, like strong wine, to her head, where they cling with all their little hands, the two long tails, like the strings of a bonnet, knotted under good Aunt Bino's chin. She does not mind that the little urchins make her either uncomfortable or ridiculous, but off she trots with her precious burdens for an excursion into the country—the chestnut-tree outside my window. Here she bounds from branch to branch, the two impudent little heads bobbing up and down on each side of her white topknot, no queen happier; but let Mama Piji call for her children ever so softly, and back comes Aunt Bino on a scamper to restore to the little mother her own.

A month to the day the babies were born they ceased to be babies, and entered upon that indeterminate period of a man's existence designated as boyhood. This epoch was heralded in by a terrific uproar. Papa Dulce was asserting his authority and getting his whiskers pulled. With a small piece

of banana he was teaching his sons the first and most important lesson in life,—how to eat correctly,—and getting into an irascible frame of mind over the lesson. Mama Piji was encouraging, Aunt Bino was approving, and Cousin Mimi was scolding the performance.

I went to the assistance of Dulce, and gave a medicine-dropper full of warm malted milk to each of his turbulent offspring. This I repeated three times a day until they scorned the pap of adolescence, and took to meal-worms and all the things their papa told them were good for them—except little Cousin Mimi. He could never make them take kindly to her and her fussy ways.

When I tell people of the interesting traits of my little companions and the constant entertainment they afford me, they exclaim incredulously: "Oh, pshaw! That is your imagination. You make up these things, and expect us to be fooled into believing them." But indeed I make up nothing in regard to these intelligent and affectionate little creatures. I have not yet told the half, and when human beings complain that life is empty and existence a horrid bore, I can only say, "Get a marmoset."

MUSIC.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

FROM reed and rill and turning sphere,
From the unfathomed past,
The future's darker vast,
One harmony thy heart may hear;

The vale, the hill, the sea, the stars,
Great Nature and the soul,
I teach them, and out roll
Forever my immortal bars.

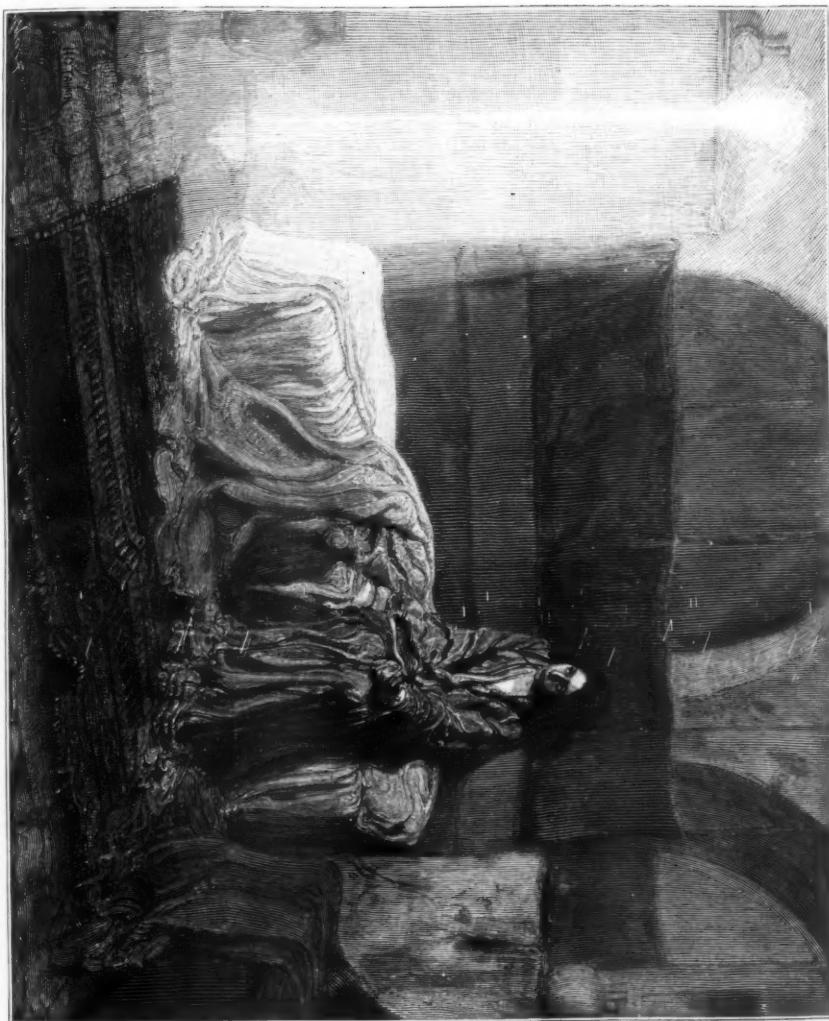
The voices else fast-fettered, dumb,
Beyond the poet's word,
But ever by him heard,
I free them, and they singing come.

In their bright songs the heights to be
Gleam like the hills at morn;
Back where thy soul was born,
Thither thou goest, following me.

I rule the future and the past;
What shines His face before
I show thee, and once more
The loveliness that could not last.

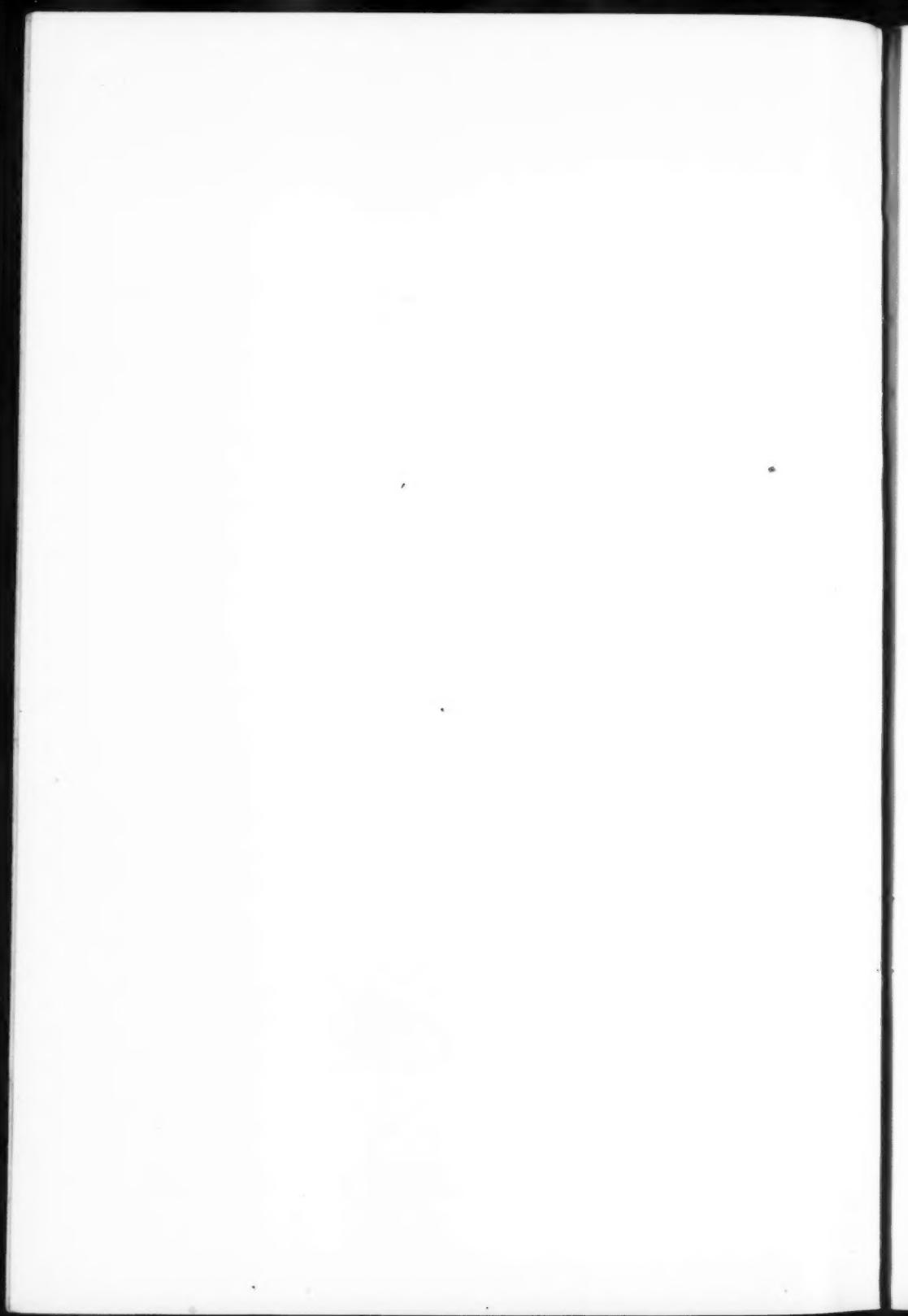
I call, I cease, yet am not gone;
Although my voice speak not,
Thou hearest me in thought;
In deep of dreams I murmur on.

I speak for all that live and love,
That sorrow and rejoice;
Mine is the only voice
All know on earth, all know above.



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BY RICHARD WHITEING.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

IN October and November fashionable persons pour into Paris for the season. From this time forward, for about six months, town will be their headquarters. Sometimes they make short winter trips to the southern watering-places, but they are still more or less in touch with the capital. The immigrant swarm includes all sorts of outlandish figures, pleasure-seekers of the world at large. These do not visit the shrines with quite the same devotion as of old. Still, to any one on this continent whose pursuit is "a good time," Paris is always, more or less, a matter of course. It can never be left wholly out of the reckoning.

Our older European societies make leisure a very serious vocation. They are deliberately trained for it, and they chase the butterfly with more conviction than the younger communities of the world. For instance, in a general sense, the dandy in America, while on his way to more generous recognition, is still only the transient and embarrassed phantom of Disraelian phrase. The urgent crowd yet mocks at him and his like, and he has no regular course of frivolity that keeps him hard at it, in a stately progress from trifle to trifle, for the revolving year. In France the science of not earning your own living is carried to high perfection. So it is in England, though in a more serious way, thanks to the larger resource of public life. In both you see the same thing in different forms—the necessity of making pleasure an organized energy.

Years ago, when there was a temporary lull in the performances at the Salle Ventadour, the society papers were much exercised

as to what should be done to fill the blank. There was a Tuesday night left unoccupied. The necessary man, however, came at the right moment in the shape of a viscount, who imagined a Tuesday at the Théâtre Français. It was "created," and with the greatest care. Society subscribed. The "Figaro" published a plan of the house, showing exactly where the Rothschilds, the Pourtalès, the Sagans, and other shining lights might be discerned with the naked eye. The contriver was considered to have deserved well of his country.

Theoretically, there is now no season in Paris, just as, theoretically, there are no fashions. This means that one section of society is still sulking with the Republic. The idea is that it will be inconsolable until the King comes back, and that it despairs all those mundane vanities in which it has no better leader than a President and his wife. I remember once seeking out M. Worth, now long since gone to his account, to inquire of him, in a spirit of philosophic investigation, how the fashions were started. I had imagined that it would be interesting to discover the very fount of inspiration in these matters, to find out exactly how a new skirt or a new bodice was revealed to the race. He satisfied my curiosity in the most obliging manner, though, at the outset, he assured me that, under the Republic, the fashions were not started at all. They simply occurred, in a more or less fugitive fashion, because there was no one to set the needful example.

In the old days, he said, it was simple enough. He hit upon an idea, and submitted

it to two or three ladies of taste in the court of the Empress. They liked it, or did not like it, and taking counsel with him, they finally shaped it into something which they might feel justified in laying before the throne. It was then further modified on its way to perfection. At length came the great day, say the opening of the spring races, when one or two of them imposed it on the mass of womankind as a sort of edict from above. With that it started on its travels round the world.

But, virtually, of course, life has to be lived, just as women have to be dressed, and so, no matter what the régime, things get themselves done after a fashion. The science of sulking with the Republic has to own certain limitations. Rich and idle people must amuse themselves, and if they cannot get the social leadership they want, they have to invent some working substitute. As a class, the French aristocracy have no participation in public affairs. They go into political life in the unit, not in the mass, and on the same principle of equality as the notary of a country town who works his way into the Chamber or into office. So, many of them fall back on pleasures of the

more frivolous kind, but for these all who seek to enjoy them, high and low alike, train with exquisite care. It is mainly a training for moderation. They know that excess is a mistake. The object is the luxury of agreeable sensation, and this precludes riot.

There is nothing more wonderful in nature, or rather in art, than a French man or woman who has succeeded in perfectly realizing this racial ideal. The man especially eats and drinks well, but only by virtue of the most rigorous self-control. His dishes are arranged in a certain succession of flavors that help one another. His drinks are sipped in a scale of stimulation rising from grave to gay. I have known little partnerships for this purpose, in which men dining out at a strange place have agreed that one shall serve as taster for the two, on the principle that if indigestion is to be the penalty, there shall still be a survivor. As the different dishes are served, the taster smiles or shakes his head, and the other instantly partakes or refrains. It marks their sense of reverence for the temple of the body, and so brings them as near to religion as some are likely to get



CHILDREN OF THE RICH.



FIVE OCLOCK IN A PRIVATE HOUSE OF THE FAUBOURG ST-GERMAIN.

This training for trifles begins at birth with the infant of fashion. It is very much the business of his nurse to see that light and air do not visit him too roughly. His swaddling-clothes are a marvel of completeness as non-conductors of the winds of heaven. As soon as he is old enough to understand things, you see him toddling out with his tutor, a grave ecclesiastic, who watches over him at work and play, and puts the right notions into his mind. The ties thus formed are never wholly severed. The priest attends to all the goings out and the comings in. When ball is the game, he is there to see that his charge does not hurt himself, nor hurt the ball. He makes the lad gravely polite, and grounds him in the secondary religion of the salute, on the principle of no game of shuttlecock without a bow to your partner. He also, of course, grounds him in the humanities. At this early age the child is not sent to school. He is coached at home by the priest, and taken once or twice a week to what is called a *cour*, an establishment where private teaching is tested by public examinations. The *cour* directs the studies, and determines proficiency in them by question and answer. Tutor and pupil prepare as best they can in the interval.

The essence of the system is the exclusion of everything from the boy's mind that ought not to be there. So he is under the strictest supervision from first to last. The priest takes him to the *cour* and fetches him away again. When he goes to the *lycée*, or public school, it is much the same. The valet takes the place of the priest, and fetches and carries, with due provision of muffler and umbrella for rainy days. So it goes on until the time of the great change, when, perhaps, the youngster is sent to Saumur, the great cavalry school. Then, for the first time, he has to stand alone, and father, mother, nurse, valet, and priest have to say good-by. It is always an anxious moment—especially so for the neophyte.

The bound from tutelage to the very license of liberty, moral and intellectual, is a marked characteristic of the French system. Marriage makes the trembling ninny of a girl a finished woman of the world. A first shave converts the gawky school-boy into the ape of a boulevardier, vices and all. The transformation is as sudden as anything in Eastern magic. He was a boy after his time under the tutelage system. He becomes a man before his time at Saumur, and he generally goes through a stage of puppyism

which is a trial for his friends. This is the period of his first duel, a thing done on the sly, and revealed to his horrified mother only after the scratch has healed. By and by there may be other escapades of a more serious nature. But the mother is still there to find out all about them almost before they happen, and the watchful father is at hand to see that they entail a minimum of scandal.

At this stage his people begin to think of marrying him, and here again all is provided for by the ever-watchful system. It is the mother's business to learn the whereabouts of *ingénues* doubly dowered with virtue and with millions. The marriage is arranged,—the term has a more than usually deep significance in France,—and the pair have a chance of living happily ever after, if they know how to make the best of it. It is no bad chance. Though the French marriage is not, in the first instance, based on love, it is supposed never to take place until liking, at least, is assured. The rest is expected to come as a matter of growth. The theory is that any two persons of about equal age, circumstances, and breeding, if only they start fair in friendship, will learn to love each other by the mere accident of companionship and the identity of interests. The odd thing is that they very often do.

The wife has been still more carefully brought up, in her way. Nothing can exceed the more than Hindu sanctity of know-nothingism in which the mind of the young French girl is shrouded from birth. At the convent she has had the wall between her and a wicked world. Her whole art of polite conversation with a man is little more than "Oui, monsieur," "Non, monsieur." After a dance she must be safely and swiftly deposited—a sort of returned empty—by her mother's side, and during that brief flutter of freedom it is not good form to take advantage of the absence of the parent bird. A few observations on the weather and the picture-galleries are considered to mark the limit of taste. "Gyp" has assured us in many a cynic page that the *ingénue* is not half such a simpleton as she looks. But it must not be forgotten that "Gyp" has largely invented a type for her own business uses. The real article, while it is not exactly a lamb in innocence, is still happily unaware of most of the evil going on in the world. Here, as military life was the great change for the boy, marriage is the greater change for the girl. She passes at once into a sphere in which she is considered fair game



THE CHARITY BAZAAR.

for any allusion to anything within the bounds of good breeding. She rises to her opportunity, or to the stern duties of her station, whichever way you choose to put it, and in a surprisingly short time comes out as the finished woman of the world. This is the French way. I neither blame it nor defend it; I do not even try to account for it. I simply say what it is.

In this new state of development you will probably find the young wife at the head of a salon. Her vocation in this respect will be determined by her rank, her wealth, or her talents; but with or without them, if she

holds any position, she will aspire to this kind of social leadership. It is difficult to define the French salon in a phrase. It is by no means a mere drawing-room filled with company. It is something distinctly organized with a purpose of leadership. The hostess tries to make her house a center of influence. But why go on? At Washington you have the thing itself in fair perfection of development. People come and go; they bring the news, they hear the news, and they work out their little schemes. The main art of the salon is, of course, conversation. As men at the bar talk to live, people in the

salon live to talk. With this they have to cultivate the social graces. They learn to listen well, to keep their tempers, to amuse—in a word, to make life pass smoothly for themselves and for others. The salon is really a great school of manners, and it is part of that art of painless pleasure which, as we have seen, is widely cultivated in France. If the wife belongs to the aristocracy her salon will be of the *grand monde*. If she only wants to belong to it, her salon will probably be political. If she shines by taste or talent it will be literary or musical. There are salons for everything, even for settling elections to the Academy. If you attend them you are expected to be amusing as well as to be amused.

Salons have their fortunes, like little books. They go up and down, according to the circumstances of the time, and sometimes the literary salon is most in vogue, and sometimes the political. The old-fashioned Legitimist salon has had all sorts of fortunes. It was in great force when Louis XVIII was brought back by the allies after Waterloo. Then the scheme was to undo the work of the Revolution, and the women of the Restoration, with their priests at their back, set about it with a will. They organized the "White Terror," a sort of counterpoise to the "Red," which had just passed away, and they gave the whole Liberal school of thought an exceedingly lively time.

There was some attempt to revive the Legitimist salon when Marshal MacMahon had his brief innings. The Duchesse de Chevreuse held gloomy state, and people prophesied the coming catastrophe of the Republic over afternoon tea. But the duchess was only less belated than her old master, the Comte de Chambord, and it was felt that if Legitimism was to get the whip-hand of France it must still descend a little to notice the time of day. So the most typical salon of this period was the one managed by the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia. It was the requisite blend of old and new. She was active, much in evidence, a great patron of charities—in short, a person with a finger in every pie, and all to the end of the restoration of throne and altar. But she failed for want of a good partner. The duke was an amiable nullity in affairs. He could drive a four-in-hand; he was an authority on the laws of sport, a noisy politician, but no more. They tried to make a diplomatist of him by the simple process of sending him as ambassador

to the court of St. James, but he was soon recalled.

The salons of finance lent a hand in this pious work. Mme. Bischoffsheim spent money like water to keep the cause in heart. So did the Duchesse d'Uzès—a Clicquot in her origin. The development of her salon, the way in which it rose from small ambitions to greater ones, was peculiar. It began merely as the best match-making salon in the Faubourg St.-Germain; it ended as the best salon of political intrigue. Long after the 16th of May had been swept into limbo, the influence of the duchess survived in her championship of the Boulangist movement. She rallied to the Comte de Paris, as she had been ready to rally to his cousin, and she is said to have put up no small part of the money for that gigantic trust of sedition which was to be managed by the man on the black horse.

In this way we see how easily the social salon passes into the political. In fact, the dividing-lines as I have given them are only for purposes of classification. There are few drawing-rooms where they stick solely to one thing. The more or less purely political salons exhibit an agreeable diversity. They are of all shades, and of course they are especially Republican. At present, however, the salons of this variety are in a state which the grammarians define as "being about to be." They have been, and they are to be again. But they are still waiting for such leadership as they had under Mme. Adam, Mme. Floquet, and Mme. Lockroy. Mme. Lockroy, indeed, survives as a ruler. She is the wife of the pushing politician, late minister of marine, who has more than once occupied that position, and she was the daughter-in-law of Victor Hugo. She is charming and sociable, and is altogether a person that no rising Republican politician, with convictions and an enlightened sense of self-interest, can afford to neglect.

Still, she is not what Mme. Adam was. That lady still holds receptions, but she too is only an object of comparison beside her former self. Her great day was at the time of that very 16th of May when she held aloft the banner of the Republic, as the duchesses held the banner of the reaction. Her house was a kind of citadel, amply provisioned with tea and cake, where the struggling Radicals, with Gambetta at their head, held the councils that saved their cause. The hostess had an almost ideal equipment of gifts for this part—beauty, widowhood (which meant freedom), and the inheritance of a wealthy Re-



FLOWER FÊTE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

publican senator. Then she touched life at other points, as a busy, if not a great, writer in romance as in politics, and as a champion of woman's rights. Add to this, as might be expected, a boundless self-confidence. Her failings were those that leaned to the side of this virtue. She grew too pushing, too energetic, and became one of that imperious band who rule our spirits from their urns—in this case, the urn for tea. She was for giving laws to the lawmakers of the Republic, and settling the rise and fall of ministries from her boudoir. When that ambition was fairly developed the Republican chiefs had to part company with her. But, before the change, she exercised a wide influence. She virtually gave away places. Her salon used to be thronged with all sorts of people who had their way to make in the world. Men who wanted a prefecture paid assiduous court. Dramatists who had hopes of production at the *Fransais*, a state matter in its further reaches, elbowed them on the stairs. It was a busy and a brilliant scene. It lost its essential glories when Gambetta and his associates no longer appeared, to keep their hostess in countenance in her promises of political favor. With them, naturally, went the place-hunters. Still, she struggled on, and kept up the fight by founding the "Nouvelle Revue," and making herself exceedingly disagreeable at times as the candid friend of the party in power.

She is visited and honored yet, if only as a memory, but, from ill health and the other causes, she is no longer what she was. She reached her height of influence when the obsequious municipality of Paris named a street after her pseudonym of "Juliette Lamber." Her decline was marked by a proposal in the same assembly to take her street away from her and give it to some new Egeria. For all that she holds it to this day. Poor General Uhrich at Strasburg went up and down in thoroughfares in this manner during the war. In the earlier stages of the siege he was rapidly promoted from streets to boulevards and squares; but as the Germans tightened their grip on the city, and the reports grew less favorable, he lost all.

Another and an interesting variety of the political salon is the salon of the lady spy. This is exceedingly well appointed, and is altogether a curiosity of its kind. You are cordially welcomed if you have any information to impart. You give it as to an intelligent woman of position who happens to be

keenly interested in public affairs, and whose little dinners are a refreshment of all the senses. If you are a foreign attaché you are expected to turn a side-light on the international intrigue of the moment; if a rising politician, you show the inwardness of a forthcoming debate; if a journalist, you give and you receive from all the four winds of the spirit as they blow. It goes on quite merrily for a time, until the hostess suddenly disappears under the imputation that she was in the pay of a foreign power, or perhaps of the Prefecture of Police.

The literary salon was in its perfection when M. Caro was the favorite lecturer at the Sorbonne. There is generally a fashionable professor in Paris, as there is a fashionable preacher. The smartest women attend his lectures, and take copious notes on points of metaphysics or theology. The strength of Caro's position was that they actually read the notes when they got home. He came to strengthen that reaction in favor of the Catholic faith which was one effect of the war. People were so humbled by the national disasters that their thoughts were easily turned to religion. So there began a movement against skepticism, and Caro led it at the Sorbonne. He lectured, with exceeding grace and charm, to prove that there was no necessary divorce between philosophy and faith. The fine ladies were edified and delighted. They formed rival salons in honor of him, both known as the "Carolines," after his name—one set as the "Carolines" of the north of Paris, and the other as the "Carolines" of the south. This went on until Pailleuron put him and his worshipers on the stage in a famous comedy, "Le monde où l'on s'ennuie." It was meant to crush Caro, but it did nothing of the sort. Ridicule gave him the benefit of an advertisement. He met the attack by taking a box in the theater and watching the whole performance, sometimes applauding his own counterfeit on the stage. He died as he had lived, successful, and deservedly so, for he was a man of erudition, and of great refinement of manner and of literary style. The interest of his personality in this connection is that it shows how society, when it is in the mood, knows how to get entertainment out of everything. Here was a lecturer at the Sorbonne who gave Paris not only two literary salons, but even a new play.

The French club takes its character from the French salon. It has to be amusing or die. The French have a highly developed club life, only it is necessarily a club life of



THE PADDOCK AT THE AUTEUIL RACE-COURSE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

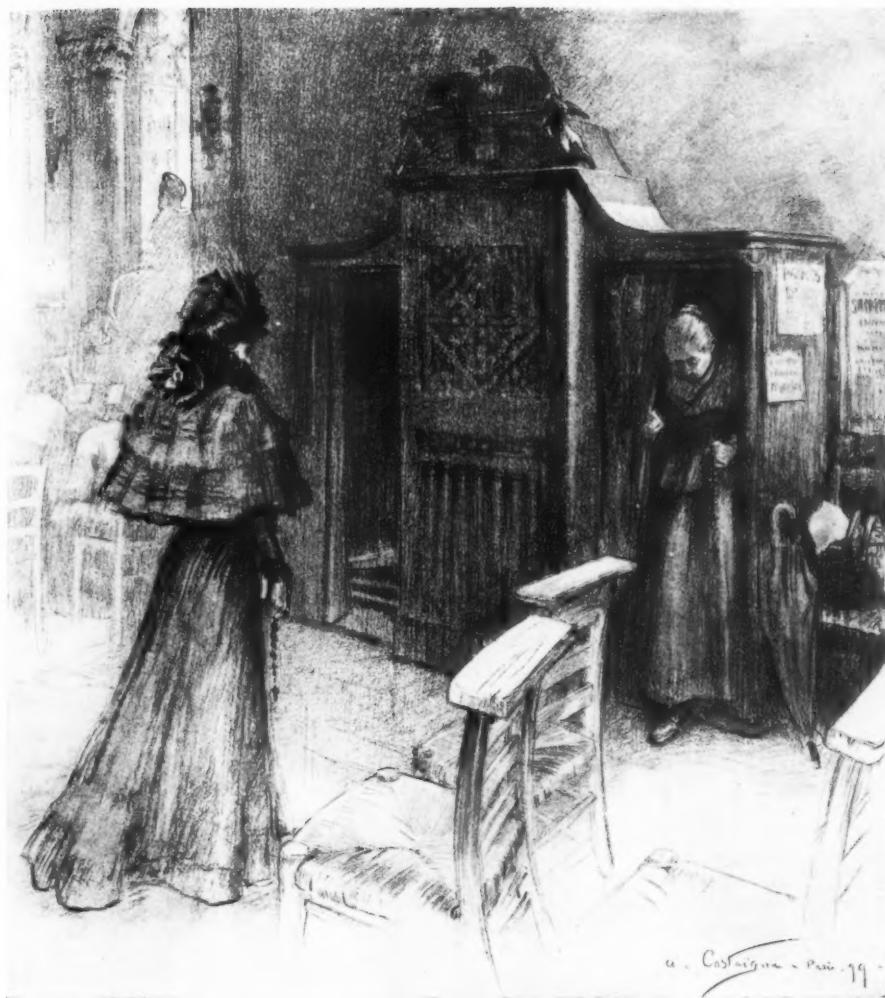


AN OLD PARISIAN BEAU.

their own. They take less joy than the English, from whom they are supposed to derive the institution, in those negative clubs in which you simply dine and read your paper. They expect the club to do a good deal for them. It is to have an active function, and is to be much more than a mere place of meeting. So the really typical club of Paris is the one formerly known as the Mirlitons, now fused with another, but still carrying its principles into the partnership. The Mirlitons is a club of the united arts. It is for painters, men of letters, and the like. They are not left to their own devices. The committee organize all sorts of entertainments.

They hold choice concerts in the season, at which some of the best amateurs in Paris are to be heard. At another time it is a picture exhibition, to which, as to the concerts, members may invite their friends. Now and then you have an amateur dramatic performance, or a great assault of arms, which brings together, as deadly opposites, some of the most noted swordsmen in Paris.

Another variety of appeal to this universal desire for something to do is the dining club. Many Frenchmen who do not need an all-the-year-round club are still glad to meet their friends at intervals of the week, fortnight, or month. The clubs for this purpose



ON COMMON GROUND—RICH AND POOR AT THE CONFESSORIAL.

are legion, and they need a new directory for every year, for they come and go. They unite men with the same pursuits or the same tastes. They are of all sorts. There is a dining club of men of letters. There are clubs (or there used to be) for the subdivisions of schools, for the Parnassians and for the Plastics, as there was a Boiled Beef Club, for the naturalists, under Zola. Add to these a club for failures in literature, a club for men whose plays have been hissed off the stage, a club for blockheads, clubs for painters, etchers, and so on. Then there are the clubs of provincials—the Club of the Apple,

which brings the Normans together, as men from the cider country; the Club of the Cigale, which unites the poets of Provence; the Celtic Club, at which Renan used often to preside. This is one of the simplest modes of reunion. It entails no cost for premises, and but little for management. The members meet at a restaurant, and as they don't have too much of one another, they are usually at their best.

The same craving for something to give a pulse to life may largely account for the number of gambling clubs in Paris. There are clubs that are for nothing but gambling,

and, apart from these, there is high play at pretty well every institution of the kind. The Frenchman is almost incapable of sitting still, of a state of mere being without doing, in club life. The concentration of baccarat is an agreeable variant of passionless repose. The gambling clubs proper—or improper—take a fine-sounding name sometimes derived from literature or art, but they are well understood to be simply places for the rigor of the game. They are mostly proprietary, and are magnificently appointed. The owner can afford to do the thing well at a moderate and, indeed, a merely nominal subscription. A good dinner is supplied at little above cost price. It brings customers to the house, and inspires them with hope for the chances of the green table.

Of course the English variety of club is not unknown. The old-fashioned Union, for instance, is quite as select as Boodle's or White's. It is almost a mark of good form to wear your hat there. You go to the Union as you might go to church. So you do to the Jockey. It has long since got rid of its wildness of youth, when Lord Henry Seymour, a brother of the Marquis of Hertford, was one of its members, and used to drive down in his coach and four, to the edification of the boulevard. It is exclusive and correct. Its surviving dissipations have a stateliness about them which might almost make them the devotional exercises of any other institution.

All the recreations of society have this note of special adaptation. There is always an attempt to give the turn of taste or of luxury. The inventor of the bran-bath must have been a Frenchman. The very sports of the field are something of a garden entertainment. If the racing is not quite so serious as it is in England, it is prettier and more comfortable. Still, it is good racing, too. Nothing need be better than the great meetings at Chantilly, at Auteuil, at Longchamps, and a dozen other places that might be named. But even there, and I am not saying it in the least in blame, there is still the search for elegance. The stands are more tasteful, the President's box is better, the approaches are better. The French have almost the honor of the invention of the private meeting. They certainly have brought it to its perfection. The scene varies. Sometimes it is La Marche, sometimes the Croix de Berny, sometimes Marly-le-Roi. This amusement they combine with coaching. You are driven down in a party to some delightful little place all among the green

trees, and there you have your race all to yourselves, your picnic after, and, perhaps, your dance to follow. The sport is only a *pièce de résistance*, and the true feast is in the side-dishes.

There is a classic simplicity about such things in England which has its charm too, but the world is wide enough for both styles. An English coach drive is a drive in a coach, and there an end. You go a long way, have something to eat in an inn parlor, and come back as you went. The French shorten the drive and lengthen the lunch. When the horses get home they will be put up in crack stables, wonderful to behold. The fittings in German silver, if not in the real article, in patent leather, and in deep-toned mahogany, or what not, are usually covered up, like drawing-room furniture in its chintzes. The horses themselves see so little of these braveries in a general way that they have a tendency to shy at them, on company days, when the cloths are removed. In Baron Hirsch's stables the family colors used to be woven into the very matting which covered the floor. It is so with all French sports—with their polo, for instance, where still they do good work. Compare the polo-ground at Bagatelle for notions—as distinct from the beauty of the scene—with the same thing at Burlingham or at Ranelagh.

It is the same with the riding. The Row in the Bois is prettier in its surroundings than the Row in Hyde Park. It is more ample, and it commands a finer landscape. The sense of the time of year, spring, summer, or even winter, is more insistent. The personnel may not be quite so impressive as in the Row, but that is another matter. The riding is a little mixed. Everybody thinks himself entitled to have a try. The freedom from fear and trembling with which some Frenchmen will mount a horse must ever cause fear and trembling in the beholder. The beggar on horseback is not half so objectionable as the rich man who has mounted late in life. The park riding is good, but here once more, as in all else, it tends to err on the side of finesse, and to suggest the Hippodrome. There are no better circus-riders in the world. Who but they have taught the horse to waltz and to make his bow? A little of this affectation has crept into the management of the cob. Finesse! finesse! you find it everywhere—even in the institution of afternoon tea. The bread and butter is a trifle too diaphanous for human nature's daily food. The sense of a religious rite is a little too intrusive.

When the French copy the foreigner, they copy with the exaggeration of idolatry.

With the Grand Prix the season comes to an end. People then begin to think of flight to the spas, to Marienbad, or to Ischl, where they catch a glimpse of the Austrian court, or to Aix-les-Bains and other places at home. Then, too, comes the time for the country houses. The country-house life is highly developed, only less so than in England, and there is everything but liberty.

vintage pays the piper, and it is also part of the sport. You play at pressing the grapes.

Then apart from all this, or with it, there are the hunting and the shooting. These are serious sports in France, taking the country as a whole, and they are not to be rashly despised by those who are familiar with only the exploits of the cockney sportsman. The hunting of the boar, the hunting of the wolf, are both dangerous, and both associated with fine breeds of hounds. Boar-



CLUB DES PANNÉS (CLUB OF THE "HARD-UP") WATCHING THE PARADE OF FASHION.

They will "entertain" you morning, noon, and night, and they have yet to acquire the art of letting you alone. There are picnics and excursions all day long, with dances and *jeux de société* at night. It is distracting. Some of the best houses are those associated with the names of the old vineyards, such as the Château Lafitte, the Château d'Yquem, the Château Margaux, the Cos d'Estournel. The capitalists are gradually buying up these ancient seats and turning them into pleasure-houses, as well as places of business. The

hunting, in particular, is no joke. The wolf-hunting is chiefly a scheme for the destruction of vermin. In some parts of the country these marauders are very troublesome to the flocks, and do any amount of damage. Then there is the hunting of the stag, where, once more, the decorative tendency comes in. Their art of hunting is as old as their country. They have given a name to most of the terms of sport, and they have invented most of the forms and ceremonies. We have all laughed over the great curling

horns round the body of the sportsman, but these have their uses at the close of a long run, when you hear them through the silence of the woods and the witchery of the twilight, sounding the death of the stag. It is like something from the tale of Arthur or of Roland. The horns wind for every stage of the process—for the view, for the turn at bay, and, as we have seen, right on to the end.

them back anywhere. They buy their way into rich families and into great châteaux. They, and the families into which they buy, make society. Beyond these there is a fringe of titled impostors. In no other country in the world are there so many dukes, marquises, and counts who can give no intelligible account of their blazon. They form a society of their own. They are on terms of



ENTRANCE TO A PRIVATE HOUSE DURING AN EVENING RECEPTION.

There is quite a rubric for the death, and still another for the distribution of the daintily carved morsels of the quarry among the hounds that have run him down. This is generally done by torch-light, in the courtyard of the château. Another great ceremonial observance is the benediction of the hounds on St. Hubert's day. This was revived by the Duc d'Aumale when he came back to live at Chantilly, with a determination to revive its glories. All who wore the duke's livery of the chase had to attend a solemn mass, with the pack at the door of the church, under the eye and whip of the huntsman. At the moment of the elevation of the host the hounds were expected to bark in chorus, but too often they only howled in sections as they felt the thong. In all this we see the tendency of the French to dramatize everything in life. The English rules of sport are for business; the French for beauty and grace.

These amusements run into money, and so, once more, the rising men of the time, who are the architects of their own fortunes, have their chance. There is no holding

tolerance with one another, for their principle is, "Live and let live." It is understood that I go on calling you "count" as long as you go on calling me "baron," and no questions asked. Their nutriment is the wild gull from oversea. It is with their aid that the fresh-caught millionaire from Brazil begins to furnish his salon. The house-agent will contract for them at a pinch, as for the chairs and tables. The sham nobility take their seats at the newcomer's board, and if they respect his spoons, he may be a long time before he finds out the difference between them and the real article.

A more respectable member of "the fringe" is the broken-down gentleman who has lived in good society, and who, for a variety of possible reasons, has lost his footing. These dejected spirits tend generally to haunt the scenes of former bliss. One of their gathering-places is at the junction of the Avenue of the Bois with the Place de l'Étoile. They take their seats there on fine afternoons, to watch the long procession of carriages and live again in their memories of former splendor. The mention of them is not without significance at the end of this survey. Truly





they represent a dead and gone state of things, or, at any rate, a dying one. The fine folks of their memories are really passing away as an order. Fashionable Paris is no longer to be confounded with aristocratic Paris. The two things are separate and distinct. Fashion has outgrown its old bounds of the old families, and aristocracy, as a governing force, has become a mere survival of habit. The two aristocracies, the old and the new, the Legitimist and the Bonapartist, —not to speak of the Orleanist, as shoddy as the last,—are mutually destructive. As they cannot agree to revere one another, they have helped the crowd to despise them all. A new society has come into power by process of natural change. Education, which is the real basis, is within the reach of all.

Republics must educate or perish. Under this one no nimble spirit need be ignorant for want of the chance of knowledge. There

is small difference of opportunity between the duke's son and the cobbler's. Manner is a heritage which the French have in common. All that remains to win social importance—and I put it last in no paradoxical spirit—is to win wealth. There again, whatever the dignity of the pursuit, the career is at least open. Access to political power is equally a part of the heritage. With this and with wealth, education, and manners, social importance comes at call, and the mere handle to the name becomes a pure superfluity. This is the real meaning of what is now going on in France. The old hereditary sets are being quietly elbowed out of the way by the new claimants for a place in the sun. The big names, as they appear in society journals and in the letters of foreign correspondents, have a quite fictitious importance. Fashionable Paris is now one of the newest things in the place.



STRATFORD BELLS.

BY F. B. F.

ONE Sabbath eve betwixt green Avon's banks,
 In a dream-world, we hour by hour did float;
 The ruffling swans moved by in stately ranks;
 With soft, sad eyes the cattle watched our boat.
 We, passionate pilgrims from the far-off land
 Beyond the "vexed Bermoothes"—oh, how dear
 That strange, sweet picture, by the Enchanter's wand
 Familiar to our spirits made, and near!
 Then suddenly a loud and resonant sound
 Thrilled from the skies and waters; lo! the chimes
 Of Stratford rang and rang; the very ground
 Murmured, as with a deep-voiced poet's rhymes,
 While swift melodious tone on tone was hurled.
 'T was Shakspere's music brimmed the trembling world.

THE SOUL OF WILLIAM JONES.

BY CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

I.


"O, ma'am," said the medium, firmly; "I could n't materialize him for you for less 'n a hundred an' fifty, not no way. 'T is n't as if you lived in Indianapolis or Louisville yourself. The spirits is more used to comin' to cities than they are to the country. Why, once I lay in a faint for twenty-four hours after I materialized her-husband for a lady down in Jasper County. These things has to be considered. Then, they won't materialize in no common room, they're that touchy. There has to be a cabinet for 'em and proper arrangements. I'd have to fetch a cabinet up here, an' the expenses would be heavy. I can't do it for less, no way in the world."

Emeline Jones scrutinized the man's face with hungry, desperate eyes. It was not a face that repaid scrutiny. The sallow skin, drooping black mustache, curved nose, and eyes of dull jet, with fat, white lids falling heavily over them, did not make up a countenance which the average judge of character would select as belonging to one divinely commissioned to mediate between the worlds of flesh and spirit. This, however, did not occur to the little woman before him. She interlocked her fingers nervously.

"I ain't got no hundred an' fifty. I wisht I had," she said, her soft face working; "I'd give more 'n that just to talk to William a minute or two. There's some things it just seems to me I've got to ask him; but I guess I'll have to do with the messages—not but what they're beautiful," she added hastily, fearing lest she might have offended their appointed deliverer, "only they ain't always just to the point. He uses longer words than he useter, an' I expect he can't keep his mind on the things I want to know about. I want to see him, I want to!"

"Yes, ma'am. There's nothin' like materializations. They stay by one somehow. There's the same differences between messages an' materializin' that there is between telegraphin' to a place an' goin' by train yourself."

"I wisht I was rich! It seems as if I could n't stand it."

The man moved restlessly at the sight of her distress.

"It's a great comfort to the departed to be materialized, too," he observed. "They do say they get homesick for a sight of the old places. I'm right sorry I can't afford to do it for you for less; but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'd like a message this mornin', I'll see if I can get you one, an' I won't make no charge for my time."

"It's awful good of you," said the woman, gratefully. "Mebbe here by ourselves he'll speak out a little more than he does in the meetin's. Won't you come right in to the house, Mr. Wichens?"

The two had been talking beside the road, in front of the tiny unpainted dwelling of rough gray boards crossed by slender weather-strips which had embodied the idea of home to the late William Jones. The house, with its surrounding patch of sward and bit of garden, was encircled by a mighty corn-field, glistening bravely in the August sun. About the corn-field was the forest. Encompassing the forest was the sky, and the sky is the great thoroughfare of the universe, the king's highway, that leads from everywhere to everywhere. Of all the countless travelers who pass that way, surely there were some whom expectant, hospitable souls might intercept and entertain. This, at least, was the way it seemed to the little circle of spiritualists upon the farms lying about Jerusalem Four Corners. Their faith had been inspired some years before by the remarkable table-tipping feats of a hysterical girl, and it had been for them a harmless and comforting cult, affording them much interest and an innocent consciousness of much distinction, until Mr. Wichens, trance-medium and general spiritualistic worker, had heard of them, and came that way to see if he might not reap of the harvest the good people themselves had sown for him. It was advisable for him to forsake Cincinnati for a time. He was not in favor with his own clientele, owing to his connection with an especially humiliating exposure. In the western tier of Ohio counties there is

more than one crudely primitive country district like this of Jerusalem Four Corners. They are eddies in the tide of civilization which swept on westward to Illinois and Iowa, and their people are the predestined victims of the unscrupulous. Mr. Wichens decided to spend the summer traveling northward, and August found him on the edge of Paulding, with a well-filled purse and the complacent conviction that the world held many greater fools than he.

At Emeline's invitation he descended from his smart new buggy and hitched his horse. She led the way up a path planted on each hand with flaming orange lilies. The one door of the house led into a spacious kitchen, from which opened the "front room," an apartment resplendent in a red-and-green carpet, holland shades, an ash center-table, and a stiff lounge covered with a large-flowered tapestry carpeting.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Wichens?"

This modern Charon, who ferried earthward across the Styx souls hungry for a glimpse of home, took a chair and covertly appraised his surroundings.

"Your husband left you pretty comfortably fixed, Mrs. Jones," he observed, glancing about with the large condescension of one who is at home in so many worlds that all mere earthly dwellings look alike to him.

"I own the place. It's only sixty acres, but we worked hard enough to pay for it," said Emeline.

"Ah, yes. Now, if you please, Mrs. Jones," he said, his manner becoming suddenly distant and majestic, while his speech grew polysyllabic and imposing, "I will approximate the condition of trance necessary to establish communication with the spirit-world. When I appear to be quite rigid, you may begin to put questions as usual, and if your husband is near he will doubtless respond to any inquiries you may make."

The compensations of ignorance and credulity are very great. It never occurred to Emeline Jones to doubt that her husband had a soul. She believed that it was, and that it was immortal, and when, in the first horror of sudden loss, some of her spiritualistic neighbors tried to comfort her with the assurance that she might still communicate with him, they found her curiously eager to believe and embrace this doctrine. It was so necessary that it must be true.

So she watched Mr. Wichens as he settled himself in his seat, throwing back his head and clutching both arms of the chair as he did so. His color changed from white to red,

and back again; his lids fell; he breathed heavily; his muscles stiffened into rigidity. He was a loathsome sight, in his black-and-white fatness, but Emeline's eyes were held. The scene had been repeated more than once during the meetings of the last three weeks, but she had not yet become hardened to the marvelous meaning of it. Vaguely she felt that here, in her little room, tremendous things were happening. The greatest chasm in the universe was being bridged, so that her love might cross it unafraid. The beauty and the wonder of it took away her breath, and with the instinct of the worshiper she sank upon her knees and hid her white, excited face. The seconds passed like hours.

"Emeline!"

The voice that issued from the man's throat was hoarse, and had the effect of coming from far off. It was so that the "control" always spoke, and by that token Emeline knew that the soul of her husband waited to have speech with her. She lifted her head.

"Is it you, William?" she said timidly. Now, as always, when the supreme moment arrived, she felt a curious sensation of flatness and unreality. All the burning words which she thought she could pour out from her heart freely and unhindered suddenly became impossible. Her speech limped along tame, accustomed ways.

"How—how are you now, William?"

"Dreadful poorly just now, Emeline."

"Can you see me, or only hear me speak?" Her voice was curiously tense as she put the question.

"I can't see you."

Emeline caught her breath before she went on.

"What are you a-doin' there, William?"

There was a perceptible pause before the answer came. Wichens had little imagination, and credited Emeline with less. Also he had found that with these simple, practical people it was hardly possible to be too material, too concrete. Had not Emeline herself complained that her husband's messages were not to the point? So the spirit of William Jones responded at last to his wife's interrogation.

"I'm teamin' it just now. Times is hard here, too, an' the off ox died last week."

"I did n't understand before that you had to work for a livin' there, too," murmured the woman, with a flash of resentment against the whole toiling universe. "Could I—could I help you anyhow, William?"

"Ask Mr. Wichens when he comes to. He'll know if there is any way."

There was something flabby and helpless about this speech which did not in the least resemble William Jones's muscular way of meeting hard times; but his wife went on with eagerness:

"There ain't anything I would n't do if only I could really sense it that 't was you, William; but somehow I can't seem to feel as if 't was really real."

"You would n't feel that way if I'd been materialized once, probly." The hoarse voice was growing fainter, and at this sign that the interview was nearing its end the woman rallied her courage suddenly.

"There ain't no way to do that but to mortgage the farm, an' you know you told me never to do that; but if it's true that you want to come back, I'd even go against what you told me. William, there's one thing I got to know if I die for it, an' that is if you're still in the same mind you was that last evenin', just before you went out. You remember what it was you said? Do you feel that now? If you do, I should n't think you'd want to be materialized. For God's sake answer just this!"

To her passionate appeal there came no reply. The soul of William Jones was discreetly silent, or had passed upon its way.

The medium came out of his trance slowly.
"Well, ma'am, was it satisfactory?"

Emeline wiped the tears from her cheeks and steadied herself to answer:

"If it was n't, it ain't no fault of yours, Mr. Wichens. I'm sure I'm much obliged to you."

As the man left the house Emeline watched him thoughtfully, a growing resolution hardening the lines of her round face, which had remained unusually girlish in spite of the work and worry of her less than thirty years.

For most of us money cannot buy the things that belong to our peace. The rich are as poor as the poorest in this. But Emeline suddenly realized that she was exempt from this human limitation. Her heart's desire was purchasable, though at a great price.

"I guess money ain't goin' to stand in the way of my seein' him if he wants to come back!" she said, with a strange new sensation of freedom and of power.

II.

"EMELINE JONES, you ain't really done such a fool thing as that?"

"Well, I have then. I put a mortgage on the farm an' got the money, an' the materializin' is to come off at the say-unts at Levi Thomas's Sunday afternoon. An' I got a new white dress with black ribbons to wear to it."

Emeline was sitting on the door-step of her little house, at the side of one of her oldest friends, Mrs. Ellen Evans of Arkswheel. Rumors of the "doin's" of the trance-medium at Jerusalem Four Corners, and especially of his dealings with William Jones's widow, had reached that village, a dozen miles distant, and on hearing them Mrs. Evans had put on her sunbonnet and gone down to the store to see if any of Emeline's neighbors were in town and would take her when they started homeward. It was a time for action. Some one must demolish the medium and snatch Emeline as a brand from the burning, and Mrs. Evans felt herself equal to the task.

Arkswheel, with its twelve hundred inhabitants, was sufficiently a center of civilization to qualify any of its residents for missionary effort toward the people "down around the Swale." Yet now that she was really here, and deprived of the moral support of gasolene street-lamps and the railroad, Mrs. Evans felt curiously inefficient. The corn was so tall, the woods were so somber, the sky was so near and the world so far, that things impossible elsewhere seemed not unlikely here. The dramatic possibilities of the situation worked upon her against her will, and Emeline's obstinacy was imperturbable.

The sun had dropped down behind the solemn blue forest, but across the sky still flamed the long rose-colored pennons of the defeated day. It was one of the martial sunsets that call the soul to arms. Emeline felt its summons. She looked at the kindly, anxious, wrinkled face of the woman beside her.

"You're as good a friend as I got, Ellen, an' I would hear to you if I did to anybody; but I want to tell you it ain't no use to talk to me. I can see how you feel, but you might as well save your breath."

"Emeline, I left things an' come down here in the middle of my cannin' an' jell-makin' to tell you what I thought about this business, an' it seems to me I got to do it. Your mother an' me was friends back east in Columbiana County. I mean to talk to you the way I know she would."

Emeline drew a long, heavy breath.

"I'll tell you what I never meant to tell a soul; then you'll understand how it is I

must see William if money can do it, mortgage or no mortgage. You know"—her voice broke for an instant—"how sudden it was when he died: how he went out in the sulky after supper to train the colt, an' it shied an' threw him out against a stump, an' that was all there was of it," said Emeline Jones. "He was dead when they brought him in to me. I don't believe folks ever cared for each other much more 'n we did, but we used to have words over nothin' sometimes, like other folks. It was that way then. We was both tired that night, but I guess it was prob'ly my fault. The supper didn't suit him. He thought I was goin' to fry chickens, an' there was only cold beans. So we had some words about that, an' one thing led to another, an' finally he flung out of the house, an' the last words he ever said to me was, 'I wisht I need n't ever see your darned baby-face ag'in.' He never did. O my Lord!" cried the woman, rocking herself to and fro in a burst of tearless agony, "do you think I can forget that? It's three months since he died, but there ain't been a day nor an hour of a day that I ain't heard it in my ears. I thought I'd go mad before the medium come. Even since I began to get messages they ain't gone right to the spot. I've tried an' tried to get one about that, but somehow I never can. I did n't want to speak right out an' let folks know. I don't know whether the medium mistrusts or not. When he began to talk about materializin' it come to me that if William would let himself be materialized—if he would come back an' look at me, even if he did n't say a word—it would be a sign he did n't mean it any more. Seems to me I can have peace after that."

Mrs. Evans was silent. She had not imagined a contingency in which it would be so difficult to speak her mind. It was outrageous that good money, valuable for the material ends of life, should be squandered upon sentiment, but that she should feel herself becoming reconciled to such waste was past belief. She made a vigorous effort to recover her original point of view.

"But, Emeline, William never wanted you to waste money, an' he never would want you to, no matter what happened. They say in Arkswheel you been squanderin' it right an' left."

"I'm scared sometimes to think how much I've spent," confessed Emeline. "It took the hundred dollars we had in bank for the funeral an' the stone I put up. Then"—she hesitated, aware of a lack of sympathy—

"there's been things the medium said William wanted. He said he could get him most things he wanted if I'd let him have the money, so I had the mortgage made for three hundred,—'t was as much as anybody wanted to put on this place anyhow,—an' it's took a hundred an' fifty for what the medium said William wanted, an' I give the medium the rest this mornin', before you come, to pay for the materializin'. He give me a receipt."

Mrs. Evans gasped. "Good Lord! Emeline, you'll never get paid out in this world. You'll lose the farm."

"I don't care," said Emeline, defiantly; "I'll have my two hands left, an' I ain't no children to think of. Once for all, it's William's money. If there's anything he wants with it, do you think I'd be keepin' it back? I'd rather chuck it in the fire than have him want an' not get."

"But, Emeline, you're talkin' as if it was all true. The idea of William wantin' things! Land! When he was here an' wanted things he hustled round an' got 'em. I guess if he wants things there he'll do the same. The Good Book says the Lord'll provide even here. I don't think he needs your help toward supportin' William. It's all stuff."

Emeline flushed, but her face kept its steadfast look. "I can't run no risks," she answered. "I don't know whether it's true or not about his wantin' things, but when that man's around he makes me think it is; but if it was all lies I'd have to do just the same, if there was just one chance of its bein' true. You'd feel so if it was your husband. I can't run no risks. That's all there is about it."

Remonstrance was so obviously useless that Mrs. Evans held her peace. When she spoke again it was to say:

"It's Sunday that the materializin' is to be?"

"Yes. I want you should stay over. The neighbors around here are dreadful good to me, but they don't seem like own folks yet."

"I'll stay quick enough," said Mrs. Evans, with a certain satisfaction in the prospect; "but I don't want you to think I approve of all you've done, Emeline."

"Wait till it's over," said the other woman, confidently.

The great day dawned with a cloudless sky and a blazing sun. The heat was intense along the white, dusty road the women took in driving to Levi Thomas's, but Emeline was pale when they reached the house, and the hands that held the reins were cold.

Levi Thomas was the most influential farmer in the neighborhood, and the only man of substance who held to the tenets of the spiritualists. In his "best room" the cabinet had been set up, and when Emeline and her friend arrived the room was already filled with whispering circles of the believers. A seat in the front row had been reserved for Emeline, who came forward shyly in her new white gown with its fluttering black ribbons, and shrank into her place. Her neighbors eyed her inquisitively. She suddenly realized with a heart-sickening revulsion that to see William in this crowded room, beneath the fire of all these curious eyes, would be intolerable. Then forlornly she reminded herself that it was, after all, only of his willingness to see her that she desired to be assured. She dropped her eyes and clasped her hands tightly in her lap, trying in vain to still the tumult of her nerves. She was sick with apprehension, wonder, fear. The room seemed to rock about her, and it was only with a tremendous effort that she kept her seat.

The hour for the meeting was half-past three. It was after four, but Mr. Wichens had not appeared.

"It's time he materialized himself," whispered a woman with a reputation for audacity, and a subdued titter arose from her corner. Emeline, thinking her own thoughts, had not realized that it was late.

At half-past four a man drove up rapidly, leaped out, hitched his horse to the rail, and came up the path in haste. He held a letter in his hand.

"Has Wichens come?" he asked the group of men standing about the door. They stared at him blankly.

"Thought he was stayin' at your house. Was n't he comin' with you?"

"He ain't been there all day. He left with his horse an' buggy last night. Said he was goin' up to Arkswheel an' comin' back this mornin', but he ain't come. He druv toward the Indiana line, an' I ain't been quite easy about it since he did n't show up this mornin'. This here's a letter for Mis' Jones he left in his room."

"He ain't come? What's that? Took his horse an' buggy? Great Scott! You don't think—" "He's got her money—got it Friday an' give her a receipt." "Gone for the Indiana line? By the Lord Harry, the man's a thief!"

The buzz of voices took on an ominous sound.

"Hold on a jiffy," said the man who had

just arrived. "Let Mis' Jones read her letter. Mebbe it tells somethin'."

Emeline, startled and uncomprehending, was pushed forward by a dozen hands. Her head reeled, but she took the letter stolidly and opened it. When her eyes had grasped the contents a deep flush mounted to her face. The letter she crumpled in one hand.

"He ain't comin'," she said dully.

"What fer ain't he comin'?" demanded the man nearest her.

"He just says he ain't comin'. That's all there is to it."

"Can't ye let us see the letter?" Some one held out a hand for it.

Emeline clutched it tighter, with a terrible fear in her throbbing brain. That grip of her stiffened fingers was all that kept her pitiful secret from these prying eyes. Could they take it from her against her will? What if her hand relaxed and let it fall?

"He says he ain't comin'," she repeated hoarsely.

"Look out!" cried Mrs. Evans; "she's goin' to faint, what with the heat an' all. If there's any men in this crowd, why ain't they up an' after that thief? It's three hundred dollars of her money he's got."

This sentiment was received with a murmur of approval, but Emeline said with a last desperate effort:

"Don't go!"

"S-sh now," said her friend; "you don't know what you want. Let the men alone an' come up-stairs with me."

She was a woman of weight, but skillfully and speedily she extricated the dazed Emeline from the crowd that was pressing about her, and piloted her up the narrow stair to Mrs. Thomas's best bedroom, where the women had left their hats. Once inside, she slipped the bolt and gave Emeline a little shake.

"Now you tell me quick what's the matter you don't want them to go after him. They can't catch him anyhow if he got over into Indiana last night, but they might's well try. I've got to know what to say to 'em."

With shaking fingers Emeline produced the crumpled note. It read:

MRS. JONES.

MADAM: I held communication with your husband to-day, on the subject of his materialization. He positively refuses to do his part in it. He seemed to think you would understand this unwillingness. I consider that I have fulfilled my part of the contract, as it is impossible to materialize him against his will. However, I will do

what I can for your husband hereafter. I would have come this afternoon to explain matters to the meeting, but it occurred to me you would not like to have Mr. Jones's refusal made so public. Trusting you will see fit to tell the circle that I have fulfilled my obligations to you so far as lay in my power,

Yours to command, D. WICHENS.

III.

THE two women drove home in silence. Mrs. Evans had dealt with the assembled company, answering questions and protecting Emeline with the skill of a veteran tactician, but toward Emeline herself speech was more difficult. When she tried to denounce Wichens volubly as a scheming rascal, deserving State prison, the face of dumb misery and doubt that Emeline turned upon her hushed her at once, and she became silent and constrained.

It was tea-time when they reached the house, and Emeline moved about stiffly, insisting upon going through the form of preparing the meal; but when it was ready she sat at her place idly, tasting nothing. Mrs. Evans's distress at this found vent in tears, to which Emeline paid scant attention. She pushed back her chair from the table at last.

"Seems if I'm not hungry," she said. "I think I want to get the air. You don't mind, do you, Ellen, if I go out for a little? I'll not leave you long."

Her friend opened her lips to protest, then thought better of it, and Emeline went out into the dusk, alone.

Mrs. Evans, watching her anxiously from the door, saw that her hesitating steps almost involuntarily sought the corn. She plunged down one of the long, dim aisles, between the rows of quivering blades that met far above her head.

William himself had planted the corn. It had been cultivated duly, and the sun and the rain had combined to prosper its growth. There was no finer field in the whole county, and in a vague, inarticulate way Emeline had felt something of the human quality in its merit. The corn had "be'n company" for her that summer in her sorrow and distress. Its glistening ranks were her army of defense against loneliness and the fear of coming poverty; and blindly she turned to them now, when loneliness and poverty were most crushingly upon her.

She tried to realize her disaster as she walked. From any point of view she was impoverished, but the bankruptcy of her heart was bitterest.

"Wichens has got the money whether he's a fraud or not," she said to herself. "If he was a fraud, then William did n't send no such message to me as that. I wish I knew he was a fraud. But Wichens might be a thief, an' yet William might 'a' sent the message, too. O God! O God! I wisht I knowned the truth!"

Up one row and down the next she made her way heavily. The long leaves crossed and barred her progress, but she tore her way through them. Her half-dazed brain was haunted by the notion that she was pursuing some elusive thing, a thought she could not overtake, a peace she might never capture. The wholesome, penetrating sweetness of the dew-wet corn, that is like no other fragrance the world yields, was in her nostrils, and unconsciously she was soothed by it as she plodded through the heavy soil.

As exhaustion came to her body, her mind grew calmer. She had suffered all that it was in her power to suffer during those three months, and the reaction inevitable to a healthy nature had come at last, but this she could not know. She wondered dully that half the weight upon her soul seemed to have fallen away from it, but she was too broken and weary to think definitely; and at last, tired out, she dropped upon the sward at the end of the field.

In the house her friend was laboriously washing the dishes and putting away the remnants of the meal. Then she took the milk-pail and went out to the barn. Emeline had two cows, and the chores must be done even if hearts broke and minds tottered. When all was accomplished to her satisfaction, she sat down by the window to wait Emeline's appearance; but the day had been an exhausting one, and she was weary.

"I'll just lie down on the lounge a jiffy; then if she don't come I'll go look her up," she thought, and threw herself heavily across the home-made sofa, the straw-filled mattress and cushions of which were covered with gay calico.

When she awoke the dawn was shivering into sunrise, and there was a sound of singing in her ears. On the door-step stood Emeline, her figure outlined against the rosy glow of the morning. Her face was turned upon the east. Her dress was damp with the night's dew and stained here and there from the soil, but her eyes were clear and sane, and her face was suffused with living emotion. It was flushed, exalted, glad.

She lifted her arms above her head, and her voice rang out clear and sweet:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Mrs. Evans, wakened from heavy sleep, struggled slowly to adjust the apparition which confronted her to her recollection of yesterday's overwhelming misery. What resurrection of joy for Emeline had the dark hours brought? She sat up, her face a bewildered interrogation.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.

"Emeline, in Heaven's name, what's come to you?"

The woman on the door-step turned joyously.

"The Lord's remembered me. That's all," she answered; "but he knows it's enough. I've heard from William, an' this time I know it's real."

"Emeline Jones! You don't mean that man come back in the night?"

"That man? The medium? Oh, no," said Emeline, with the large indifference of one to whom the question had suddenly become alien and remote. "I guess when we look at it right we don't need no mediums."

"Tell me quick what you mean!"

"There ain't much to tell. It was this way. When I went out last night I thought I'd go crazy. I could n't think the things I wanted to think. An' I walked an' walked in the corn for hours, I guess. You know how I must 'a' felt. It seemed like everything had failed me—everything. Finally I sat down against the fence at the far end of a row, because I could n't walk another step, an' then I must 'a' gone to sleep. The first I knew there seemed to be a light shinin' round me, an' in the light there was a face. I was dazzled, an' I did n't want to

look. I shut my eyes, but I knew some one was watchin' me, an' when I finally looked, there was William's face as plain as I ever see it in my life. He did n't say nothin', nor I did n't. He just looked at me out of the shinin', so pitiful, an' a little smilin', too. He did n't need to speak. He looked it all. It was just as if I heard him say: 'Bless your heart, child, you should 'a' knowed I never meant it when I said mean things to you. I'd said 'em before, but you knowed I never meant 'em. An' to pin your faith to that critter, too, as if I'd have any truck with such cattle!' He seemed to say all that an' more, puttin' me in mind of things that was just between him an' me, an' shinin' at me like the sun all the while. An' I felt—I felt like you do when you go out into the wind before a shower, after there's been a long dry spell, an' it blows through an' through you till you're all made over."

"Before I knew it, I said, 'Yes, William, I won't be such a fool again,' an' the sound of my voice woke me up, an' it was gettin' light. That's all there is to it, but somehow it's enough."

Mrs. Evans rubbed her eyes, hesitating to believe or disbelieve. Her general skepticism was shaken, but her faith was not established, and she distrusted dreams only less than mediums and messages.

"It does sound a good deal more like William than all them other communications," she admitted; "but if he was comin', why did n't he come in time to save the farm?"

Over the work-worn features of the younger woman came a subtle look of pity for this human being to whom the loaves and fishes of love seemed of the prime importance.

"It was more than the farm I'd lost, an' it's more than the farm I've got back," she said; "but mebbe if they give me time I can save the farm, too."

RED MAGIC.

BY ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

SIR ROBERT leaned over toward his sister. "It's very interesting, is n't it, Kathleen?" he inquired.

Miss Campbell put her hand up to her mouth and stifled a little yawn.

"Well, we saw it much better done in Calcutta, you know. I am beginning to think the fakir is like the gentleman—the same all the world over." And then she looked rather contritely to where her host

was sitting. He had taken so much trouble to amuse them that it seemed hardly fair to be anything but enthusiastic. Sargent caught the look.

"What were you saying, Miss Campbell?" he asked.

"We were saying that we had seen much the same thing done in Calcutta," she answered, with a fine economy of truth.

"Oh, yes. That ladder-climbing trick is very old, I believe, and very easily explained by those who understand how it is done. It rather passes my dull comprehension, however. Old Medicine Pipestem may not be as expert as the jugglers you have seen in the Orient, but he is quite mysterious enough to puzzle me."

Sir Robert turned his handsome, clever face to Sargent.

"I am afraid both you and Kathleen miss the vitally interesting thing about this exhibition," he said seriously. "Whether Ram Choga is more proficient in his art—for I believe that is the best term for it—than the Indian, Medicine Pipestem, is of no moment. The real point of interest is that the art of the East Indian fakir and the art of the American aborigine should so startlingly resemble each other. Why, it opens up anew the whole subject of the origin of the peoples of North America! I have ever taken issue with those ethnologists who hold that the American Indian is a descendant of the lost ten tribes, and have always inclined toward the theory, so ably advanced by Thomas Jefferson and others, that they derive their origin from the Mongols and Malays. Although my information on the subject is far from being profound, my convictions are all with the eastern Asiatic theory, and everything I have seen here to-night tends to confirm them; and I am persuaded that if at one time there was a more highly civilized race upon this wonderful continent, it was exterminated by some great Mongolian invasion similar to that which, under Jenghiz Khan, swept over China, or to that which devastated the Roman Empire. Not alone do striking likenesses in language prevail, such, for example, as the Dakotas' word for moon, *owweeh*, and the Tatar word for the same, *oee* or *ace*, or, a still more perfect case, the Cherokees' word for dog, *keera*, and the Tschischouski, *koera*, but the manners and customs—"

"Bob," Miss Campbell's voice came in a pleading whisper, "spare us! What have we done to merit this? Besides," she added, "I am sure that won't be interesting in your book. Don't forget not to put it in."

Sir Robert smiled slightly, much to Sargent's relief.

"Kathleen persists in taking it for granted that I am going to write a book on 'The British Empire in America.' I think that is what she calls it. It is needless to assure you, Sargent, that, considering the vastness of the subject, and the short time in which I have to study it, and—and for other reasons, I shall do no such thing."

Miss Campbell laughed a little mocking laugh, and the sound of her voice was strange in the Indian tepee.

"Don't believe him, Mr. Sargent!" she urged. "Nothing short of a total inability to get hold of pen and paper could keep him from writing a book about you. And even in that case, I believe he would take to scribbling his notes on his dress-shirts, or get me to tattoo them on his back like the man in that horrid story of Rider Haggard's. There, dear, don't get cross!" She slipped her arm within her brother's.

Sir Robert looked down at her. "Hands off!" he said, with mock severity. "Great heavens! have n't you any reverence in your frivolous composition? If you don't respect me, your brother, have n't you any compunctions about making light of a newly created knight, of an M. P., an F. R. G. S., a—"

"Don't, Bob!" she pleaded again. "Do hush talking, and get Mr. Sargent to tell us what that Indian is saying."

A young, gaudily dressed buck was flashing backward and forward between the little knot of white people and the larger assembly of Indians on the other side of the tepee. He was gesticulating, and speaking excitedly, with much the air of the professional showman who feels that his star attraction is not wholly appreciated, and who insists on proclaiming the star's merits. The light from the fire, blazing up every now and then, showed his face with its working muscles and startling decoration. Between the eyes, on the forehead, was painted in vivid green the head of a serpent, the body of which trailed backward to the hair, reappearing at the nape of the neck, and writhed its length down the spinal column, finishing up with a flourish and final coil upon the Indian's heaving chest, which lay bared where the red flannel shirt fell away. It was extremely unpleasant as a work of art, and it gave the man his name. Behind him the figure of Medicine Pipestem, his father, the most noted medicine-man in the Blood nation, crouched upon the floor of the tepee, swathed in his medicine-robés.

Sargent looked at the half-breed interpreter.

"What is Painted Snake saying?" he demanded.

The face the boy turned to Sargent wore a curious expression of blended amusement and fear.

"He says, sir, that Medicine Pipestem makes much big medicine, and that Painted Snake will become great medicine-man, too, but that *napiake* [white woman] and the other palefaces do not believe, because evil spirits have hold of them. He says Medicine Pipestem will show still further wonders, and prove that the Gitchi-Manito has sent him a message."

"Well, tell the beggar to hurry up, then," said Sargent, testily. He was afraid Miss Campbell was getting bored, and the mere notion was alarming. Miss Campbell's feelings had suddenly become of vital importance to Sargent.

As he looked at her it seemed most amazing that he had known her only a week. Sir Robert and he had been friends since their Cambridge days, when the former had taken every scholarship and prize within hailing distance, and he himself had just managed to scrape joyously through his university career. He suddenly remembered with keen disgust the several invitations down to Oak Court, which he had somehow neglected to accept. Why, he might have known this girl years ago! And then, shortly after the end of college days, he had been stricken with that fever for excitement and tramping and a perfectly unconventional life which is almost sure to attack every normal Englishman at least once in his lifetime, and usually in his youth, and he had packed up his slender belongings, and left well-ordered little England for her Majesty's vast and picturesque dominion in America.

Alberta had suited him very well indeed, and from time to time, even into that out-of-the-world locality, reports of his friend's career, of his wonderful popularity and brilliant achievements, had made their way. Apparently Sir Robert had traveled over and studied his queen's colonial possessions in the most unlikely places, and had written books thereon which had attracted the favorable notice of a great many gentlemen behind the throne. Some of them were simply judicious and flattering peans of praise of the British government; some contained a youthful, courageous, and sane amount of blame for obvious mismanagement and oppression; and some of them, in the

light of political events of the next few years, read like prophecies.

Great Britain has a special liking for her sons who go forth, take notice of what she has done, and give it to the world in brilliantly written books. She bestows titles and favors upon them. Before he was thirty Campbell had been knighted, made an under-secretary, and was on the road to dazzling promotion. His friends feared the worst. There was nothing he was not likely to attempt, and he was always successful. If he had not been such an unaffected, thoroughly popular personage his triumphs would have been insufferable.

When he left England for a trip around the world everyone predicted that something would come of it. Sir Robert himself, however, had no very definite intention of getting anything but pleasure out of the journey. He had taken his sister, and he expected to derive a great deal of enjoyment, not only from seeing much that was new, but from going over with her ground that was already familiar and interesting to himself. She had proved a most congenial traveling companion, and, as a rule, grateful for the amazing amount of statistics and varied information which Sir Robert imparted. They had traveled in a leisurely fashion across eastern Europe, through India and Japan, and the Pacific steamer had brought them to Vancouver, when Sir Robert had suddenly remembered Sargent. Old memories and affections began to stir, and he sent a letter post-haste to tell Sargent that, though the Rockies and the prairies divided them, he would see his face again or know the reason why. Sargent read the letter in the little post-office at Spizte, and felt more flabbergasted than he had ever felt before in his life. He could not accustom himself to the thought that Campbell—Sir Robert wrote "we," and Sargent thought he meant himself and a servant—was so near. In a sort of dream he got himself on his pony and headed for his ranch. He had only one thought—he must prepare for Campbell's arrival.

That event took place late one afternoon, a fortnight after the advent of Sir Robert's letter. It is needless to describe Sargent's feelings when the coach from Fort Macleod drew up before his shack, and Sir Robert clambered down, followed by an exceedingly pretty girl, who bore so striking a likeness to him as to be unmistakably his sister. Sargent never remembered how he comported himself on that occasion. But after a few moments of dazzled contemplation of

the situation and Miss Campbell it occurred to him that, after all, things might be much worse. By nightfall he had taken a most cheerful view of the crisis, and was planning a series of expeditions for her amusement and edification.

He had found her charmingly companionable, and interested in everything. This visit to the Blood Indians, and the exhibition later by the greatest medicine-man among them, Sargent had counted upon as being perhaps the most entertaining thing he had to show her, and now she seemed actually bored by it. He looked over to where she sat, between her brother and the wife of the agent of the reservation, whom they had brought with them, and began to anathematize old Medicine Pipestem in his heart for being such a brute of a conjurer.

But Sargent's fears were simply born of an over-anxiety to please. Miss Campbell, so far from being bored, was intensely interested in everything going on. She had seen better juggling than the old Indian was master of, but there were many other things which were strange and wonderfully entertaining to her. From where she sat she could not only see the interior of the whole medicine-lodge, but could catch glimpses of the night outside, and little breaths of fresh, cool air scented with the wolf-willow, when a flap of the tent was lifted and dropped as braves and young bucks passed in and out. Strange northern stars hung low over the land, and from far away came the wild cry of the coyote. Inside the lodge the fire, which flickered and leaped up and sank down, showed her on one side the tepee the little group of white people, her brother and Sargent and the Indian agent, Leroy, and his wife, and on the other the strained, awe-struck faces of twenty-five or thirty Indians crouching on the ground, and watching with fascinated gaze the tricks of Medicine Pipestem and the wild, excited gestures of Painted Snake.

Over in one corner, where the fringe of darkness hung heaviest, sat a bent, withered, fabulously old-looking warrior, who beat feebly upon a tom-tom, and by his side a young boy blowing shrilly upon a "mystery whistle." Close about the fire was a circle of blanketed, befeathered chiefs, who had listened at first stonily to Painted Snake's boasting, but who were becoming restless and frightened as old Medicine Pipestem proceeded with his magic. Painted Snake, who had gone about among them all day, had

promised great things. His father was to show, that evening, the greatest medicine ever seen among the Blood or any other nation, and the white man was to tremble and turn weak before it. The Indians thought they would like that,—they had never seen the white man afraid,—and so they had flocked to the medicine-lodge. If Medicine Pipestem could make the white man weak, he would be, indeed, a great medicine-chief, and Painted Snake, who had heralded this wonder, would share the glory. Much could be done for ten dollars and unlimited *sixikimmi*.

Behind this circle of chiefs swayed and crouched and panted a crowd of restless young bucks, more credulous and more excited than their elders. Their wild gestures and white, awed faces showed weird in the uncertain light. They formed, in Miss Campbell's opinion, the most interesting element of the unique tableau. Old Medicine Pipestem was sitting silent and meditative before the fire, smoking a long pipe. Except for the excited words of Painted Snake, which every now and then broke the stillness, and the low murmur of talk and restless movement of the young warriors, the tepee was absolutely quiet.

Suddenly the door of the tent was lifted, and a young squaw entered, bearing in her hand a small earthen pan filled with dark, freshly turned earth. She gave it to Medicine Pipestem, who gravely laid aside his pipe, and began to stir the mold with his hands. Painted Snake went over to him, and kneeling beside the old man, whispered a few words to him. After a second's hesitation Medicine Pipestem drew forth from his shaggy medicine-robe a small bag. Painted Snake emptied the contents into the palm of his hand, and advanced toward the group of white people. He stopped pointedly before Miss Campbell, and stretched out his hand. In its hollow lay three small, dark-brown seeds. Then he stepped quickly back, and returning the seeds to Medicine Pipestem, began to strut magnificently up and down. The old man, paying no heed to his son, dropped the seeds carefully, one by one, upon the earth which the squaw had brought, and covered each gently with more earth, scooping it up from the sides of the pan. Then he carefully placed the dish before him, in the cleared space between the fire and the spectators, and rose.

After an instant's contemplation of the scene before him, he slowly began to take off, one by one, his trappings of medicine-

man—the thick robe of bearskin and the heavy head-dress and the many ornaments—until he stood there quite nude, save for the shaps and the great medicine-bag which hung around his neck. It was a visionary but strong face that the old man turned to the fire, which now blazed and crackled fiercely.

Suddenly the sorcerer opened the medicine-bag which hung from his neck, and putting in his hand, drew from it a folded piece of cloth of a dirty grayish hue. As it fell, soft and voluminous, to the ground, it completely enveloped Medicine Pipestem, who wrapped it, fold after fold, about him; then, with a scornful glance about the assembly, he stepped quickly, though with a shuffling gait, for the cloth was swathed even about his feet, into the blazing fire!

A sort of terrified groan went up from the young braves, and there was a sharp in-drawing of painful breath. The drum in the corner thudded hideously now, and the boy with the whistle outdid himself in frenzied efforts. The chiefs gathered about the fire broke into a low, mournful chant, and their awe-struck faces showed ashen in the fire-light. Around them Painted Snake threaded his triumphant way, circling in and out between the firelight and the white party and young bucks, and as he pranced with high-lifted foot and bended knee, he chanted the praises of Medicine Pipestem, Man-Returning-with-the-Crane-Warwhoop.

Sargent motioned again to the interpreter.

"Tell us what that young idiot is saying, Riel."

The half-breed's face had lost its amused expression. Fear and credulity showed plainly on it now, and he looked wholly Indian.

"He says that Medicine Pipestem is great medicine-man; that when he was young his mother dipped him in blood of white buffalo, and now he is strong and mighty; and that the god of thunder brought him this robe so that lightning might not harm him nor fire burn him. Painted Snake says that maybe white man will believe now."

Leroy, the Indian agent, touched Campbell respectfully on the arm.

"I've been hearing about that robe for five years now, Sir Robert,—ever since I've been here,—and I never saw it before, or guessed what it was. I doubt if a dozen other Indians besides these have ever seen it. The joke of it is, the old fellow's in dead earnest. I have n't a doubt but that he believes it just as sacred and magical, and

all that, as he lets on. That's where Indians are so queer. They can give a Scotchman points in shrewdness about some things, and then they'll fall down on something easy like this. If you'd tell 'em it was asbestos they would n't be a bit wiser, but think it was some magic fandango or other, anyway."

Sir Robert looked thoughtful.

"Asbestos, of course! Probably the amiantus, which is found in large quantities in eastern Canada, in the Pyrenees, Ural Mountains, New South Wales, and Siberia. It's the best of all asbestos, and of course a piece of cloth woven of it could have easily found its way here. Very interesting."

Miss Campbell was listening to her brother.

"Oh, it's asbestos, is it? The old fraud! He quite frightened me at first. I really thought we had struck something supernatural at last. How disappointing!" She laughed gaily at Sargent, and then she looked a little wearily about her; for she had driven twenty miles to the medicine-lodge that day, and would have to drive ten more to get to the reservation, where they were to stay for the night, and she felt tired and a little sleepy.

And so when Painted Snake and the frightened chiefs and excited young braves lifted their fascinated gaze from Medicine Pipestem, who still stood calmly in the midst of the flames, only beating them back now and then from his unprotected head, they saw, instead of the fear in the white faces which Painted Snake had predicted, only amusement and indifference and quiet observation.

At the sight Painted Snake leaped forward, as if he had been lashed with a quirt, and strode up and down more fiercely than ever. Little flecks of foam lay on his lips. He perceived that his father's dishonor would redound upon himself, and that if his promises were not kept it would go hard with him in the nation. Suddenly Medicine Pipestem stepped out from the flame, and throwing off the magic robe,—which was quite white and clean now,—stood before his astonished and awe-struck people. Great rivulets of perspiration were running off his steaming body, and his face was white and drawn. With a supreme effort he dragged himself around the fire, and then sank down, panting, upon the ground. He was an old man, and the heat and nervous excitement had told on him.

There was a low, frightened murmur from the chiefs crouched upon the floor of the

teepee, and the young bucks behind them were swaying from side to side in their excitement, with a rhythmic motion and gesticulation, like the chorus in an opera.

Sargent was watching Miss Campbell.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

The young girl smiled politely, showing her white, even teeth, which gleamed in the firelight.

"Oh, very much," she said. "Of course it would have been more thrilling if Mr. Pipestem's robe had really been a magic affair, instead of a piece of asbestos cloth; but one must n't ask too much. And I don't quite like the vociferous, snaky young man. He has made my head ache." She smiled again at Sargent.

As she did so, Medicine Pipestem rose from his place near the fire, and picking up the earthen dish, held it high above his head so that all could see it. A tiny green stem and leaf were nodding above the dark mold.

"Heugh!" cried a chief, whose head-dress of eagles' feathers swept to the ground as he sprang to his feet. The other warriors sat erect and rigid, gazing as if hypnotized at Medicine Pipestem, who towered above them. As they looked, a small bud, like a tip of flame, which had nestled close to the stem, began to unfold. The tiny crimson petals expanded slowly, as if against their will, and seemed to drop wearily and mechanically away from the little cluster of stamens in the center. A shudder ran through the stricken line of young braves, and the boy musician blew blasts upon his mystery whistle that quivered and died away to frightened echoes.

Miss Campbell was leaning forward, gazing at the exotic little flower that had sprouted and grown and blossomed before her eyes. It was very pretty, and she was so intent upon it as to be quite unaware of the stillness and tense emotion of the Indians.

"That's quite a pretty trick, Bob. Don't you remember, dear, how excited over it I was the first time I saw it done at Nagasaki?" Miss Campbell's voice was soft and clear, with a peculiarly good carrying power. In the quiet of the teepee every word could be heard as distinctly as a pistol-shot. She leaned back and laughed gaily and contentedly at the recollection. "How on earth do you suppose these Indians got hold of any of those Japanese flowers?" She looked at the Indian agent for reply, but he was watching the quivering line of young bucks

and the scowling face of Painted Snake. It was Sargent who answered.

"Oh, easy enough, if that's what it is. The Kootenays, who live over on the coast and do some trafficking with the sailors of the Chinese and Japanese boats touching at Vancouver, are great friends of these Indians. They were visiting here on the reserve only last month. That's doubtless how he got his magic flowers. But you and Leroy are destroying all my illusions, Miss Campbell," he went on plaintively. "I would have been in an awful and delightful fright by this time if you had n't explained everything so cleverly." Miss Campbell laughed again. "Really, it's too—well, upon my word, if the beggar has n't got cheek!"

Sargent stared indignantly at Painted Snake, who had stationed himself immediately in front of Miss Campbell, and was literally dancing with rage, and talking and waving his arms wildly. Behind, and towering above him, stood Medicine Pipestem, the earthen dish still in his hands, and a gloomy, evil look on his withered old face. It was the first time he had apparently taken any notice of the visitors, and his attentions were most unpleasant. Painted Snake continued his speech.

"That is the most talkative chap I ever set eyes on," remarked Sargent, meditatively and wearily. "For heaven's sake, what's he jawing about now, Riel?"

The half-breed's face had turned an ashen hue, and he was twisting his fingers nervously in and out. There was a little quaking note of fear in his voice when he spoke.

"He says that Medicine Pipestem is great medicine-man, and the Manito is angry that the white people don't fear him. He says the Great Spirit sen' him a message of the future, which he goin' to show, and if the napiake and the other white faces don't believe, that the god of thunder—"

"Oh, tell him to go to thunder himself," interrupted Sargent, easily. "And see here, Riel; tell the old chap that if he's got any special message about the future to hurry up and tell us what it is, for we've got to get back to the reservation to-night."

Riel turned to the Indians.

"All is well, O great father. The heart of the white man is fearful. He seeks to know what the Great Manito has said, and prays that it may not be evil. He is much afraid, and will pay well."

Sir Robert and the Indian agent were deep in conversation.

"Then, as I understand it," Sir Robert was saying, "this remarkable Indian, Medicine Pipestem, Man-Returning-with-the-Crane-Warwhoop, combines in him the powers both of the *medawin* and the *jesu-kawin*, the sorcerer and the seer. Schoolcraft has ably commented upon the subject. As, of course, you know, he divides the art of the Indian medicine into three distinct professions, and this—"

"I say, Campbell," interrupted Sargent, "you want to cross your fingers and touch wood. The interpreter says we are going to have something perfectly hair-raising this time. And if anybody knows an easy and quick solution of the thing, I do hope he will keep quiet and let me enjoy one genuine thrill. Hello! what are they doing now?"

The chiefs had broken the circle about the fire, and were moving closer to one another on each side, leaving a clear space between them and the little cluster of white visitors. Medicine Pipestem was seated near the fire, in the center of the cleared space, and beside him stood Painted Snake. At a gesture from the former, the young man went to the entrance of the tepee, returning with an earthen pan of wet clay, which he placed before his father. Then he too seated himself in the close-pressed ranks of young bucks and waited.

The medicine-man seemed to be in no hurry. Slowly he took from the folds of his fur robe, which he had resumed, a long pipe, and filling it with some mixture from his fire-pouch, sat silent, drawing great whiffs from it. Dense curls of smoke eddied up and fluttered away; wreaths of it rose and festooned themselves to the tepee-poles. The air grew cloudy and heavy with a strange, sleepy odor that clung like mist to everything it touched. The old man with the tom-tom sat bowed over, his eyes closed and his hands beating only the feeblest tattoo. Miss Campbell shivered slightly and looked at Sargent. He was staring fixedly at the fire, and had moved far away from her. Her brother, too, must have changed his place. He seemed unaccountably far off, and his face had an absent, queer expression. Then she looked back at Medicine Pipestem, and found his eyes, which glowed like the eyes of a trapped wildcat, fixed upon her with a peculiar, penetrating gaze. His body seemed far away, but the eyes were near and powerful. She felt a lazy sort of indignation that he should dare look at her so, and wondered dully why her brother

permitted it. After a little she ceased to think about it.

Medicine Pipestem laid aside his pipe, and picking up the dish of wet clay, began to knead it slowly, still keeping his bright gaze on the young girl. He was fashioning little ponies of the dough. There were three of them, and his cunning fingers made them strangely like horses of flesh and blood. The riders were on them, too—little figures that sat stiff and straight and immovable. Miss Campbell looked again. How big they were growing, and one of the riders was a girl. She could tell that by the riding-skirt, and there was something about the figure that reminded her of herself. She was too far off—how strangely far off she seemed!—to see the face, but she felt sure it was she. And how big the ponies were getting all the time! She reasoned vaguely that there must have been much more clay than she had thought, and really the Indian was very skilful.

He was making trees now—trees that grew and spread out before her eyes in a much more marvelous way than that silly red flower had done. And there were mountains, too, and the river, with the big cottonwoods on its bank. Oh, how stupid she had been! She recognized it all now. It was the North Fork, of course—the North Fork of the Kootenay River. She remembered the spot exactly, and the look of the Rockies just there, and the swift way the river ran around the bend of the shore. She had often ridden there with Sargent. And of course that was Sargent with her. That was just the long, even canter of his pony—for the horses were going fast now—she might have known it long ago. What a glorious ride it was! They were going like the wind. She would have liked to pull up a little, though, the pace was beginning to tire her; but Sargent would not let her. Why, they must be running away from that Indian on the other pony! She could tell it was an Indian, although she could not see him distinctly, they were all so far away, by his red shirt and doeskin shaps and the head-dress of porcupine quills.

Her breath was coming in short, fierce gasps. But Sargent was pitiless, and when her pony flagged he struck it with his own quirt. But the Indian was gaining on them. Oh, it was horrible! Would he never stop racing toward them? Once she turned her head and caught the glint of light on his gun-lock. And how swiftly the water ran! They were nearing it now, and she could see

the rapid flow of the mountain river. She wanted to turn up toward the ford. But Sargent called to her, in a voice she had never heard from him, to swim her pony straight across. Above the swirling water the opposite bank rose and fell waveringly to her troubled sight, and flowed away from her, as unstable as the rushing stream itself. They were at the very shaking edge of the river now! She turned sick with fear at the thought of the fierce current. Suddenly Sargent's arm went around her, and his hand was on her pony's bridle, and as suddenly some ineffable sense of security took possession of her, and she rose dizzily in her saddle and laughed aloud, recklessly, as the horses rocked forward to the plunge.

MISS CAMPBELL opened her eyes wearily. She was out under the stars, with the fresh wind blowing upon her and scattering the clouds of smoke that issued from the tepee, where the young braves were stamping out the fire. There was a confusion of sounds about her, and dim Indian forms surged around and melted away into the darkness, and there was a babel of tongues and the wild beating of the tom-tom as it was borne afar. Mrs. Leroy and Sir Robert were speaking together in a low tone, and the young girl noticed that the Englishwoman was white to the lips. She felt that she must be pale herself—pale and dully tired and stupid. Sargent was standing a little way off, looking at her with strange, troubled eyes.

Leroy materialized out of the night.

"The traps are ready," he said; "perhaps we had better be starting for the reservation. It is very late."

SARGENT was shaving himself by the aid of a mirror he had hung on the wall of his improvised shack, just opposite the window. Shaving, which before Miss Campbell's advent had been a hebdomadal nuisance, had now become a daily duty. He was in something of a hurry, for he was going to take her riding, and there were the ponies yet to corral and saddle. This was the first time she had been willing to go with him since the visit to the Blood Indian reserve, ten days before, and Sargent did not mean to waste any of the afternoon. Perhaps Sir Robert's absence had had something to do with her indisposition to go anywhere. He had gone off with Leroy and two Indian guides to explore the Kootenay Lake, and Mrs. Leroy had come down from the reser-

vation to stay with Miss Campbell. The assistant agent, a young and inexperienced civil servant, was left, with his heart in his mouth, to take care of the Bloods.

Sargent stooped down to sharpen his razor. When he looked again in the mirror another face besides his own was reflected in it. He turned quickly to the window. Just outside of it, curled up tailor-wise on the dry prairie-grass, and smoking calmly, sat Pretty Feathers, the Peigan scout from the police detachment.

"What the devil do you mean, Pretty Feathers, by coming around like—" began Sargent, hotly.

Pretty Feathers smiled soothingly, without removing his pipe. It is almost impossible to disturb an Indian's calm while smoking.

"How!" he said presently, and in an affable voice.

Sargent gave a short laugh.

"How!" he said; "but what the dickens—"

The scout waved aside Sargent's remark, pipe in hand, and sent a small curl of smoke after it. Then he began, while Sargent proceeded with his dressing.

"Medicine Pipestem dead," he remarked impassively.

Sargent wheeled around.

"What! Not the old Blood conjurer?"

Pretty Feathers nodded.

"When did he die?" Sargent was curiously troubled.

"Two—three day after—after magic on reserve."

The Indian's voice sank to an awed whisper.

"Son bad Indian," he went on meditatively, after an instant's pause. "Painted Snake bad man," he reiterated, between puffs of tobacco smoke.

Sargent examined Pretty Feathers's stolid face carefully in the mirror. He knew enough of Indian character to know that beneath that passive exterior there was some force at work. The conversation was not to be in vain.

"What about Painted Snake?" he asked carelessly.

"Maybe Painted Snake on war-path," ventured Pretty Feathers, cautiously. "Maybe bad Blood Indians tell Painted Snake napiake make Pipestem's medicine bad medicine."

"What makes you think Painted Snake is angry against the napiake?" Sargent was shaving himself industriously. He did not wish to appear too interested. The Indian is

as timid and cautious as a hare when not fired by whisky or blood, and Sargent knew that to arouse Pretty Feathers's alarm was to stop his information.

The Indian shifted himself uneasily on the dry, crackling grass. He liked "Misteh Sargent," and he did not wish harm to come of Painted Snake's folly. Also, he was out of tobacco and tea, and had no money to bet on the approaching Indian pony-races. And then he proceeded to tell, in short, disjointed sentences, with numberless reservations and cautious vaguenesses, what he had heard in the ceaseless ebb and flow of gossip between the Indian tribes. It was not to be denied that after Pipestem's death Painted Snake had fasted long and rigorously, and the white man knew whether or not the Indian was to be feared when he fasted. Also, bad Indians, both Blood and Peigan, had heard him vow vengeance against the napiake, who had laughed aloud at his father's magic when all others were stricken dumb with amazement and fear. It was even rumored by certain Indians—but they were liars, and not to be believed on any account—that the Snake had sworn to kill the napiake on sight, and then flee over the line to Montana, where the soldiers were weak-hearted and would not dare take him. Also, they hated to oblige the Canadian government. And it was known that Painted Snake had carefully examined a new gun at the great Hudson's Bay store at Spitz, though, for his part, Pretty Feathers did not think he had bought it. The white man could do as he chose about believing such unlikely tales.

When he had quite finished, Sargent gave him money, and throwing himself into a chair by the window, tried to think collectedly about what he had heard. When he raised his head the Indian was gone. He had disappeared as noiselessly and suddenly as he had come. Sargent's thoughts were far from pleasant. He knew to what extremes an Indian crazed by filial grief—for the Indian is filial beyond everything—would go. He knew how the sting of his father's disgrace would rankle in Painted Snake, and, having himself nothing to lose, that self-interest would set no limits to his revenge. Sargent suddenly discovered that he was afraid—afraid for the girl he loved. He had not known before how much he loved her, but now this terrible fear was a good gage. It tugged at his whole being. Yet while he was afraid, he had never felt more sure of himself or more capable of taking care of her. He was glad of it, for

she had no one but him. Sir Robert's absence made him solely responsible, and it never occurred to him that he could be insufficient for any emergency. He finished dressing, and went out to corral the horses.

It was a wild, long ride they had that afternoon. The wind, which always rages during the greater part of the day, died down early, and they rode in peace. Farther and farther across the prairie they went, the ponies going in a long, even canter that was unbroken except when they friskily took a badger- or gopher-hole as if it had been a small hurdle. Then they would settle down again to their natural gait, and go unflaggingly and swiftly ahead.

It was an afternoon to be remembered. Across the land the Rockies loomed up snowy-white, save where the sun, as it sank in a fiery splendor, threw rosy shadows upon the mountain-sides. Far to the left a thin curl of blue smoke marked where a forest fire burned its way through Crow's Nest Pass. From the swift Kootenay River, a long detour of which they made in their ride, sprang up a cool breeze laden with the scent of the wolf-willow and the wild rose. Ahead the prairie stretched out illimitably, still green, and broken only by a ridge of low-lying hills and a line of great cottonwoods, that marked a sharp bend inland of the river. On a prairie trees always mean water.

Miss Campbell reined up her pony and sat motionless, looking at the scene before her.

"Oh," she said softly, "I think this must be the most beautiful view in the world."

She turned her eyes from the gleaming mountains to the prairie, and as her gaze rested on the big cottonwoods and the sweeping turn of the river, a puzzled, frightened look crept into her face.

"Why—" she began, and then stopped. She brushed her hand lightly across her eyes and laughed in a troubled fashion, as she turned to Sargent. He was not listening to her, but was looking intently ahead at the line of low hills. Her look followed his, and she could just make out a speck of color that seemed to be moving cautiously toward them among the rank grasses and high bushes at their base. As it at length flashed out upon the open prairie, Miss Campbell could see distinctly what it was—an Indian rider, whose red shirt was the dot of color. On his head was a gay coronet of porcupine quills, that rippled in the wind as he urged his pony in a mad gallop toward them.

For an instant Sargent looked hard at the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"HE STEPPED QUICKLY . . . INTO THE BLAZING FIRE."

approaching horseman. Then he wheeled his pony and touched Miss Campbell's lightly on the flank, so that the little pinto wheeled quickly, too.

"It is Painted Snake. I think we had best run for it," he said quietly. "If he gets too close, I shall have to leave you and go for him. Don't be afraid. Your pony will carry you home if you give him his head, but I hope to get you across the river first—it's full of logs."

To his surprise, the young girl asked no questions, and seemed to know instinctively what to do. There was a strangely calm expression on her face, as though she was neither astonished nor alarmed at what was happening, and she tightened her reins mechanically; but in her eyes there was a curious look. They had several hundred yards' start of the Indian, and Sargent meant to use it to the best advantage. They had made a long detour of the river in coming. It would save many miles of racing—where the Indian would have all the best of it—if they could cross the river at the big bend by the cottonwood-trees. Once across, Sargent felt reasonably sure that Miss Campbell's pony could get her back to the ranch safely, while he took charge of the Indian. There was but one difficulty. The Kootenay River, always sufficiently dangerous with its swift current and deep water, was now doubly so from the number of logs that the lumbermen up in the forests were sending down to the mills. The river was one swirling, fighting mass of them. It was hard enough for one quick pony to thread his way among them with the current to fight. It was almost impossible for two to cross together. But it had to be done. Sargent set his lips hard, and mentally swore that it should be done. But it would use up all their advantage to do it. It would take two much longer to get across than one, and Sargent could tell by the way the Indian's pony was going that it was the best of its kind and would probably wriggle its way through the endless procession of logs as quickly as it could possibly be done.

Their own ponies were going well, though he had grave doubts as to whether Miss Campbell's pinto could keep up the pace and strain very long. The girl's face was pale. She sat very still and let her pony have his head. Both brutes were running evenly and gamely, with the keen wind of their flight singing in their ears. Once Miss Campbell glanced over her shoulder. A ray of sunlight struck the burnished barrel of the In-

dian's gun. When she turned to Sargent she looked as if she had seen a ghost.

Once, too, Sargent looked back, and he knew that the Indian was gaining steadily on them. The big cottonwoods, which, in that keen, clear air, had looked so near, seemed to recede as they galloped on. A limitless, never-ending prairie stretched out before them, and the ponies began to show signs of the strain. Once the pinto broke, and Sargent struck him sharply with his quirt. As he did so, Miss Campbell gave a little cry and looked around at Sargent with a scared, white face. And then the horses plunged forward again, on and on toward the river.

They could hear the rapid rush of the water now and the grinding of the logs, as they shoved and pushed their way down the current. As they neared the bank, Sargent leaned over deftly and slipped the buckle of his pony's girth a couple of inches. He did not dare loosen the pinto's, though, while the horses were still running, for fear the side-saddle would turn. But it had to be done. The horses must have plenty of breath for their long swim, so for an instant they drew rein; but it was an instant too long, for above the roar of the water they could hear the fierce yet mellow war-cry of Painted Snake, as he gained upon them. There was not a moment to lose, and with one bound Sargent was upon his pony again and they were plunging toward the river.

At the edge they reined their horses in, waiting for a moment when the logs would part a little and let them through. It seemed like madness to try it. The great tree-trunks were coming down in countless numbers, and with a velocity that would break a pony's legs as though they were of glass. Suddenly the endless rush of the logs seemed to be partly blocked, and for an instant there was a comparatively clear waterway near the shore and out into the middle of the stream. Toward the other bank they were coming down as fiercely as ever, but the opportunity must be seized to get even half across.

Sargent looked at Miss Campbell's white, strained face.

"Don't be afraid!" he said hurriedly.

"I am not afraid," she said.

Sargent nodded. "That's right!" he said. "We must try it. Now!"

He slipped his right arm around the girl's waist, catching the bridle of her pony firmly in his hand, and suddenly she felt again that ineffable sense of security she had once be-



"HE KNEW THAT THE INDIAN WAS GAINING STEADILY ON THEM."

fore felt; and as the horses dashed breast-high into the current, she was faintly aware that she had half risen on her stirrup and was laughing recklessly and happily.

For a while it was easy swimming, and the ponies fought gamely against the swift current, but half-way across they had more than the current to contend with. From the mass of blocked timber one huge log detached itself and floated down the stream. It came fiercely and broadsides on. Sargent, who was on the up-stream side, wondered if he and his pony could so break the force of the collision as to allow Miss Campbell to escape. He had no thought for himself, but he turned sick at the idea of her trying to get to the shore alone, should he be killed or knocked unconscious by the blow. The piece of timber was extremely long, and seemed to stretch half-way to the opposite bank. Sargent mentally calculated that if they could get past it they would be almost to the shore. But it was coming with a fearful velocity, and the ponies were beginning to tire. He called to them and urged them on, but the current, which was bringing down the logs, was swifter than they. He looked at the girl beside him. The puzzled expression had gone out of her eyes, and she was smiling at him confidently and happily. He did not have the heart to say anything to disturb her, and looked away up the stream again.

Suddenly, from a raft of timber on the shore side, Sargent saw another large tree-trunk slash its path out, knocking to right and left the smaller logs in its way, and start, end on, swiftly down the river. The current was hurling it straight toward them, and directly in the path of the other piece of timber. In an instant there was a crash, and the great log which had threatened them was spun around and flirited half out of the water on the mid-stream side, while the conqueror floated majestically past them, only just missing the ponies' straining flanks. In a moment more the two brutes were scrambling up the slippery bank, and halted, taking great gasps of breath and shaking their dripping sides.

As they stood thus the fierce yell of the Indian sounded again near and clear. Sargent looked across the stream. On the opposite bank was Painted Snake on his pony, waiting for a chance to swim the river. In an instant it came, and with a wild cry, and brandishing his gun above his head, he plunged into the water. In and out among the crowding logs the lean little Indian

pony threaded his way, now swimming out powerfully to get beyond the reach of some swiftly coming timber, now holding back to let some great log float down-stream.

And as the Indian came nearer and nearer, Sargent urged and pleaded with Miss Campbell to set out as swiftly as possible for the ranch. He would stay and try conclusions with Painted Snake, for the horses were utterly used up and incapable of further racing. But the young girl refused to go. She would stay with him, she said. Nothing he could say would make her change her decision. And Sargent, suddenly happier than he had ever been in his life, ceased his persuasions and arguments, and together they watched the pony and his rider come toward them.

The river was almost impassable now, for the great raft of logs which had been blocked in mid-stream had broken loose, and the timber was crowding down endlessly and fiercely. In and out among them swam the pony, the Indian yelling fiercely, and holding aloft his gun that it might not touch the water. He was so close that Sargent could see the pallor and wildness of his face. He looked like some maddened lunatic, with the hideous painted serpent on his forehead, above which nodded the scarlet porcupine quills. Suddenly in mid-stream a log, which had been floating with a whole convoy of others, parted from them, and bore straight down upon the Indian. The pony made one valiant lunge forward, but the log hit him full on the flanks, and being forced upward, sent the gun, which Painted Snake was carrying across his shoulder, spinning into the water. With a wild cry the Indian slid off his sinking horse and dove for the gun. As he rose with it, and lifted his head to shake the water from his eyes and mouth, the log, which had careened around, bore down upon him again, and hit him at the base of the skull. It must have crushed it, and, without a moan, Painted Snake sank as if he had been shot.

For several minutes the two watched with straining eyes the spot where the swarthy head with its scarlet coronet had gone down, and then, as it did not reappear, Miss Campbell, uttering a little cry, reeled forward in her saddle. Again Sargent's arm went protectingly about her, but this time his hand did not grasp the bridle, but clasped hers firmly, and drawing her white face down upon his shoulder, he dared to kiss it tenderly.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"IN AND OUT AMONG THEM SWAM THE PONY, THE INDIAN YELLING FIERCELY."

THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE CHINESE WORLD.

THE MARVELOUS BORE OF HANG-CHAU.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN.



LION OF FU IN THE TEMPLE

COURT AT HAI-NING.

THERE are three wonders in the history of China—the Demons at Tang-chau, the Thunder at Lung-chau, and the Great Tide at Hang-chau, the last the greatest of all, and a living wonder to this day of “the open door,” while its rivals are lost in myth and oblivion.

On the eighteenth night of the second moon, and on the eighteenth night of the eighth and ninth moons of the Chinese year, the greatest flood-tides from the Pacific surge into the funnel mouth of Hang-chau Bay to the bars and flats at the mouth of the swift-flowing Tsien-tang. The river current opposes for a while, until the angry sea rises up and rides on, in a great, white, roaring, bubbling wave, ten, twelve, fifteen, and even twenty feet in height. The Great Bore, the White Thing, charges up the narrowing river at a speed of ten and thirteen miles an hour, with a roar that can be heard for an hour before it arrives, the most sensational, spectacular, fascinating tidal phenomenon—a real wonder of the whole world, worth going far and waiting long to see.

Yet how very few go to see it, when it is visible at Hai-ning, only seventy miles distant by smooth waterways from Shang-hai, where luxurious house-boats and steam-launches may be had by telephone order!

Our two house-boats were lashed side by side as the launch puffed out up the Whangpu River, past the British and French settlements, and the rows upon rows of anchored junks off the gray walls of old Shang-hai. We slowed up at the *likin*, or customs station, above the city long enough for the pilot to flourish the passports against the glass windows of the launch. Every few hours that formality was repeated, but only one gun-boat on the Grand Canal detained us to read the documents. There was a superb sunset as we reached the upper end of the broad,

lake-like Seven Mile Reach. A marvelous pale, pure, porcelain-blue sky shaded to greenish yellow and pure lemon near the horizon, and was dappled over with tiny white clouds, that took fire as the sun sank and tipped every ripple in the reach with its reflected flame. As the sun’s burning face fell, a round white cloud in the opposite east turned rosy pink, and in silvery lines and pearly masses showed all the continent outlines on the full face of the splendid ninth moon, that was to work the wonder for us.

With shrieks and toots infernal, our launch passed under the great springing arch of a bridge, the *laotas* (“old ones,” or captains) let slip the lashings, and the two house-boats trailed tandem into the Grand Canal. We threaded watery suburbs and rounded the moat of a walled city “half as old as time,” where moonlight and reflecting waters made witchery with crumbling battlements and dragon-eaved towers. All night the screech of the launch waked echoes from city walls along the Grand Canal, towns that Taiping rebels had besieged and Gordon captured, where battle, massacre, and fire have left their marks—ruined bridges, towers, and walls eloquent and untouched to this day.

It was an ideal autumn morning as we trailed down the Grand Canal to Samen. The stone embankment, with its smooth granite curb, once ran continuous for the six hundred odd miles of the Grand Canal between Hang-chau and Peking. It was a great highway, too, and dwelling touched dwelling all the way; but the Taipings’ fury spent itself in this last stamping-ground of that rebellion, and only one thirtieth of the population survived. “The Sungs made the roads and bridges, the Tangs the towers, the Mings the pagodas,” runs the Chinese saying, and all three dynasties lavished their work along this imperial highway and river. China is preëminently the land of bridges, and this end of the Grand Canal once as-



"A CONFUSED, SEETHING WHITE MASS OF BUBBLES, SPRAY, AND FOAM." (SEE PAGE 857.)



"STOPPED IN A CHOSEN BERTH BY THE SEA-WALL." (SEE PAGE 858.)

sembled such a collection of bridges, such a range of types and models, as no other country of the world could offer. Bridge after bridge bowed over us, humpbacked, horse-shoe, spectacle, camel's-back, and needle's-eye bridges, their ovals or arches often springing forty and fifty feet in air, with carved parapets, piers, balustrades, guardian lions, dragon-mouthed waterspouts, and lettered tablets nearly perfect, the mellowing touch of time having worn all angles and edges smooth, and toned the marble to a rich, warm yellow. *Pailows*, those monumental carved gateways erected by imperial permission as memorials to some dutiful son or faithful widow, are in such numbers now along the canal that they must once have stood along favored reaches like continuous rood-screens in a cathedral. They are now battered and neglected, sagging, tottering, toppling into ruins, covered with moss and lichens, that kindly hide the ravages of their lace-work and filigree carvings. One longs to transport just one of these wonderful trophies to some city park in Europe or America, where such a unique piece of sculpture would be an ornament far beyond obelisks or captured cannons.

We were away from the rice and beyond the cotton-fields of the immediate Shang-hai plain, and all along the luxuriant green shores blue-clad figures climbed and worked among the glowing, crimson tallow-trees, gathering the berries for primitive household candle-making. Mile after mile of short, stunted mulberries, pollarded like willows, bespoke the chief industry of the region, and there was interest along every mile of this splendid waterway, where the Sung emperors and the Great Khan traveled in gilded barges, where Marco Polo, Rashuddin, and Ibn Batuta exhausted Italian, Persian, and Arabic in describing the splendors of Cathay, centuries before America was discovered.

At Samen we turned from the broad, embanked canal and the imperial telegraph lines, and pursued water lanes, narrow gleams between green banks and hedge-rows, where there was barely room for boats to pass. Sa-jow, Sa-men-yu, Ko-ki, and towns of lesser import, huddled by the banks; arching bridges, tea-shops with overhanging windows, and market spaces all crowded with the same unattractive yellow people, who gaped and jeered or *hai-yaied* as our launch went head on, whistling and screeching like mad, scattering sampans to right and left. The creeks and canals grew narrower, the

arches of the bridges lower, until smoke-stack and kitchen stovepipes had to hinge back on the decks to let us squeeze under. Here all the ways are waterways, and land transportation extends only from creek to creek, across a field or two. Crops are carried, markets are supplied and attended, even peddlers and tinkers go by boats, and the people have learned to row with their feet as well as with their hands. These "foot-boats" were the most comical, laughable things we saw—tiny shells of sampans, each with its crew of one, lounging astern, grasping the oar with his long, nimble, ape-like toes, and steering by a short paddle held close under one arm. There was a grotesque air of ease and leisure to these boatmen, who kicked their wiggling way over the water, leaning, and apparently loafing at ease, steering by the armpits, and openly despising those who toiled with their hands.

At noon we shot under a bridge, and emerged in the broad moat at the northwest angle of the walls of Hai-ning. There were the same gray brick battlemented walls as surround all these provincial towns, a green bank of grass and trees sloping along the north side of the moat, that was only a basin, and ended against a high stone embankment, where a noble pagoda overtopped the main city gate.

The basin was crowded with cargo-boats loading and unloading. Coolies with grain-bags and fagots on their shoulders toiled up and disappeared by flagged paths among the trees, and coolies with heavy loads of straw paper and dried fish descended in monotonous strings like so many ants.

The stone slabs were worn smooth and slippery by the bare feet of generations, until it was a feat to turn the angles at the city gates, escaping the lines of grunting coolies, and come out on the broad, high embankment between the city wall and the Tsien-tang River. This great stone-faced seawall, with its high embankment of rammed earth and stone and piles, extends along this north bank of the Tsien-tang for more than one hundred and twenty miles, a monument of toil, repeated and repeated, rebuilt and repaired ceaselessly for more than twelve hundred years. The Tsien-tang, a muddy, uninteresting stream, is a mile wide off Hai-ning, and at that hour of high tide flowed within a few feet of the embankment's level. A string of clumsy, flat-bottomed Ningpo junks, gaudily painted, and with protruding eyes at the bows, lay tethered to the bank, exchanging cargoes with

the boats in the basin; for, owing to the furious tides, there is no direct water connection between this end of the Grand Canal and the river. Coolies, idlers, and boatmen gathered about us, gaping with that brainless, aimless, stupid, stolid, maddening stare of the Chinese millions that is the last irritant to foreign nerves and antipathies. They tagged after us into the fine old Bhota

adrift in the grass by the city wall; for all the bank-side knew that there had once been fifty of these cows on the broad terrace to watch the water-dragon and protect Haining, and that the others had all "walked away" when a more furious bore than usual washed over the embankment. Lightning had struck and dehorned this one remaining guardian, and strange abrasions of the surface suggested the shot and shell of Taiping times; but it was

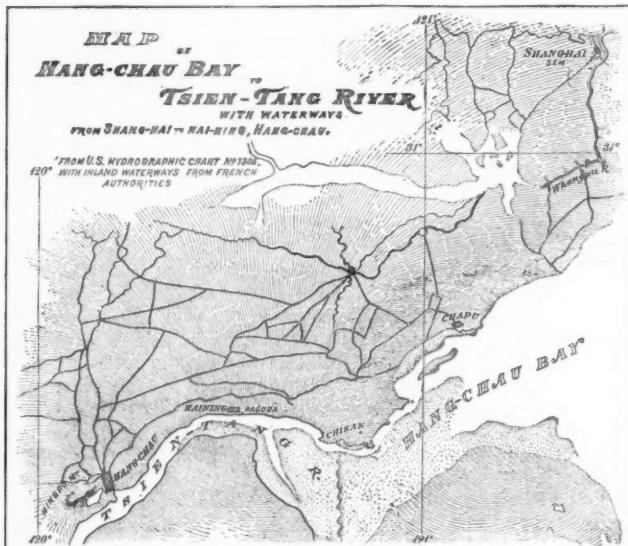
"No sabe" as to these strange gougings in the solid metal, and "No sabe" as to what the inscription on its shoulder meant.

Before midnight the rows of junks had disappeared bodily from the sea-wall, had dropped twenty feet with the tide to a broad stone shelf that made out twenty feet toward the shrunken river. This junk platform, or shelter, bordered with double rows of piling and rough stones, extends along the sea-wall for a thousand yards, defended by two great

curving buttresses, built out to deflect the bore's fury. The junks sat high and dry, squarely on their flat timbers, seven feet above the low-running Tsien-tang, slipping swiftly with a hoarse, stealthy, treacherous rippling out to sea.

Then distantly, far away, came a soft, long-rolling undertone, a muffled *thumpety-thumpety-thumpety-thumpety*, that continued and continued, grew nearer and louder; was now the tramp of a charging cavalry thundering past at a grand review, then the leaden pounding of surf upon a coral reef; the unmistakable sound of falling water; the booming, dashing reverberation of breaking waves, of waves breaking without cessation or interval, beating slowly the mighty diapason of the sea.

The moon was riding at the very zenith, and it dizzied us to look up to it. Each one stood evenly within the circle of his own clear-cut shadow on the ground, at that moment of the moon's transit, and the bore was due; but it was a calm night, and it was



pagoda, built a thousand years ago to secure a favorable *fung-shui* for Haining, and to arrest the ravages of the awful water-dragon. The pagoda, although its lower story is used as a granary, with no altars visible, is in excellent condition, and from each of its six galleries, with the fantastic roofs and dangling wind-bells, there is a better view of the brown river and the low green shore opposite, with the vaporous blue outlines of the Ningpo mountains showing beyond Hang-chau Bay, which opens two miles below.

Farther down the embankment there is a clean, new temple to the water-god, where junkmen put up prayers and offer gifts, and the priests try to appease every high tide with fire-crackers, gongs, incense, and prayers. To all questioning they responded with a strong sense of their responsibility to carry on the business they were engaged in, but they hazarded nothing as to the efficacy of their ways of dealing and arguing with the bore. The priests knew less than any one else about the one bronze cow that lies

three quarters of an hour after our unaccustomed ears had caught the first far-distant, muttering undertone before the White Thing was seen, a ghastly line advancing as evenly over the water, and as quickly, as the dark shadow of an eclipse sweeps over a landscape. Nearer and nearer it roared, growing greater and whiter, until we could see the whole cascading, bubbling, frothing front, with spray-drops showering from the crest higher up in moonlight. With the roar of awful waters the dread thing came on, raising its white crest higher and higher as it licked the edges of the piles beyond which the junks lay. There were shouts and yells, and the usual boatmen's pandemonium let loose on the junks as the roaring wave approached. A rocket sized, some fire-crackers sputtered and gongs resounded, but all small sounds of earth's creatures were drowned as the fearful White Thing crashed past, and a frightful hissing, a seething, lashing, and swirling of still higher billows succeeded,—the most sinister sound of water ever heard,—all speeding, rushing, whirling madly, irresistibly on.

As the ten-foot wall of foam reached the edge of the piling and the junk platform, it floated the junks loose at the instant. Each junk rode to the flood's fury bow on, and continued to rise, to lift itself bodily up, up, along the sea-wall before one's fascinated gaze. In the fierce after-rush the water went swifter and more swiftly by, until one had a dizzying sense of danger to come, but past fleeing from. Something held one fascinated to the spot, although in the fewest minutes, barely a quarter of an hour, two thirds of the whole body and mass of the flood-tide had flung itself against the wall, and, it seemed, might continue to rise with the same force for hours. A salt, fresh smell of the sea, the breath of the ocean's coolest, deepest under-world, came in with the awful tide. A ghastly mist succeeded. Shreds of vapor scudded over the triumphant moon, and the sea's curtain fell on one of the most sensational, spectacular performances the Pacific Ocean and the moon ever make together.

The next midday, just at noon, our straining ears caught the first far-away long-rolling *thump, thump, thump*, as steady as the beat of a dynamo, and we could see a white line at the farthest distance on the water. We watched it with glasses, and then with the eye, as it came over the broad level, and then wondered why that one long, slow white breaker should have been so frightful and awe-inspiring just by the witchery of

midnight and moonlight. But at a distance of a quarter or an eighth mile the wave seemed to gather impetus, to rise, to double, and to foam still higher, and swept past under our feet with the speed and fury of a whirlwind. It shook the earthy filling of the great buttress, beat the ear with a roar that was appalling, and my breathing and my knees were not normal, any more than at midnight. The old writers say: "The surge thereof rises like a hill, and the wave like a house; it roars like thunder, and as it comes on it appears to swallow the heavens and bathe the sun."

The front wall of water, one long line stretched from shore to shore, was a confused, seething white mass of bubbles, spray, and foam over ten feet in height, curving four or five feet higher at mid-stream, while back of this whole front wall the water sloped up still higher in great billows and tossing spray. The abrupt white bank of foam did not seem to oppose and stem the river current squarely, to turn it back, to roll it over upon itself, and back it up-stream, as one might picture it. The swift brown river ran as rapidly as ever toward the sea as the bore advanced, and the great wave seemed to overran it, to hurl itself upon and break over the brown plane of the river as if it were a solid floor. The great wave is foreshortened and belittled when one looks down upon it from the twenty-five-foot sea-wall, and the lens reduces it contemptibly in photographs; but while one hears or remembers that frightful, incredible, awful roar, he is not wanting in respect for this white terror of the sea.

A long string of junks lay stranded on the platform below the sea-wall, their bows pointed down-stream, and bamboo cables made fast to trees on the embankment. At the first touch of the foaming wave's edge each junk was afloat, and leaping by inches up the face of the sea-wall in unearthly fashion. Each junkman was screeching like mad as he fended his boat off from the stone wall and from his neighbors, but no sound could be heard until the roaring wave had gone by, and the evil hiss and seethe of the after-rush had subsided. The wave raced up the river, and wild waters rushed after, at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. A score of big brown junks, in full sail, hovering in the bay behind the bore, entered the river and came careering up-stream, riding the after-rush as lightly as cockle-shells. The huge lumbering arks dipped and danced, spun around in circles, and, helpless in the

sweep and swirl of that flood-burst, made for every point of the compass, going bow first, stern first, broadside on, rocking and pirouetting with all sails flapping in the maddest fashion. It made one feel dizzy to watch these antics, and one might next expect the pagoda to dance across the sea-wall. At the approach of these bewitched boats every junkman by the bank seized his boat-hook, and ki-yed at the top of his lungs. By some magic a few junks finally swept in lessening circles toward the shore, waltzed around and around as deliberately as so many dancers seeking good seats along a ball-room wall, made a last wheeling turn, let down sails with a clatter, and each dropped exactly in and stopped in a chosen berth by the sea-wall. There was collapse and reaction as this maneuver and our nerve-tension ended, for never have I seen a more thrilling or neater nautical feat. "Wrinkles in Navigation" does not begin to inform the halyard world of what can be done with sheet and rudder with a big bore as auxiliary. Cat-boat sailing in a squall, or ocean cup-racing in half a gale, are tame sports compared with this riding in on the great wild bore's back, and dropping away from its crest at the desired moment as precisely as the tiniest naphtha-launch could do it.

A few of the waiting junks let go, struck out into the stream, and rode with the other junks on the back of the bore up the river toward Hang-chau, the wave usually traveling that twenty-three miles up-stream in two hours. The bore decreases in height as it rolls on up-stream and up-hill, and if ten feet high when passing Hai-ning, is usually but five feet high when abreast of Hang-chau, and dies away in the upper river, the last ripples of the highest bore being observed eighteen miles above the city. All navigation up the swift river is necessarily in the wake of the bore, and within two hours after it passes Hang-chau, junks must start downstream or seek a shelter on the junk platforms. If a junk cannot reach a platform before the tide leaves the shelf dry, its

fate is decided. No vessel could meet that irresistible wall of water and live, and for five hours before the bore comes no junks are seen off Hai-ning. The transport *Kite*, during the opium war (1840), touched on a bank at the north of the river and was instantly overturned by the tide. A little later the *Phlegethon*, reconnoitering the approaches to Hang-chau, broke her cables, and had an alarming drive with the tide.

The literature¹ of the bore is brief, and for the most part technical and scientific.

The city of Hai-ning offered us little of interest, save the one clean and spacious temple to the local genii, whose courts and passages were reached through classic piazzas, guarded by lackadaisical lions of Fu grotesquely coqueting with the sacred jewels. There are finely cut, stone-tracery windows, and quaint pavilions with carved shrines, and a fine phenix-paneled ceiling in the sanctuary which shelters the gilded images. The names of Hai-ning's successful candidates at the great literary examinations are immortalized here, but the treasure of interest to the foreigner's eye is a great stone chart, an imperishable map of the bay and river cut in stone and set in the wall. Some thousand of taels had recently been spent in the restoration of this temple, from which emerges the annual procession after the full of the second and eighth moons, as at the similar temple in Hang-chau, when the officials and thousands of people assemble at the bank to appease the spirit of the bore by prayers, offerings of food, sham money, and treasures, accompanied by tens of thousands of fire-crackers. More anciently the crossbowmen were called out and fired their arrows at the advancing flood to drive it back, for the Chinese know perfectly well what, or rather who, the bore is.

It began, their most truthful records say, in the fifth century B. C., when Prince Tsze-sü, of the state or kingdom of Wu, offended the sovereign Fu-ch'a, who sent him a sword. Tsze-sü obediently committed suicide, and his body was thrown into the river, as re-

¹ "Journal of the North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," January, 1853. A paper by Dr. Macgowan.

"Journal of the North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," Vol. XXIII, No. 3, 1888. "The Bore of the Tsien Tang Kiang," by Commodore W. Osborne Moore, R. N.

"Report on the Bore of the Tsien Tang Kiang" (1889), "Further Report on the Bore of the Tsien Tang Kiang" (1893), by W. O. Moore, R. N. Publications of the Admiralty Office.

"Journal of the Institute of Civil Engineers," 1893. Paper by Commodore W. O. Moore, R. N.

"Annalen Hydrographie," Berlin, 1896, pp. 466-475. "Die Sprungwelle in der Mundung der Tsien Tang Kiang."

CENTURY MAGAZINE, October, 1898. "Bores," by G. H. Darwin.

Milne's "Life in China," p. 295.

Moule's "New China and Old," pp. 44, 45, 279. Fortune's "Residence among the Chinese," pp. 309, 316.

Wheeler's (W. H.) "Tidal Rivers," pp. 106-109.

Darwin's (G. H.) "The Tides," pp. 59-75.

Beresford's "Break-up of China," p. 344.

quested. He had promised that at dawn and at dusk he would come on the tide to watch the fall and ruin of Wu, and the classics relate how the great tides then came with "a wrathful sound and the swift rush of thunder and lightning could be heard more than thirty *li* off." Tsze-sü's spirit is the god of the great tide, and in recurrent rage, in revenge and reprisal for the way he was abused in this world, he revisits the scene to wash away banks, flood the low country, and spread ruin around. "Then might be seen in the midst of the tide-head, Tsze-sü sitting in a funeral-car drawn by white horses. Whereupon they built a temple to appease him with sacrifice."¹ Temples have been built in every town, and between towns, along the river, to appease his wrath; prayers and sacrifice have been offered for these two thousand odd years; every dynasty has conferred titles and posthumous honors upon him and his ancestors; imperial epistles have been read and thrown to him: but it is all too late. Tsze-sü is a good hater, and a few thousand years is a short time for a Chinese ghost to cherish a grudge.

The embankments were built in the eighth and tenth centuries, the stone-faced sea-wall in the fourteenth century, and in the last century the Emperor Kien Lung spent the equivalent of some ten million gold dollars on the embankments of the Tsien-tang. A thousand coolies are continually at work repairing, it is said. Even in these poor days of peculation and decay, the public-works expenditures of the district are tempting prizes to expectant tao-tais and magistrates who have passed the literary examinations.

Barring the damage and the restrictions to commerce, and the annual expense for fire-crackers, silk, rice, and "joss-money," what a spectacular, sensational, splendid old custom Tsze-sü maintains unbroken! And if the Chinese had half the wit they are credited with, how easily could the riverside recoup itself for all loss and expenditures! Fancy excursion-trains to Hai-ning; hired windows and balconies at Bore View Hotel; chartered junks for wild rides up the river on the bore's back; and midnight illuminations by red fire when the moon failed!

The Tsien-tang ran low and still, sullenly, stealthily, in its dying ebb to the sea on the great eighteenth night. There was a thin mist on land and river, a half-haze over the moon, and unearthly chill drafts blew to us, as we sat straining our ears for a first sound

¹ Translation by Bishop Moule from the "Hsi-jui-chi."

of our third and final bout with the bore on its last great night of the year. We had heard it the first night at 12:10, and the wave passed us at 12:50; but this second midnight our better-educated ears caught the faint murmur, the swelling undertone of the sea, the *thump, thump, thump* of far-away overfalls at 12:25, at the moment it must have formed in defiant front against the swift river current off Chisan headland, twelve miles away. There was an hour of eager, fascinated listening as the great sea-prelude increased in volume and rose to crescendo in a mighty threnody. At 1:23 "the eager raised its horrid crest," and with the deafening roar of ten thousand pounding ore-stamps raged past in a great burst of foam. Then the hiss of ten thousand serpents, a swish and mighty ripples, and the tide had come in again, and with it the strange, damp smell of the under-sea. We could see it in the strange moonlight arching higher toward the middle of the river, foaming whiter over the platform where the junks lay waiting, and its whole charge past with that unearthly roar was more sensational and awe-inspiring than before. The moon hung directly overhead as the crest of fury passed the pagoda; a rocket and some sputtering crackers told that the priests were doing their duty, and immediately a pall of mist shut down upon us, and ended the high water's great season night of that year off Hai-ning.

A friendly old junkman assured us again that these autumn bores were the best, the greatest of the year; that the eighteenth nights of the eighth and ninth moons were the dates for sensational bores, better even than the eighteenth of the second moon, unless—unless an easterly wind or a long storm were raging outside. "Hai-ya!" said the old fellow. "The greatest sight was three years ago [1893], at big tide of the eighth moon. The wave came over this sea-wall, struck the pagoda, and poured sea-water over into the basin. Many people were killed; many junks broke away and were lost, many were broken against the stone wall."

"That was the year before you went to war with the Japanese. It was a sign of bad luck." The junker grunted disgust. "Now if another big wave comes and kills people and breaks junks, you may know there will be another war, and those Manchus will be driven out of Peking."

"That would be good," said the man of Ningpo, and future visitors may find out whether that random suggestion has crystallized into a good, serviceable legend yet.

TALKS WITH NAPOLEON.¹

HIS LIFE AND CONVERSATION AT ST. HELENA.

THE ORIGINAL RECORD MADE BY NAPOLEON'S PHYSICIAN,
DR. B. E. O'MEARA.

THIRD PAPER.

A GIFT-BOOK WITHHELD.

30th [July, 1816]. Brought N. some newspapers, "Statesman," which Sir T. Reade had given to me to lend to him, telling him what Sir T. had desired me to say, viz., that he begged they might not be sent to Bertrand's, as everybody would know of it through madame, and that it might be kept secret, as perhaps the governor would not be pleased at it. N. was very much pleased, and said that nobody but old Las Cases should know of it. He asked me what there was in them. I said that amongst other things there was a great deal of abuse to the Bourbons. "Ah," said he, "so much the better. It is my turn now to hear some abuse of *them*. I have been the subject of it long enough myself, and have seen nothing but abuse of myself in the most of the other papers."

He here spoke to me about the [Hobhouse] book sent out to him, and said there was written on the back, in letters of gold, "To the Great Napoleon," and other things like that. "*Des bêtises*," said he, "and this *minchione* of a governor said he would not let it be sent to me. Ask your friend Reade to try if he can get it, as it were, for himself, and send it here. I would like to see it. I understand that there is a great deal about France in it, and very well written." I told him that I had asked Sir T. yesterday about it, and that he had asked the governor, who had sent for me, and said that "as it was not sent through the Secretary of State's office he would not forward it to him." "What!" said he, "does he know that I know of its being here?" I said, "Yes, because after I heard you speaking of it yesterday, I asked for it in order to get it for you." "*Scioccone*," said he, "because it was not sent through the

Secretary of State." He here said something I did not quite hear, but it was that he [Sir Hudson] ought not to allow the shoes made for him in camp to be sent to him, as they did not come through the Secretary of State's office. He then said: "*Boja veramente senza cuore.* [A hangman really without heart.] What treason could there have been in the book? Could a balloon or a boat be inclosed between the leaves of it? No, no; but that *boja* thought that I might derive some pleasure from reading it, which he was resolved to deprive me of." He said something about some other things having been given to him.

Said that he ought not to allow the meat from Balcombe to be sent to Longwood, as it did not come through the Secretary of State's office. "*Cassa ghiaccio* [ice-box]," said he, "all men are not like him. It was the colonel," said he, "the governor of Bourbon, who told me about the book. He saw it and looked into it, and as he has not the heart of a *boja* he told it to me. He, you see, is a little better inclined towards us. He is a little more affectionate, and has something of an Englishman in him." . . .

He spoke to me about the Emperor of Austria (this was introduced through his asking some questions about Mme. Stürmer), and said: "*Io lo conosco bene. Non c'è nel mondo uomo che lo conosca meglio di me. E' un imbecille. Un fa niente, un uomo senza testa e senza cuore; non ha nessun talento.*" ["I know him very well. There is no man in the world who knows him better than I. He is a stupid man. A lazy man, without brains and without heart; he has no talent at all."] That he had no sort of affection, feeling, gratitude; in fact, that he was destitute of every good quality. "*Non ha nessun carattere.*" ["He has no character at all."] He replied, in answer to what I said about the Emperor of Austria being very fond of plants, gardens, etc., that it was very true.

Speaking about [the Austrian commis-

¹ For a general introduction to these papers, and some account of the eighteen volumes comprising Dr. O'Meara's autographic journal of these conversations, the reader is referred to THE CENTURY for February.—EDITOR.

sioner] Stürmer's making a report of everything he saw or heard to Prince Metternich, he observed that envoys, ambassadors, or people accredited in official capacities in foreign states *always* did that; that they had orders *always* to do so.

31st [July]. Gave N. some newspapers from Sir T. Reade. Told him that Sir T. would do all he could to obtain the book [Hobhouse's] for him, and had every prospect of succeeding. This pleased him. . . .

Spoke to Sir H. about the book sent out to N. Sir H. very desirous to know how he became acquainted with its having arrived. Said that Lord Castlereagh was spoken of very ill in it, and that he had no idea of giving General Bonaparte books in which an English minister was abused, or indeed of allowing him, in his situation, to know that such could be published in England.

A SCENE OVER THE NEW FURNITURE FOR LONGWOOD.

1st August, 1816. N. received Captains Festing, Meynel, and Murray [?] in the billiard-room. Was in a very bad humor in consequence of not having any other room to receive them, or to offer them any refreshment. . . .

De Las Cases wanted to establish again the custom of breakfasting together, which had been interrupted in consequence of the fire, and billiard-table having been set up, which they refused under the following circumstances, viz., that De Las Cases used to remain silent the greatest part of the time and listen to their conversation, and afterwards, in the evening, used to repeat it, with the addition of hundreds of lies and misrepresentations, to N. This, they said, they would prevent by having no communication with him. They did not, however, communicate this to himself.

2d [August]. N. took a warm bath and did not go out in the garden. Some blue-silk-bottomed chairs and curtains to match sent up for the drawing-room, which Montholon refused to receive, saying that he had applied to the governor and Colonel Wynyard for more covered with green silk and curtains, which were the best, and destined in England for that purpose, and that both had consented, adding that he would either have those articles which in England were intended to furnish such rooms particularly, or none, and that he had N.'s orders for so doing. . . . He would not allow the chairs even to be put in the billiard-room under cover, out of the rain, which was falling

heavily at the time, though both Mr. Darling and Captain Maunsell asked him in my presence. He even shoved out again one of the chairs which had been placed there by some person, and in consequence they were sent down to Bertrand's. Notwithstanding this, in the evening, when asked by N. why he had sent away the furniture, he replied that he wanted to put it in the breakfast-room, but that Mr. Darling *would not allow* it! He added also that it was now at hand. . . .

3d [August]. N. in the garden walking for a considerable time. Received Sir G. Bingham and Colonel [Captain] Maunsell, with the former of whom he conversed for a considerable time. . . .

N. ordered that the furniture refused admittance by Montholon, and consequently sent to Bertrand's new house, should be removed from thence and put in the dining-room, to the great mortification of Montholon. . . .

N., speaking about Labaume's "Campaigns in Russia," said that the author appeared to be a most timidous man; that even at the moment of writing it, and even now, he appeared to be frightened to death, and still to imagine the Cossacks at his heels, and himself in the midst of the snow. He allowed, however, that there was a good deal of truth in it.

THE PRINCE REGENT'S BIRTHDAY.

4th [August]. N. walking in the garden. Marshal [Bertrand] and madame dined with him.

5th [August]. N. out in the garden after Sir H. had departed. Took a warm bath. Sir H. came up and asked me if I thought that N. would take it well if he asked him to come to a ball on the Prince Regent's birthday; said that he wished to pay him that compliment. I said that I thought it very likely he might take it as an insult, especially on account of the *day*, as he had once before taken it as an insult that the admiral had asked him to one with the address of General Bonaparte. He said he would avoid that by asking him personally. I said that might answer better, but that I would recommend him to ask Bertrand, as it were, for advice on the subject, which he said he would do. . . .

Spoke a good deal about the book which Mr. Hobhouse had sent out to N.; said that he did not conceive how he could send it to him on account of the direction; also that Mr. H. wrote to him if he did not think it advisable to send it to N. to keep it in his own library. Seemed uncertain whether to

let him have it or not. I told him that N. was very desirous to see it—so much so that he had asked me to get it for him. Sir H. then said he would think of some means of letting him have it. . . .

10th [August]. N. in the garden at breakfast. Sir H. came up in order to see and explain to him that there would be a field-day in honor of the Prince Regent's birthday on the 12th, in order that he might not be offended with the troops being drawn out. Did not succeed in seeing him. . . .

12th [August]. Grand field-day in honor of the Prince Regent, with a *feu de joie*. The French officers did not stir out until it was over. Several of the French domestics, however, went to look at it. N. was in a warm bath during it. Saw him in his room afterwards, and explained to him that it was customary always in every English colony to celebrate the Prince Regent's birthday in that manner. He immediately acquiesced, saying, "*Già, già, naturale, certamente.*" That it was very right and necessary to be done; that almost all nations did so. Appeared in good humor instead of being displeased with the celebration of it. Asked me if I was asked to dine with the governor. I replied no, but that I was asked to the ball. He said he supposed that I would sleep all night in town. I replied yes. He asked where? I replied, "At Sir Thomas's." "Ah, Reade, Reade, *un brav'uomo.*"

CONCERNING THE RUSSIAN COMMISSIONER.

14th [August]. N. out riding for the first time for eight weeks, and shooting also afterwards. At breakfast in the garden. Saw him in his room afterwards. He complained of headache, and said that he had taken the ride on purpose to relieve it. "But," said he, "I cannot ride for more than an hour, the limits are so circumscribed, and that is not near sufficient for me. I should ride very hard for three or four hours in order to do me any good." Asked a good many questions about the ball, the commissioners, etc. I said that [Balmain] the Russian commissioner had said that the Emperor Alexander had written with his own hand a command to him in nearly the following terms, viz., "Pay him all the respect due to so great a man on my part, and render him *tous les regards possibles.*" That he had also said that the Emperor Alexander was not his enemy; on the contrary, admired his talents. He appeared very much interested in this, and said: "Ah, I believe it, I believe that he is not my enemy. *È un buon uomo, un bravo e generoso uomo.* [He is a

good man, a brave and generous man.]" He got up and walked about for a while, a little agitated; asked several questions about him [Count Balmain]. Said that he ought to go to Bertrand's and present himself, that he would be very happy to receive him as a private character, but as a commissioner he could not. Spoke about Balmain having been with Bernadotte at the battle of Leipzig, and that Balmain was the person who communicated to him that he (Napoleon) had lost the battle through the defection of the Saxons, to which Bernadotte replied, "*Ah, comment il est malheureux,*" in a manner as if he was sorry that he had lost the battle, and also that Balmain had said that the allied powers had twice as many men in the field as he had, "which," he said, "was true," and that they (the French) wanted ammunition also.

He spoke about the governor. "Here comes," said he, "that *sbirro Siciliano, il Calabrese* [that Sicilian spy, that Calabrian]. If I had not been told that he was coming I would have stayed half an hour longer or an hour in the tent, but that *galeriano* comes up to annoy me with his presence. I do not want to see him. He debases his rank the way he comes up here, like an overseer over the workmen. I will never see him with pleasure, neither do any of the generals. . . .

"Truly a greater insult could not have been offered to the Emperor of Russia and the other powers than sending such a man here over me, of whom they profess to be in so much dread. If they wanted a man to put an end to me, he would certainly be the fittest person. Two little pieces of lead would soon do it." . . .

He asked a good many questions about the ball, the commissioners, Mme. Stürmer; who was the handsomest woman in the room. I said Mme. Stürmer, and that next to her I thought Betsy Balcombe. "Aye," said he, "Betsy becomes much handsomer daily. Her face is very well, handsome indeed, but her dress never sets her off to advantage." He said that she had some charm now as the [too illegible to decipher]. He then asked whether Mme. Stürmer was fair; whether she had a handsome hand; what appearance she had—whether that of a woman of quality. I said she was brunette, that she certainly had a handsome face, but that her person was not tall or very graceful. . . .

NAPOLEON'S BIRTHDAY.

Spoke about the Farmer's Daughter, asked several questions about her. I said that she

was to dine with me on the 15th, and that she was very desirous of seeing him. He smiled and was pleased, and I perceived that he would not refuse to give her an opportunity of gratifying her wish.

I told him I had seen General Sarrazin's accounts of the battles in Spain and Portugal, and asked him if he had seen them. He said no. He said that Sarrazin had deserted from him and brought the plans of Brest and a great many other places over to the English, for which they gave him a great deal of money; that he was not satisfied with it. That the English had given him a great deal too much money; that he was a *coquin*, a traitor to every one. That he had been in the Revolution, a terrorist.

15th [August]. [Napoleon's birthday.] N. breakfasted in the tent with all his generals, Mmes. Bertrand and Montholon and children, Piontkowski, etc., but had no change of uniform or additional decoration. Remained there for some hours, and afterwards went out in the carriage. Walked out at 4 P.M., I believe purposely, as he was informed the Farmer's Daughter was arrived. I went down towards the path where he walked, accompanied by her, her father, mother, brother, and sister-in-law. He looked towards us, came up and saluted us very politely, addressed himself to her, asked her several questions. How she liked the island, how long she had been in it, and, laughing, whether it was equal to England, and in turns asked the others several questions.

In the night the second class of domestics, French and English, had a grand supper at the stables, where they sported champagne, and had a statue of Napoleon decorated out with garlands. Repeated libations to his health were offered, and they continued dancing, singing, and drinking until 4 A.M., and afterward retired quietly, to the astonishment of the French, as not a single Englishman was drunk. . . .

A QUARREL WITH THE GOVERNOR.

18th [August]. N. out in the garden walking. Sir H. Lowe, Admiral [Sir P. Malcolm], Sir Thomas Reade, [Major] Gorrequer came up. Sir H. sent to ask an interview, to which N. consented. N., Sir H., and Sir P. walked together in the garden up and down; walked for nearly an hour, the others walking at some little distance behind them. N. appeared to speak a great deal, and with considerable action at times. The admiral spoke a good deal also. Sir H.'s manner appeared

hurried. In the end Sir H. abruptly turned about and withdrew, without taking off his hat or paying very much of attention to N. The admiral took off his hat and made a bow. Sir H. appeared considerably agitated, and walked about with me for a few paces; said that N. had spoken with a great deal of passion, and that he had abused him, *Sir H.* He added: "I parted from him rather abruptly, and I told him, '*Vous êtes malhonnête, monsieur*,' and so did the admiral. He also said something about complaining to my government about me." He then mounted his horse and rode off. The admiral also appeared troubled, and apparently lost in reflection. It was evident that the interview had been very unpleasant. . . .

19th [August]. Heard this morning that N. yesterday had told Sir H., when the others said that he had come up two or three times to see him, but that he was in the bath, "Sir, I ordered the bath on purpose that I might not see you, for, to tell you the truth, I have no pleasure in receiving you." . . . N. spoke [to Sir H.] about the intended reduction of the whole of the expense attending upon the house to £8000 per annum. That Sir H. said the present expenditure was £19,000, and that the British government would only pay £8000, and that he must pay the rest *himself*, and that means would be given him to draw money upon Europe. That N. said: "What! me draw £13,000 yearly to live in such an infamous place as this! No; I will not draw a farthing. If I were inclined to spend £13,000 a year, it would be in England, and not in this rock. What! you force me to come here, and then want to force me to pay £13,000 a year for coming here. No, no. If you do not like to give me what is wanting, send nothing up; I ask for nothing; I will go over to the camp and dine with the officers of the Fifty-third. I am sure there is not one of them who would not be glad to see an old soldier at their table. There is not one of them who would not give me a plate. If you prohibit the officers from eating with me, then I will go and eat with the corporals and soldiers. Where there is enough for ten there will be for eleven. I am sure there is not an officer, or even a soldier of the regiment, who has not more generosity than yourself." H. said that he had not sought for or asked for the employment. "No," N. said; "such employments are *not* asked for. They are given by governments to people who have dishonored themselves."

That Sir H. now said that he had orders

to reduce the expense to eight thousand pounds when he left England, but that he did not like to communicate them at first. "How!" said N.; "you have had these orders since April last, and now you come to communicate them. You have served badly both your own government and me also, as you ought to have communicated them directly.

"I told him 'that he had power over my body, but not over my heart. That that heart was as proud, fierce, and determined at this moment, though the body was confined, as it was when it commanded Europe! That it was in his power to order me to be shot, if he could get people like himself to execute it!'" . . .

NAPOLEON'S VERSION TO O'MEARA.

N. sent for me; appeared in good humor; asked for Gourgaud. Said that it was foolish for him to take medicines. He ought to have dieted himself for some days and drank a great deal of water and eat nothing. Medicines are only for old people. A man ought not to begin to take medicine before sixty years old. He laughed a good deal, and cracked some jokes about Gourgaud's calling out for his mother when he was sick before.

He then said: "Here has been that *sciocco*, that *coglione* of a governor yesterday to annoy me. . . . I told him that all the officers hated him in consequence of his unnecessary and vexatious restrictions and suspicious character; that there was not an officer who was not conscious of the impossibility of my escape, and also they all held him as an imbecile in consequence of his vexatious restrictions, harassing to them and to the men. That they all had more sense than him; that they all wrote their opinion to England about it; that all his vexatious restrictions were useless, his putting of sentinels and pickets in the mountains. That the real security against my escape consisted in the sea guards and the ships, and that any person possessed of common sense would see it. 'Why do you not direct that I shall be lashed down with ropes to my bed, or give directions to shoot me?' I said, when he said that they were necessary, that he was so much afraid of my escaping. I told him this last would be the only *sure* way; then all would be settled.

"He told me that he was always very well with the French. I told him that I did not know what sort of Frenchmen *could* be well with him; that they must have been very bad ones. I told him that in the Bill they had

said that I was to be treated as a prisoner of war, but that *he* treated me worse than a condemned criminal. 'These last are allowed to have newspapers or any printed works they like, but you deprive me of these.' I told him I could not think how the ministry could think of sending out such a man as him. I said: 'There is not an officer or a soldier of the regiment who does not pity my state, or who would not do anything consistent with duty to ameliorate my condition. They have, though enemies, an esteem for me. But *you*, *you* come up here the first to insult me—*you* who ought to endeavor to render my condition better. There is not an individual of them all who has not more heart than you.'

"I told him never to trouble me with his presence again; that I never would see him, if possible. That he might address himself to Bertrand and Montholon, if he wanted anything."

He then said: "This governor is as little and as mean a character as is possible to imagine; he comes up striving to excuse himself, conscious of his defects, but he makes everything worse. I told him his coming up here to hear what I *must* say to him would only produce bad blood in him. It is not my custom," said he then, "to abuse people, but I cannot keep from expressing my sentiments to him. He has all the vices of the people of the South, without any of their good qualities. A Sicilian, truly a Sicilian or Neapolitan *sbirro*, *un bugiardo*, *bugiardo alla morte*, *un uomo senza amico* [spy, a liar, a liar to the end, a man without a friend]. He brought that *brav'uomo*, the admiral, up here yesterday. What did that answer to expose himself before him to what I said to him? The admiral tried to accommodate matters, but with such as the other it is impossible." He added, "I was not in a passion; I had the command of myself." . . .

NAPOLEON IN A PLAYFUL MOOD.

25th [August]. N. dressing. When I came in he said, "Oh, sono morto con questo catarro" ["Oh, I am dead with that catarrh"], giving me a smart slap on the face. "I have coughed a great deal all night and was tormented by it, but now I am better." I advised him to take a composing and diaphoretic potion at night. "What!" said he, "opium?" I said no, I would give him one without opium. "No, no," said he; "none of your drugs." . . . He then asked about the liver, what its use was, where it was, putting his hands nearly

in the region of it; what effect this climate had on it. While rubbing with the flesh-brush, he asked me if it was not very conducive to health to use it. I said it was, certainly. "Then," said he, laughing, "I will give a little more of it to the liver," rubbing a little more than customary over the right hypochondriac region. . . . He asked if there was not a lieutenant of the *Northumberland* here. I said yes, that he had come up yesterday on purpose to take leave of him, but had not yet had that honor. "What!" said he, "is he here still?" I said yes, that he was in my room. "What! slept in your room last night?" I said that he had. "How easily those officers of the navy are contented!" said he; "they make themselves happy anywhere—a blanket or a mattress or the floor or a hammock contents them. This is the way that men ought to be. I will," said he, turning to me, "see him this morning."

26th [August]. N. out since six o'clock in the morning in the path alone for three hours. At 4 P. M. saw him in his dressing-room; said that the sun was so powerful that even at eight o'clock in the morning it made his head ache. Spoke about the allowance made to him by the government, viz., eight thousand pounds per annum, comprising all the expenses of the establishment, my salary, servants' wages, etc. Said that it was intended as a piece of contempt to him, and was all of a piece with the rest of the ministers' conduct towards him. "They give," said he, "to the governor, who is only a general of brigade, twelve thousand pounds per annum and the best house in the island, and they give to me eight thousand pounds and put me into an old barn." Here he said that in case he was sick he had not even a second bed.

NOT INCLINED TO SUICIDE.

" . . . They perhaps think that I will put an end to myself. No; there is greater courage in supporting it. A gamester or a harlot may finish themselves, but it becomes not a man of my character. True, I could do it in an instant beyond your help. They seize upon me with violence, and forcibly transport me here, and want me to pay fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds yearly for living in such a place as this. Do they think I am sufficiently *coglione?* *Cosa m'importa questa maledetta isola?* *Che la mandano a buzzarare!* [What do I care for this cursed island? Let it go to the devil!]

"They tell the governor to let me spend as much money as I like of my own. It is

true, I believe, I am above want, but I do not know how much money I have, and I do not choose to let them know where it is, as probably they would seize upon it as they did before. I did not settle my affairs after that battle of Waterloo; I had not time, and before it I had other things to do. Besides, I never was a man who occupied himself much with money affairs. I never knew what I had. I thought that I would go either to London or America, and I had bills for *whatever sums I chose to take upon America.* I have probably as much money as I ever shall want, but I do not know exactly where it is." Here he said that he had spent sixteen millions of ready money before the battle of Waterloo which belonged to himself. . . .

"The people of England want to know why I still call myself emperor. I have here explained it. It was my intention to have lived in England as a private person, but since they have sent me here, and wanted to make it appear that I was never emperor or chief magistrate, I still retain the title. The admiral told me that he had heard Lord Liverpool and Castlereagh say that the principal reason they sent me here was that the ministers were afraid that I would be caballing with some of the opposition, and that I would tell the truth of them, and explain some things they would not like. They knew they must let people of rank see me, and were afraid for themselves." Here I said that the ministers were afraid that if they left him in England he would mount again upon the throne of France and wage another war against England. "Bah, bah!" said he, "the times are changed; the time for that is over. I am old, and besides, fifty years must elapse before France will be able to face England again. No, no; I know all that well; I know that that is all gone—vanished."

REGRETS FAILURE TO BRIBE NEWSPAPERS.

He afterwards spoke about the severity with which he was treated with respect to newspapers. "They send me," said he, "a few unconnected series of the 'Times,' the Bourbon paper, which I cannot bear to read, and oblige me to send them back as fast as I read them, every two or three days, just as if I was an Englishman and could read them in a few minutes. For me it requires two or three days to read an English paper; I must read it for an hour or two and then put it by and begin it again. They will not allow me to subscribe for the 'Morning Chronicle' or any other paper but that paid by the Bourbons. When I returned from

Elba I found, among other papers of the Bourbons, an account of six thousand francs paid monthly to the editors of the 'Times,' besides taking a hundred numbers monthly, and I had an offer from them to write for me for payment. I had offers from the editors of several English newspapers to write for me, even during the time of war, previous to my going to Elba, and to insert news and everything else I wished, and that money would be taken to send them to France. I did not do it. I was wrong, however; I ought to have accepted their offers, and then my name would not have been held in such odium in England as it was. This they said themselves to me. For in the end these newspapers formed the public opinion, and always will do. I was very wrong; I see it now."

He afterwards spoke about his money, and said that the sixteen thousand pounds mentioned in the papers to have been bought in in Bertrand's name was really Bertrand's and not his, "for," said he, "I think it is too small a sum of money to belong to me. Perhaps my brother, who was in Spain—perhaps, however, he caused it to be invested there for me, thinking that I was in want, for he had always a great regard for me." He here again repeated that he was above want. . . .

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF WELLINGTON:

I asked him if he thought Lord Wellington merited the reputation he had gained as a general. He said: "Certainly; I think he does. He is a very excellent,¹ good general, and possessed of great firmness and talent, but he has not yet done as much as some others. He has not conquered upon so large a scale." I observed that he had shown great judgment and caution latterly, but that at first he had been too precipitate in advancing into Spain. He said that he had shown a great deal of ability in the campaign of Spain. "It is impossible," said he, "for man not to commit some faults. We are all liable to it, and the general who commits the fewest in number is the greatest general, and he has certainly committed as few as any one." I then observed that still he was scarcely to be equaled to himself. "Why, certainly," said he; "he has not done so much as I have done. He has not conquered kingdoms in the manner I have done, but he is an excellent general. His operations have not been upon so great a scale."

I asked him if Marshal Soult was not a

¹ Over the word "good" O'Meara wrote the word "excellent."—EDITOR.

good general; that I had heard that he was next to himself in the French army. He replied, "No, no," that he was not the next; that he was an excellent minister of war, a very good planner, but not so good for executing as planning. "No one," said he, "knows better the arrangements of an army, and what is necessary for one, but he does not command himself so well." . . .

He spoke about the English nation at length and about the royal family; observed that there was a great difference between the English Revolution and that of France; that the former was a revolution of religions, which operated powerfully in the hands of fanatics, and confined to a few, but that that of France was a revolution of the entire nation against the reigning family, and their abuses also of manners, customs, etc.; in fact, that France became a new nation. He said that a revolution in England would be a terrible one if it ever took place, even worse than that of France, and that [if] the prince, as things now went on, ever endeavored to make use of the army to oppress the people, he would lose his head like Charles his. . . .

28th [August]. N. walking out in the garden. Spoke about the governor, government, etc., about his restrictions. Said the government had chosen out the means of putting an end to him by depriving him of exercise. . . .

He observed a captain in the navy passing close by him in the walk, and asked me who he was. I told him I believed Captain Shaw. He did not seem pleased at his coming so near to him, and said: "What! does he send up people here to look at me in this manner? I will write to him and tell him that I will see nobody with a pass from him." . . .

4th [September]. N. dressing. Asked as usual the news. I told him that it had been asserted in England that a letter had been detected written by him to some prefect in France and forwarded by Betsy Balcombe for him, and that in consequence orders had been sent out to inquire into it. He seemed surprised, and said that it was false; that he had never given her a letter; that it was some *coglioniaria* of the ministers; that it was a pity that she or her family should suffer for what they had not committed. I told him that on inquiry it had been discovered to be false. "*Il ministro è un coglione*" ["The minister is a big fool"], said he, "*e un bugiardo*" ["is a liar"].

I also told him, according to Sir H.'s desire, that Captain Shaw (the officer whom he had seen looking at him in the garden)

had come up to see him with a pass from the admiral, and not from him, and that he was not the captain who had been with Wright. He replied, "Gourgaud mi ha detto che è un bravissimo signore [told me that he was a very fine gentleman]. . . .

WORKING FOR ECONOMY.

7th [September]. N. sent early this morning for Cipriani, and had some conversation with him concerning the intended economy of the house. Said that the wine must be diminished, and asked several questions about the number of servants, and what wine they drank, etc. Cipriani informed him that General Montholon had six servants himself, that his house was more like a court than a private person's residence, that it was a magazine of furniture. That Montholon was so desirous of grabbing everything that he went out and laid violent hands upon the wood for fuel when he could get nothing else, and brought it into the house. N. ordered that five servants should be discharged—one from Montholon, two from the stables, one from the kitchen, and one from the silver. He then sent for Montholon, and saw him in his room for three hours arranging matters.

Major Gorrequer came up and had a long conversation with Montholon in my presence. . . .

TRYING TO OVERREACH THE GOVERNOR.

Sir H. Lowe and General Meade came up and rode round Longwood, but did not ask to see N. At 12 P.M. N. sent for me, and complained of a pain in his head. He was sitting in his bedroom with the candle burning, but there was a fire of wood burning in the grate, the flames of which, alternately blazing up and then sinking into a state of nearly total darkness, gave a singular and most melancholy appearance to N.'s countenance as he sat opposite to it with his hands crossed upon his knees, probably ruminating upon his past condition. . . .

He here asked a great many questions about General Meade, and said: "I suppose that *bugiardo* has told him a set of unconscionable lies about me; that I am a brute, that I hate the sight of every Englishman, that I will see nobody. I will write to him and tell him that I will see him, in order to prevent anything of the kind." He then asked me if I thought that the admiral [Malcolm] would call and see him again. I replied I had some doubts about it. "What!" said he; "is he, too, afraid of that other?" I replied no, but that, probably acting up to

his own letter, he might not wish to come. He then said the letter was not intended for him, that he would be glad to see him. "Do you think," said he, "that if I was to send for him, and ask him to send to England to the ministers letters complaining of the treatment which I receive, do you think that he as the second in command and second person here would forward them? for I would not like to send to the *other* letters containing what I thought of him. For example, I could not call him, in a letter to himself, 'sbirro Siciliano' [Sicilian spy]. It would not be decent."

I replied that it was almost certain that the admiral would not do anything of the kind. "Why not?" said he. "In every government, especially in a colony like this, the second in command has a right to transmit complaints of the first if he thinks he has reason. Even a colonel of a regiment has a right to complain of the commander-in-chief if he has a reason. I do not understand your government," said he. "In all others a man aggrieved has a right at least to complain, but it appears that yours prohibits even that." I replied that the governor had promised to forward *himself* any letters of complaint. He replied that he was a *bugiardo*, a hypocrite; "but," said he, "I will put him to the proof soon, I will." He here mentioned something about the protestations he was making, and repeated that he never heard of such unparalleled barbarity as sending a man two thousand leagues off, making him suffer every privation, refusing to allow him the means of providing and paying for *himself* the necessaries they denied him, and then prohibiting him even the satisfaction of complaining. Again said what a disgrace it was to the nation, and mentioned that he could not comprehend it. Said something about the English nation allowing the King of Sardinia so many thousands a year when he was poor and not able to support himself, and contrasted it with their conduct to him in his misfortune.

THE SELLING OF NAPOLEON'S PLATE.

"That major [Gorrequer]," said he, "is a bad man, I believe. He spoke to Montholon in such a manner about my plate, when the other was speaking about the reductions, and about my not having money, as if he thought that my plate ought to be sold to defray any expense over and above what the government allowed." I replied that I was present, and did not hear him say a word about it, and that if he had spoken about the

plate I was certain that he never *could have meant anything* of the kind, or even dreamed of it. "Ah," said he, "perhaps not, but he spoke in such a manner as led the others to believe so. Now I have, perhaps, sixty or seventy thousand francs' worth of plate, but what would that signify? What a disgrace that would be! That would be a finish (*complement*) to the business." I assured him that no such thing ever was intended. "Montholon tells me," said he, "that this major is very clever at accounts, that he has it all at his fingers' ends; that he is a very bad man; that he makes the governor worse than he would be." I here told him he was trying everything to render him as comfortable as possible, and took a great deal of trouble to do so instead of injuring him. Also that he had known his sisters Caroline and Pauline at Naples. He asked, "When?" He said afterwards that the governor, if he had the power of increasing the allowance to twelve thousand pounds, had just as much power to let it remain as it was until he should receive an answer from England. "He, too," continued he, "had the imbecility, like a *coglione*, to write to Montholon and to state himself that he knows the allowance is not sufficient; that after making all reductions possible it cannot be done for less than eighteen thousand pounds per annum, and yet at the same time he insists upon its being done. There must have been a large sum of money allotted for building a house for me, which is not to be done. Why not apply a part of that sum to my support until an answer is received from England?"

NAPOLEON'S MELANCHOLY PROSPECT.

8th [September]. Saw N. at 10 A. M. in his dressing-room. Said he was better; that he had slept a little towards morning. "But," said he, "I am sure that I am beginning to lose my former health; I feel that I will not remain long here," pointing to the ground. "My frame will not support these troubles much longer." He asked then when the *Cornwallis* would sail. I said, "Either this evening or to-morrow." "I'll lay my life," said he, "that that animal, the governor, has told a thousand lies to that general [Meade] who is going to England. That he has represented me as a brute, a beast, who hates the sight of an Englishman. I will write to the other (to convince him that it is not the case) that I will see him. I would do so to his wife also, only it would not be decent, as I have not my wife here." He then rang for Montholon. He broke out into several invectives

against the governor, who, he said, was a *bugiardo, ipocrita, cattivo uomo, uomo di cattivo cuore* [liar, hypocrite, bad man, man of bad heart]. A letter was accordingly despatched to General Meade and a verbal invitation for Mrs. Meade, which was given to him on his way to embark, as the ship was under way. He answered that he was very sorry it was not in his power in consequence of that. That he had wished it very much, but that it could not be done without permission from the governor, who, he believed, was not willing to grant it. He also wrote an apology to General Montholon. . . .

WOULD NOT ACCEPT THE FRENCH THRONE AGAIN.

1st October. . . . "If they allow me to go to England I will assume the incognito directly; I will call myself Colonel Murion. I will live as private as I do now. . . . Let them put me under any surveillance they liked. I have made noise enough in the world, and do not want to make any more." I repeated to him that so long as he kept up *majesty* he would be kept in St. Helena. He said that that could be easily got over. "If it was any one else than this *boja* [hangman] of a governor perhaps something might be done. But with him I will do nothing. . . . I will have no correspondence with him. I can have none while he addresses me 'General Bonaparte.' I will receive no letters so addressed." . . . I said that he might easily have a correspondence with him by assuming a private name. He said: "If it was another perhaps I would, but not with him. I would rather he would call me M. Napoleon or plain Napoleon, than General Bonaparte. This you may tell him. But I never can agree with him. This I tell you only, that I would rather be called M. N. Don't tell him," said he, after first telling me I might tell Sir H[udson Lowe]. He then said: "If the admiral [Sir George Cockburn] were the governor it might easily be arranged, but with this *boja* I will do nothing. I never saw a man I have such an antipathy to; I felt a repugnance, a certain abhorrence of him the first day I saw him. I cannot describe the sensations I feel when I see him. . . . I despise him, which I could not do to the admiral. The admiral was a man. He had some heart and talent, and was incapable of a mean action. "What do you think the admiral's opinion was? Do you think he will do us an injury, if it lies in his power, in England?" I replied: "I do not think that he will render you any service, particularly in consequence of the

manner he was treated when Sir H. came, but he will not tell any falsehoods. He will strictly adhere to the truth, but he will tell what he thinks of you, which is not very favorable towards you." He replied: "I believe that he will not tell any falsehoods. I believe he is a man above that. . . . But what can the admiral say? That I will escape from this detestable place; that I want to get again on the throne of France?" I replied it was very probable that he would both think and say so.

He replied: "If I was in England now, and the French nation was to offer me the throne again, I would not accept of it, because if I was to do so I would be obliged to turn *bureau* [executioner]. I would be obliged to cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it, which would not be pleasing to me. Oceans of blood must be shed to keep me there. No, no; I have made enough of noise already in the world: perhaps more than any other man will make; perhaps too much. I am getting old, and only want retirement. What could I do in France? Alone, to set myself against all the powers of Europe. Madness!"

LEAVES IT TO THE ENGLISH TO
JUSTIFY HIM.

"You will see that in a short time the English will not hate me as they have done. So many English have been, and are at present, in France, where they will hear the truth, where they will hear from the nation themselves what I was really, what lies have been told in England about me. But they will produce a change in the opinion of the English people. I will leave it to them to justify me, and I know it will be done in the end."

NO CONFIDENCE IN A FRENCH REPUBLIC.

17th [October]. . . . In the course of the conversation I asked him if he thought that a republic would ever answer in France. He replied that he thought not; that there were too many factions in France; they were too volatile and too much divided amongst themselves to submit to a republic. I then said that I believed a limited monarchy was the best form of government, and asked him his opinion. He replied that he thought it was, and repeated the words "limited monarchy" himself. I afterwards said that I was convinced a monarchy *very much* limited was the best government, to which he directly assented. He mentioned also the United States of America as being an instance of a divided republic.

AMERICAN SEAMEN SUPERIOR TO
THE ENGLISH.

O'Meara printed the following extract in his book, but omitted the concluding significant sentence in regard to the Americans.

26th [October]. . . . He spoke a great deal about the superiority of English sailors. He said that the English were as much superior to the French sailors as the French were to the Spaniards, both in manoeuvring and otherwise. "Not alone," said he, "since the Revolution, but before it." I told him that I did not think that the French would ever make good sailors; that they were too volatile; that they had not patience or constancy sufficient to blockade ports, to endure all the privations that English sailors did without complaining. He said: "I do not say that they will never be good ones, but I do not think that they will ever be so good as yours. Yours is the sea; your seamen are as much superior to ours as the Dutch were once to yours. The Portuguese and Spaniards," continued he, "*canaglia* [rabble], make as much work of going from one of their ports in the Bay of Marseilles, or some other place in the Mediterranean, as you would of going round the world, and consider it as great an undertaking."

He then observed that he thought that now the American seamen were better than ours, because they were fewer in number. I said that they had an amazing number of real English seamen in their service who passed for Americans; that I was astonished at their preferring the American to our service, as, independent of other circumstances, the American discipline was much more severe than ours; that if, however, the Americans had a large navy to man, they would find it impossible to have so many able seamen in each ship, or to pay them so well. He seemed surprised when I said that the American discipline was more severe than ours. He then said: "The Americans are the only nation you have to fear," and that not for some time. . . .

SIR HUDSON LOWE'S STRANGE SUGGESTION.

Forsyth, in his defense of the English governor, written after O'Meara's death, takes notice of a remarkable passage in O'Meara's book, and not only accuses him of fabricating the passage, but himself suggests a ghastly interpretation of it. Forsyth says (Vol. I, p. 365):

"In his 'Voice from St. Helena,' under date November 5, 1816, O'Meara says: 'Sir Hudson desired me to write him a statement of my opinion of the health of General Bonaparte; cautioning

me that in writing it I must bear in mind that the life of one man was not to be put in competition with the mischief he might cause were he to get loose, and that I must recollect General Bonaparte had been a curse to the world, and had caused the loss of many thousands of lives. That my situation was very peculiar, and one of great political importance.'

"We may entirely disbelieve that Sir Hudson Lowe ever gave any such caution or made any such remarks. No hint or trace of anything that can justify the supposition occurs in O'Meara's private letters, or in any of the papers of Sir Hudson Lowe, and it rests entirely on the unsupported assertion of the former in a work written many years afterwards, when his object was to vilify as much as possible the character of the governor. And, indeed, the statement is on the face of it absurd, for the expression of O'Meara's opinion as to the state of Bonaparte's health could have no connection with the alleged caution, unless, indeed, the writer means to insinuate that Sir Hudson Lowe intended to suggest that Napoleon's death might be insured by medical treatment, and that O'Meara might prepare the world for such an event by representing beforehand that his health was giving way—in other words, that the governor wished his captive to be murdered, but in such a way as to make it appear that he died from natural causes!"

In view of this arraignment it is of historical importance, as a test of the general accuracy of O'Meara's reports, to see what the original journal has to say on the subject. The passage occurs in the sixth volume of the manuscript diary, written while O'Meara was still on good terms with the governor, and in its original form is as follows :

5th November. . . . He [Sir Hudson Lowe] also desired me to write a particular account of B.'s health to him. He observed, however, that in writing it I must bear in mind that the life of one man was not to be put in competition with the mischief which he might cause if he got loose; that I must recollect Gen'l Bonaparte had been already the cause of the loss of thousands of lives, and might be again; that the life of an individual was of very little consequence. That my situation was a peculiar one, and of great political importance.

NAPOLEON AS A MATERIALIST.

8th [November]. . . . He spoke a great deal about religion. Said that Corvisart, Berthollet, Laplace, Monge, Chaptal, and several others whom he mentioned, were all atheists, and believed that when the body died so did the soul. "All my class," continued he, "are atheists and materialists. I used to invite and listen to them frequently. They did not make a boast of it, for no man would

put his fingers in the fire; but they were all so."

He then said that the soul was formed by the same fluid which formed the thunder and lightning, the electric fluid; that the brain formed it, and dispersed it over the body by means of the spinal marrow and nerves. That it was the spirit of illumination, the soul! I told him that I thought it was impossible that such a structure as man could be formed by chance, that I could not credit the doctrine of materialism. He replied: "Is not a horse as perfect in his kind as a man? Is he formed by chance? Has he a soul? I asked," continued he, "the Bishop of Nantes, who was all his life studying theology, whether animals had souls, and if so what became of them. He replied: 'There is a place for them, too, a future world for them, contrived for them.' . . .

I asked him what he thought became of his spirit after death. He replied that no one knows. He here said that he thought the deists' opinions were most agreeable to truth. "There are so many religions," said he, "and modifications of them,—there is Jesus Christ, Mahomet, Confucius, Jupiter, Osiris,—that one does not know which to embrace of them, so much *coglioneria* [nonsense] about them. If one religion had existed since the beginning of the world, I would embrace that; I would think that the *true one*; but there [are] so many changes and systems, so many contrarieties, that one does not know what to think or believe."

I said that it was incredible that such a beautiful and complex world as this could have been formed by chance, and that this was one of the strongest proofs that a God existed; that it must have been made by one. He replied: "And who made God?" . . .

I told him, with a view of getting him to declare himself what religion he was, without directly asking him to do so, that in England latterly they believed him to be a Roman Catholic. "Well," said he, "so I am; at least, I believe enough. I believe all that the church believes—*credo tutto quel che crede la chiesa.*" (Whether he meant the Church, or merely the *walls of it*, and consequently believing *nothing*, or not, I do not know.) "I used to go to mass every Sunday. I do not, to be sure, trouble myself much (*non mi micio*) in these affairs." I said that if he was [a Roman Catholic] he must believe in purgatory, the saints, confession, etc. He looked at me, and said: "I do not trouble myself about all this *coglioneria*," and repeated, "*Io credo quanto crede la chiesa.*"



THE MILFORD MEMORIAL: THE ANGEL OF DEATH STAYING THE HAND OF THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

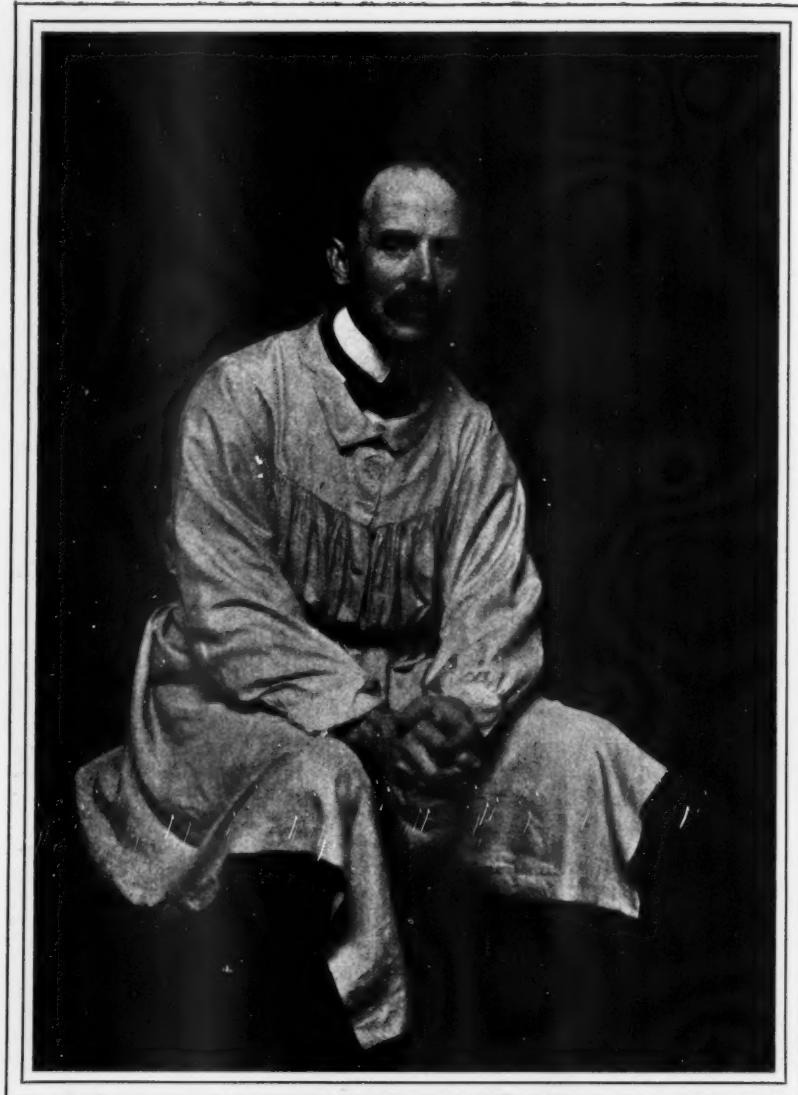
THE SCULPTOR FRENCH.

BY WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

WHEN Emerson, at Concord, in 1879, saw his bust, modeled by Daniel Chester French, he remarked approvingly, after looking at it intently, "That is the face that I shave"—not altogether an unconscious tribute to the fidelity of the work, for he recognized that in detail it conformed to nature. Turning to another bust of himself that stood in the room, a portrait quite without character, he said, "This one is as harmless as a parsnip." The philosopher thus, in homely speech, gave a very good art criticism, and one that in general terms may be applied to all of French's work. It is too personal and too spirited to be harmless—not to excite interest at first glance. It is so full of character that it impresses the beholder with a sense of its truthfulness. When to these generalizations I add that it possesses technical merit of a very high order, and that when it

is concerned with idealistic subjects it shows great creative ability and imagination, the conclusion comes naturally that Mr. French must be a great artist. That is the right conclusion, and the study of his principal works will confirm its correctness.

Some artists find the way to skilful accomplishment themselves; others have it pointed out to them, with each progressive step carefully indicated. Mr. French belongs to the former category rather than to the latter; for though he has received good instruction, he did not begin early, as other sculptors have done, under an able master, and uninterruptedly pursue his studies under the most favorable conditions for development. It matters little how old a man may be when he produces a fine work, and it makes small difference to us how he learned his art; but it is worth mentioning here that the



PHOTOGRAPH BY ZAIDA BEN-YUSUF.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

career of Mr. French as a student was a somewhat haphazard one. Now he worked by himself and brought out a completed work; again, he entered a studio in Paris to draw from the model, and studying, not in a regular course, but from the works of the ancient and modern masters, he took his observations as his vision extended, and applied his new thoughts to his own work in his own way. Showing no special interest in art and no aptitude for modeling until his nineteenth

year, he has now, before he is fifty, produced a long list of works which place him in the front rank of American sculptors and entitle him to share with only two or three others the first place in the foremost rank.

Our sculptor was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1850. His father and both of his grandfathers were lawyers eminent in their profession. When he was seventeen years of age his parents moved to Concord, Massachusetts, then the home of Emerson and

Alcott, and there the remainder of his youthful years passed amid associations that were most favorable to ambition and serious thoughts for a life-career. When he was nineteen Miss May Alcott, a gifted pupil of William Hunt, gave him some clay and showed him how to use it in modeling; but wider opportunities for an art education did not exist in his neighborhood, for at that time there were no art schools in Boston. In the spring of 1870 he studied for a short time in the studio of J. Q. A. Ward, and for two or three succeeding years he attended a course of lectures on art and artistic anatomy given by Dr. William Rimmer in Boston. During the winter of 1871-72 he was a special pupil of Dr. Rimmer.

In 1873-74 he modeled his first statue, "The Concord Minute-Man," and in 1874 went abroad for the first time. He pitched his tent at Florence, and studied there two years with the American sculptor Thomas Ball. Returning to America in 1876, he opened a studio in Washington, and later pursued his profession in Concord and Boston. In 1886 he again went abroad, this time settling in Paris, and remaining a year. He drew from the model in the class of M. Léon Glaize, and studied the masters in the public galleries. This sojourn in Paris had a strong influence on his work, and his full maturity as a sculptor may be said to date from that time. When he returned to the United States in 1887 he fixed his residence in New York, and here he is permanently settled. Occasionally he has made trips to Europe, following the custom of many of our artists; but his visits have been in each case of but a few months' duration.

In the first period of Mr. French's work, prior to 1887, belong, besides the excellent and spirited "Concord Minute-Man," the fine, sympathetically studied, and vigorously executed bust of Emerson (1879), one copy of which, in bronze, is in the Town Library of Concord, and another in Memorial Hall, Harvard University; the bust of Bronson Alcott (1882); a frieze representing Greeks carrying offerings, exhibited at the Architectural League, New York, in 1885; and several portraits in the round and in low and high relief. In the second period, the last ten or twelve years, his most important and successful creations have been executed, and it is these works that have brought him his present high reputation. They include the beautiful bust of Miss French, the sculptor's cousin, exhibited in plaster at the Society of American Artists in 1891, with the

hair slightly tinted in auburn, the face and neck faintly colored, the gown in green, and a rose in the corsage in pink; the bronze group, "Gallaudet and his First Deaf-Mute Pupil" (1888), at the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Washington, D. C.; the bronze statue of Starr King (1890), in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; the famous allegorical group in bronze, "Death and the Sculptor" (1892), a memorial to Martin Milmore, in the Forest Hills Cemetery, Bos-



CLAY MODEL OF THE STATUE OF "THE REPUBLIC."



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY D. C. FRENCH.
BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ton; the colossal statue, "The Republic" (1892-93), and the figures for the Quadriga (1892-93), both at the World's Fair at Chicago; the bronze allegorical and portrait group, a monument to John Boyle O'Reilly (1896), in the new park, Back Bay Fens, Boston; the bronze statue of Herodotus and the large decorative figure "History," in the rotunda of the new Congressional Library at Washington; the small nude figure of *Arethusa*, exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1897; the equestrian statue of General Grant (1897), unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on Memorial Day, May 30, 1899; two pairs of bronze doors for the Boston Public Library (1897), with figures in low relief typifying "Knowledge" and "Wisdom," and "Poetry" and "Music"; the bronze statue of Rufus Choate (1898), placed in the

grand hall of the court-house, Boston; and the allegorical figure, "Angel of Peace" (1898), placed in the Forest Hills Cemetery.

The sculptor's latest work consists of a third pair of bronze doors for the Boston Public Library, with "Truth" and "Fiction" as the subjects, and several other important creations. One is the bust of Richard Morris Hunt, and two figures symbolizing "Painting and Sculpture" and "Architecture," for the Hunt Memorial, erected by the art societies of New York on a site on the eastern boundary of Central Park, occupying a portion of the park wall on Fifth Avenue opposite the Lenox Library; another is the equestrian statue of General Washington for Paris, which will be placed in the Place d'Iéna, a very fine site near the Trocadéro. This will be the only public monument in Paris executed

by an American artist, except the Lafayette statue by Mr. Paul Wayland Bartlett, which is to be unveiled in the Place du Carousel on the Fourth of July, 1900, under the auspices of the French and the United States governments. Mr. French has had as his collaborator in this work Mr. Edward C. Potter, who is a pupil of Mr. French and also of the great Frenchmen Mercié and Frémiet, and whose sculpture of animals, particularly horses, is of great excellence. It was Mr. Potter who modeled the horses and two of the figures of the Quadriga at the World's Fair, and the steed for the Grant monument in Fairmount Park and the charger for the Washington are also his. Mr. French and Mr. Potter worked together on the design and execution of the Washington, and it is, as a whole, a joint production. The commission to execute the Hunt Memorial was given to Mr. French by a committee of artists and laymen charged with the accomplishment of the project, and the sculptor chose as his architectural collaborator Mr. Bruce Price, who designed a beautiful Greek structure in the form of a seat, with portico, pedestals, and columns. The memorial was dedicated in 1899. In addition to these great works Mr. French has, within the last eighteen months, finished a bust in marble of Phillips

Brooks for Trinity Church, Boston, which was unveiled on Christmas day, 1899. It meets with the approbation of the critical community of that city, and the friends and admirers of the famous clergyman have expressed their satisfaction with the work in the most eulogistic terms. The sculptor is now at work on a statue of ex-Governor Pillsbury, to be placed in the grounds of the University of Minnesota, at Minneapolis, and is finishing six ideal figures for the façade of the State Capitol at St. Paul. They personify Wisdom, Truth, Courage, Prudence, Bounty, and Equity.

Washington, in Mr. French's statue, is represented as taking command of the army at Cambridge, dedicating his sword to the service of his country, and appealing to Heaven for the justice of the cause. With the head thrown slightly backward, the figure holds with the left hand and arm the military hat and the bridle reins, and, the other arm being extended perpendicularly, the right hand holds the sword exactly upright.

The pose is heroic and dramatic. The spirit of the motive is admirably expressed in the action of the figure, and the head is noble and commanding in aspect. The horse, with arched neck, and showing splendid lines of construction and action, is imposing, and holds its proper place in the work, which is,

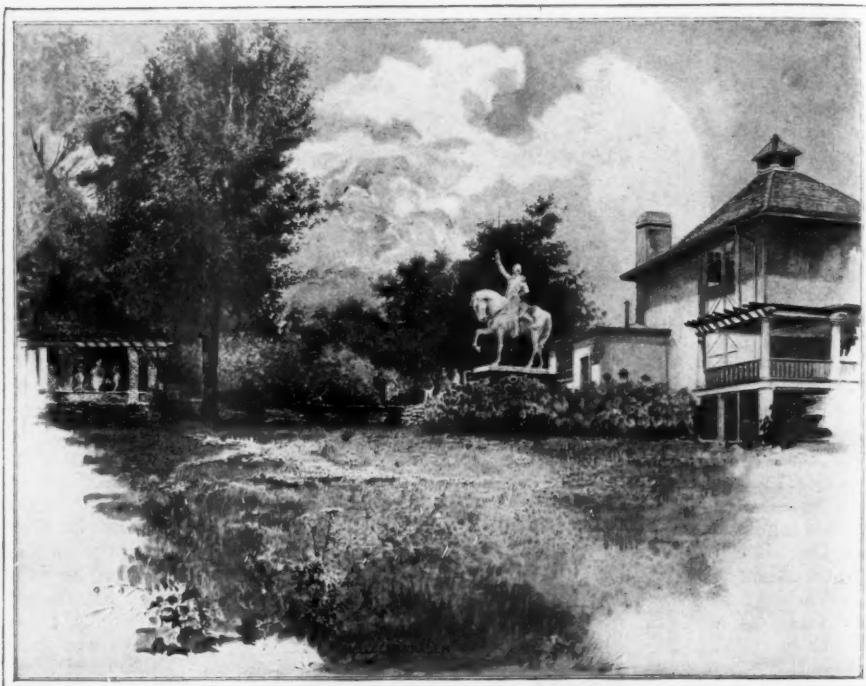


RUFUS CHOATE.

as a whole, superlatively excellent in style. The pedestal was designed by Mr. Charles F. McKim. The total height from the ground to the head of the figure is about thirty feet.

The figure of General Grant is in complete repose. The body is firmly erect, and the head, facing directly forward, is fixed and steady. The hands are resting, one upon the other, on the pommel of the saddle, and an army cloak, hanging from the shoulders, falls on the hips

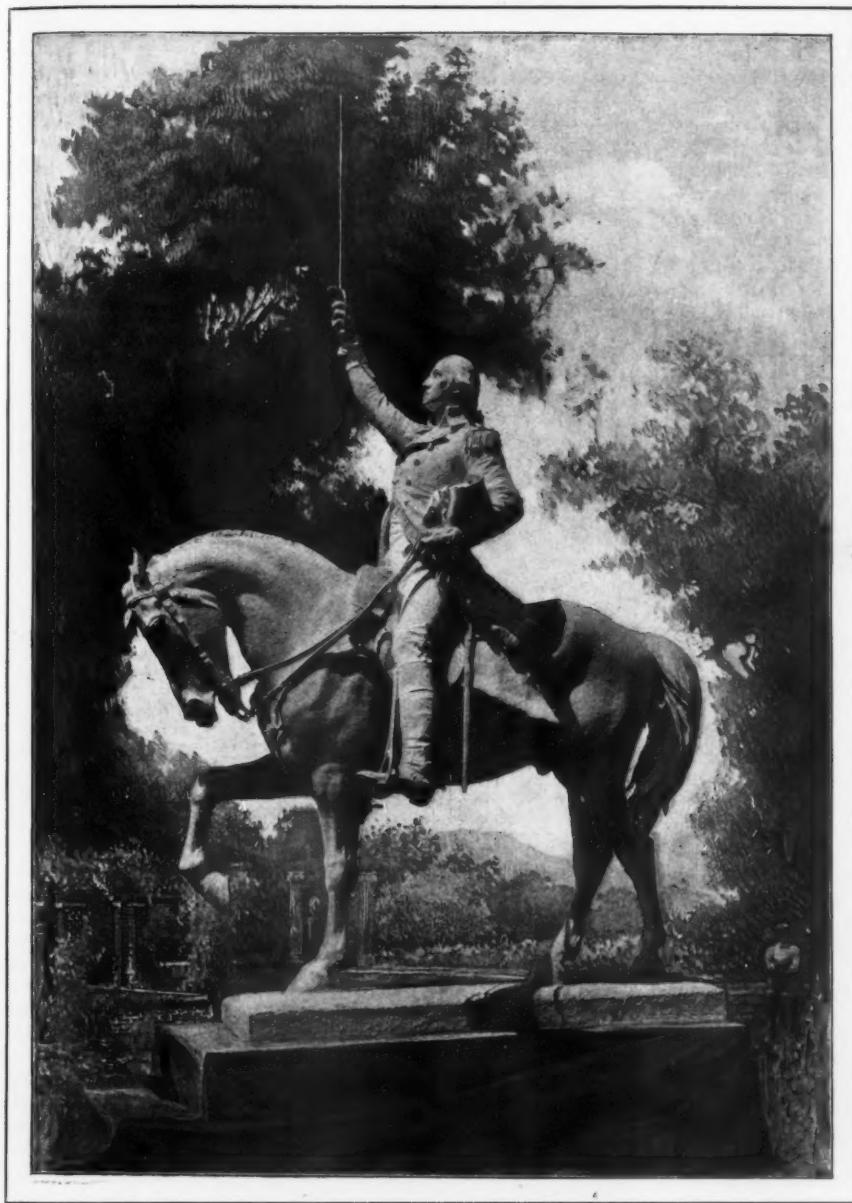
of the two statues is sufficient to show that Mr. French is endowed with a faculty of the greatest importance in the arts of sculpture and painting—that of expressing, not only by fidelity of detail, but also by the composition of a work as a whole, the character of the subject, and of causing the beholder to receive in a general view an impression corresponding to the artist's conception. He decides that his Washington shall be heroic



VIEW OUTSIDE MR. FRENCH'S STUDIO AT GLENDALE, MASSACHUSETTS.

and the back of the horse. The face looks out from under the brim of the stiff-crowned hat with meditative, calm expression, beneath which quiet exterior one feels there is concealed a vast amount of determination and force. When looked at closely the eyes are seen to be turned a little to one side. The figure expresses immobility and watchfulness. Captain and horse seem to be one in this uncompromising attitude, and the horse is so unobtrusive as a part of the group, and yet so thoroughly in character with his rider, that a special meed of praise is due to Mr. Potter for understanding so well the needs of the subject, and expressing them so finely in his part of the work. This brief description

and striking and dramatic (but of course not theatrical), and he produces just this impression on the spectator by the large style of his means, while his detail, when the time comes to take note of it, is seen to be in harmony with the trend of his great lines and masses. He conceives his Grant as a great captain who showed the least emotion under the mightiest strain, the greatest exterior calm in the most acute and trying situations, and consistently develops a figure whose posture may not be inaptly likened to that of a sentinel in a shower of rain which causes the passers-by to hurry to shelter, but leaves him standing unmoved in the steady drenching. There is no sensi-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, BY D. C. FRENCH AND EDWARD C. POTTER, A GIFT TO FRANCE FROM THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES, TO BE ERECTED IN PARIS AND UNVEILED JULY 3, 1900.

tiveness to merely annoying conditions, but an alert readiness to judge quickly what to do if the occasion comes for action. The feet are stuck into the stirrups, the body is straight and at rest, the head is as steady as a sign-post; but one feels that this head might turn in an instant and the body swing round while an order was briefly given, and that the figure might then resume its position, every line in it expressing quiet deliberation and coolness in the face of danger.

In the statue of Rufus Choate, the famous barrister is shown with a packet of papers in his left hand, while the right grasps the lapel of his ample body-coat. The action of the figure is easy and natural, but intensely individual. The fine head, with its heavy, crisp hair, and short whiskers on the cheeks near the ears, is modeled with great firmness in the construction and nervous force in the surface texture. The large standing collar, the low-cut wide waistcoat, and the generous neck-cloth, portrait features to be sure, are treated in a way that lends dignity to the personage, and that invests the figure with a delightful sense of bonhomie and kindness. Here the artist, as in the statues of Starr King and Gallaudet, is both literal and imaginative. He does not lose the personality of his subject in conventionality of pose, and he does not go so far from naturalness as to make his figure an actor in a part. The work is sculpturesque, and it is at the same time true to the manner and dress which figure always in the limitations of the portrait.

As for work of a purely idealistic quality, Mr. French has given evidence of possessing the finest sort of creative talent in the noble figure of the angel of death in the allegorical group, "Death and the Sculptor," which is so justly celebrated. He took this relief to Paris in 1891 to have it cast in bronze, and exhibited it at the Salon of 1892. Though the sculptor was personally unknown

to the artistic fraternity of Paris and had never exhibited there before, he received from the jury of award the compliment of a medal. To those who understand the undercurrents of the Parisian art world the significance of such an award under the circumstances is very great, for it shows that the work was thus recognized purely because of its transcendent merit. It has been generally acclaimed in our own country as a production of singular beauty and surpassing impressiveness. In one of the latest of his works, a winged figure entitled "The Angel of Peace," the sculptor has created an image with similar attributes. The type of the figure is one of full physical development, but delightful in its innocence. The face is beautiful, and wears a placid expression betokening spiritual joy. The arms, modeled with a fine sense of amplitude and grace, are brought together before the figure, with the hands laid one over the other, and the simple Greek drapery which clothes the body falls in stately folds to the feet. A mantle hangs from the shoulders behind, increasing the effect of imposing serenity which characterizes the work, and the wings, stretching outward

and upward on each side, complete the impression of simple and celestial beauty that is so well suggested in the face. With the greatest sincerity of artistic intention, and with admirable simplicity of execution, this figure forms a perfect ensemble, and attests



"WISDOM." FIGURE FOR THE STATE CAPITOL
AT ST. PAUL.

in the nobility of its conception the triumph of serious aims and irreproachable technical achievement. Such, indeed, are the honesty of his methods in execution, the loftiness of his artistic purpose, and the grace and purity of his expression, that Mr. French's sculpture not only fulfils the promise of his earlier work, but in its perfection and beauty convinces us

that he has arrived at that goal so earnestly striven for by all artists whose aims are as sincere and whose devotion to their work is as single-minded as his—the full realization of his conceptions by straightforward methods, unhampered by weakness in the power to express, unvexed by considerations that have no part in the message he seeks to impart.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY AT CHEQUERS COURT.
MASK OF OLIVER CROMWELL, SAID TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN DURING LIFE.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

SIXTH PAPER.

XIX. THE CRISIS OF 1647.

IF ever there was in the world a revolution with ideas as well as interests, with principle, and not egotism, for its mainspring, it was this. At the same time as England, France was torn by civil war, but the civil war of the Fronde was the conflict of narrow aristocratic interests with the newly consolidated supremacy of the monarch. It was not the forerunner of the French Revolution, with all its hopes and promises of a regenerated time; the Fronde was the expiring struggle of the belated survivors of the feudal age.

The English struggle was very different. Never on either side was a fierce party conflict so free of men who, in Dante's blighting phrase, "were for themselves."

Yet much as there was in the Puritan uprising to inspire and exalt, its ideas, when tested by the pressure of circumstance,

showed themselves unsettled and vague; principles were slow to ripen, forces were indecisively distributed, its theology did not help. This was what Cromwell, henceforth the great practical mind of the movement, was now painfully to discover.

It was not until 1645 that Cromwell had begun to stand out clear in the popular imagination, alike of friends and foes, as a leader of men. He was now the idol of his troops. He prayed and preached among them; he played uncouth practical jokes with them; he was not above a snowball match against them; he was a brisk, energetic, skilful soldier, and he was an invincible commander. In Parliament he made himself felt, as having the art of hitting the right debating-nail upon the head. The Saints had an instinct that he was their man, and that they could trust him to stand by them when the day of trial came. A good commander of horse, say the experts, is as

rare as a good commander-in-chief, he needs so rare a union of prudence with impetuosity.

What Cromwell was in the field he was in counsel: bold, but wary; slow to raise his arm, but swift to strike; fiery in the assault, but knowing when to draw bridle—and even the heated and headlong revolutionary is never sorry to find a leader cooler than himself. Above all, and as the mainspring of all, he had heart and conscience. While the Scots are striving to make the king into a Covenanter, and the Parliament to get the Scots out of the country, and the Independents to find means of turning the political scale against the Presbyterians, Cromwell finds time to intercede with a Royalist gentleman on behalf of some honest, poor neighbors

where the ground is difference of opinion, which to cure, to hurt men in their names, persons, or estates will not be found an apt remedy" (July, 1646). To the same time belongs that well-known passage where he says to one of his daughters that her sister bewails her vanity and carnal mind, and seeks after what will satisfy: "And thus to be a Seeker is to be of the best sect next to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful, humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder!"

In no contest in our history has the disposition of the pieces on the political chess-board been more perplexed. What Oliver perceived as he scanned each quarter of the political horizon was a Parliament in which the active leaders were Presbyterians, confronted by an army, at once suspected and suspicious, whose most active leaders were Independent.

The fervor of the preachers had been waxing hotter and still hotter, and the angry trumpet sounding a shriller blast. "There is no dallying with God now; much delay hath been used already—too much. God is angry, and he seems to say this once more, 'Will you strike, will you execute judgment or will you not? Tell me, for if you will not



OLIVER CROMWELL'S House in Whitehall.

who are being molested for their theologies. "Truly nothing moves me to desire this more [the gentleman's favor and influence] than the pity I bear them in respect of their honesties, and the trouble I hear they are likely to suffer for their consciences. And however the world interprets it, I am not ashamed to solicit for such as are anywhere under pressure of this kind, doing even as I would be done by. Sir, this is a quarrelsome age, and the anger seems to me to be the worse



Oliver Cromwell's House Clerkenwell Close.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE UPPER PICTURE IS FROM A PRINT IN THE AVERY LIBRARY, COLUMBIA COLLEGE; THE LOWER ONE FROM A PRINT IN THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY COPY OF CLARENDON'S "HISTORY."



FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM DOBSON AT HINCHINBROOK HOUSE, BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

GENERAL HENRY IRETON.

I will have the enemy's blood and yours, too, if you will not execute vengeance upon delinquents. The day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my Redeemer is come" (1646). "Do justice upon the greatest; Saul's sons are not here spared; no, nor may Agar or Benhadad, though themselves kings. Zimri and Cozbi, though princes of their people, must be pursued into their tents. This is the way to consecrate yourselves to God."

He saw the City of London, which had been the mainstay of the Parliament in the war, now just as strenuous for a good peace. He saw an army in which he knew that his own authority stood high, but where events were soon to show that he did not yet know all the fierce undercurrents and dark and pent-up forces. Finally, he saw a king, beaten in the field, but still unbending in defense of his religion, his crown, and his friends, and boldly confident that nothing could prevent

him from still holding the scale between the two rival bands of his triumphant enemies. "We are full of faction and worse," Cromwell wrote to Fairfax (August 10, 1646), in a sentence of dark omen.

So stood things in England. Outside the kingdom he saw the combative and dogged Scots, who had just been persuaded to return to their own country, still sharply watching English affairs over the border, and still capable of drawing the sword for king or for Parliament, as best might suit the play of their own infuriated factions. Finally, there was Ireland, distracted, dangerous, sullen, and a mainspring of difficulty and confusion, now used by the Parliament in one way against the army, and now by the king in another way against both army and Parliament. The Cause, in short, whether Cromwell yet looked so far in front or not, was face to face with the gloomy alternatives of a perfidious restoration or a new campaign and war at all hazards.

There is no other case in history where the victors in a great civil war were left so entirely without the power of making their own settlement, and the vanquished so plainly umpires in their own quarrel. The beaten king was to have another chance, his best and his last. Even now if we could read old history like a tale of which we do not know the end, whether it should be that sentiment has drawn the reader's sympathies to the side of the king, or right reason drawn them to the side of the king's adversaries, it might quicken the pulse when he comes to the exciting and intricate events of 1647, and sees his favorite cause, whichever it chances to be, trembling in the scale.

Clarendon says that though the Presbyterians were just as malicious and as wicked as the Independents, there was this great difference between them, that the Independents always did what made for the end they had in view, while the Presbyterians always did what was most sure to cross their own design and hinder their own aim. For this singularly conclusive difference he gives two reasons. First, the Presbyterian party was led by men who did not agree in humor, character, inclination, or purpose, whereas the Independents followed implicitly two or three men, who advanced when they thought advance reasonable, and, on the other hand, stood still or went back, or even forsook the path they liked best, when they found their progress making difficulties or awakening jealousies among their friends. Sec-

ond, the Presbyterian leaders were always wondering how other people would think, whereas Cromwell, and the few with whom he took counsel, first determined what was absolutely necessary, and then to that they made everything else, right or wrong, subservient. In short, says Clarendon, the one resolved only to do what they believed the people would like; the other that the people should like whatever they resolved. We can recognize the reality of the description. These are differences that in all ages mark the distinction between any strong political party and a weak one; between powerful leaders who get things done, and impotent leaders who are always waiting for something that never happens.

The pressure of the armed struggle with the king being withdrawn, party spirit in Parliament revived in full vigor. The houses were face to face with the dangerous task of disbanding the powerful force that had fought their battle and established their authority, and were fully conscious of the magnitude of their work. To undertake disbandment in England was indispensable; the nation was groaning under the burden of intolerable taxation, and the necessity of finding troops for service in Ireland was urgent. The City clamored for disbandment, and that a good peace should be made with his Majesty. The party interest of the Presbyterian majority, moreover, pointed in the same way; to break up the New Model, and dispose of as many of the soldiers as could be induced to re-enlist for the distant wilds of Ireland, would be to destroy the fortress of their Independent rivals.

To say, as so many writers have said, that Cromwell was a man of rapid and instantaneous decisions, without doubts or hesitation, is the precise opposite of the truth. All through the intricacies of 1647 he seems rather to drift from current to current than in any sense to be controlling the turbid flood. Nobody has ever more clearly perceived the difference between the methods of statesman and soldier, and it was as statesman that he was now seriously to be tested. For many months after battles and sieges had come to an end, we have hardly a trace of him either in act or in influence. The Parliament settled confiscated lands upon him to the value of twenty-five hundred pounds a year. He quitted Ely, and he and his family lived henceforth in London, in the close neighborhood of the House of Commons.

There is no evidence that Cromwell took



DRAWN BY BERNARD ROSENMEYER.

THE FIRST MEETING OF CROMWELL AND CHARLES I.



CORNET GEORGE JOYCE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

any part in the various disbanding votes as they passed through the House of Commons in the early months of 1647, and he seems to have been slack in his attendance. No operation was ever conducted with worse judgment. The claims of the soldiers were mainly two. They asked for an act of indemnity which should be a good defense against such suits as were now beginning to threaten them for acts done in the course of the war. Next they prayed for their arrears of pay. Instead of meeting the men frankly, Parliament, chaffered, framed their act of indemnity too loosely, offered only eight weeks of pay, though between fifty and sixty weeks were overdue, and then when the soldiers addressed them, suppressed their petitions or burned them by the hangman, and passed angry resolutions against their authors as enemies of the state and disturbers of the public peace. This is the party of order all over. It is a curious circumstance that a proposal should actually

have been made in Parliament to arrest Cromwell for complicity in these proceedings of the army at the moment when some of the soldiers, on the other hand, blamed him for stopping and undermining their petitions, and began to think they had been in too great a hurry to give him their affections.

The army in their quarters at Saffron Walden grew more and more restive. They chose agents, entered into correspondence for concerted action, and framed new petitions. Three troopers, who brought a letter with these communications, addressed to Cromwell and two of the other generals in Parliament, were summoned to the bar, and their stoutness so impressed or scared the House that Cromwell and Ireton, Fleetwood and the sturdy Skippon, were despatched to the army to feel the ground. They held a meeting in the church at Saffron Walden, with a couple of hundred officers and a number of private soldiers, and listened to their reports from

the various regiments. Nothing was said either about religion or politics; arrears were the sore point, and if there were no better offer on that head, then no disbandment. The whole scene and its tone vividly recall the proceedings of a modern trade-union in the reasonable stages of a strike. In temper, habit of mind, plain sense, and even in words and form of speech, the English soldier of the New Model, two centuries and a half ago, must have been very much like the sober and respectable miner, plowman, or carter of to-day. But the violence of war had hardened their fiber, had made them rough under contradiction, and prepared them both for bold thoughts and bolder acts.

Meanwhile a thing of dark omen happened. At the beginning of May, while Cromwell was still at Saffron Walden, it was rumored that certain foot-soldiers about Cambridgeshire had given out that they would go to Holmby to fetch the king. The story caused much offense and scandal, but it very soon came true. One summer evening small parties of horse were observed in the neighborhood of Holmby. The commander of the little garrison suspected some hostile design, and fled away in the middle of the night. At daybreak Cornet Joyce made his way within the gates at the head of five hundred mounted troopers, their comrades within instantly fraternized, Joyce posted his new guards, and by noon all was as quiet as usual. Later in the day a report got abroad that the fugitive Parliamentary officer would return in force to carry the king to London and the Parliament. Joyce and his party promptly made up their minds. At ten at night the cornet awoke the king from slumber, and respectfully requested him to move to other quarters next day. The king hesitated. At six in the morning the conversation was resumed. The king asked Joyce whether he was acting by the general's commission. Joyce said that he was not, and pointed as his authority to the five hundred men on their horses in the courtyard. "As well written a commission, and with as fine a frontispiece, as I have ever seen in my life," pleasantly said Charles. The king had good reason for his cheerfulness. He was persuaded, as he told them later, that the cornet could not attempt such a thing as to bring him away, but that he had the counsel of greater persons. If he had the counsel of greater persons, this could only mean that the military leaders were resolved on a breach with the Parliament, and from such a quarrel Charles might well

believe that to him nothing but good could come.

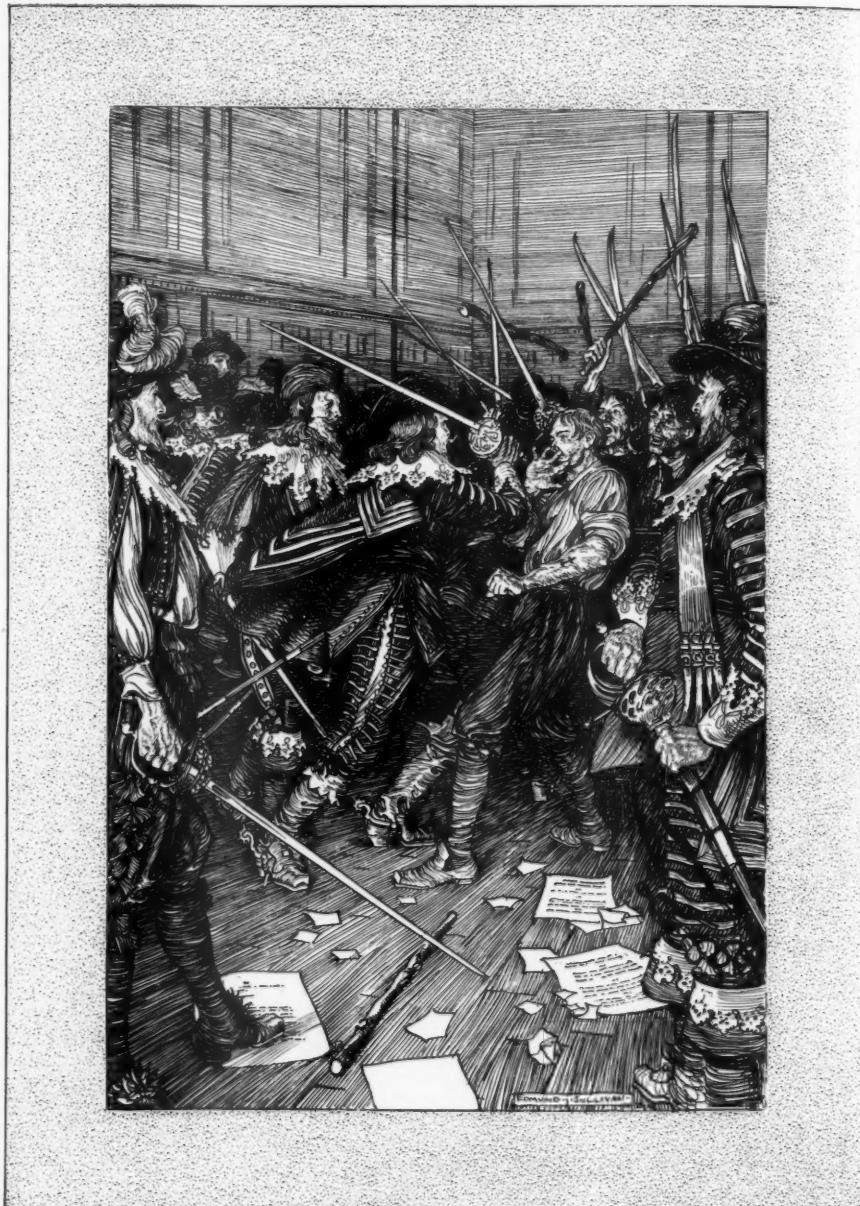
Two days later, on his way to Newmarket, whether he had bidden Joyce to escort him, the king stayed a night in a gentleman's house near Cambridge. The two Parliamentary commissioners attended him. Here Fairfax, Cromwell, Ireton, and some other officers were received by him with his usual civility. It was the first time that the two leading actors in the drama, so heavy with fate for both of them, stood face to face. Fairfax had wished Charles to return to Holmby, and had, when the news first surprised him, even sent a force to meet the king and carry him back. The general and the other officers now more than once assured the king that he had been removed from Holmby without any privity, knowledge, or consent of theirs.¹ "Saith the king, this is a perfect denial," and forward he was taken to his house at Newmarket, henceforth in the custody of the army.

Whether Cromwell was concerned in the king's removal, or in any other stage of this obscure transaction, remains an open question.² What is not improbable is that Cromwell may have told Joyce to secure the king's person at Holmby against the suspected designs of the Parliament, and that the actual removal was prompted on the spot by a supposed emergency. On the other hand, the hypothesis is hardly any more improbable that the whole design sprang from the agitators, and that Cromwell had no part in it. It was noticed later as a significant coincidence that on the very evening on which Joyce forced his way into the king's bedchamber, Cromwell, suspecting that the leaders of the Presbyterian majority were about to arrest him, mounted his horse and rode off to join the army. His share in Joyce's seizure and removal of the king afterward is less important than his approval of it as a strong and necessary lesson to the majority in the Parliament. It is remarkable that his position in regard to Joyce's exploit is identical with his position in the still more critical exploit of Pride many months later. In each case he disclaimed all privity, and in each case he approved.

So opened a more startling phase of revo-

¹ Clarke, i, pp. 124, 125.

² Dr. Gardiner says firmly (iii, p. 86) that Cromwell instructed Joyce to secure the king, not to remove him. Mr. Firth, after examining the evidence with his usual closeness (Clarke, i, Preface, pp. xxvi-xxxii), leans to the same view, but not, I think, decisively departing from his opinion of three years before ("Dict. Nat. Biog.", xiii, p. 164) that the question is doubtful.



DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT FORCING THE MOB OUT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

lutionary transformation. For Joyce's exploit at Holmby begins the descent down those fated steeps in which each successive violence adds new momentum to the violence that is to follow, and pays retribution for the violence that has gone before. Purges,

proscriptions, camp courts, executions, major-generals, dictatorship, restoration—this was the toilsome, baffling path on to which, in spite of hopeful auguries and prognostications, both sides were now irrevocably drawn.

XX. CROMWELL AND THE ARMY.

PARLIAMENT was at length really awake to the power of the soldiers, and their determination to use it. The City, with firmer nerve, but still with lively alarm, watched headquarters rapidly changed to St. Albans, to Berkhamstead, to Uxbridge, to Wycombe — now drawing off, then hovering closer, launching to-day a declaration, to-morrow a remonstrance, next day a vindication, like dangerous flashes out of a sullen cloud.

For the first time "purge" took its place in the political vocabulary of the day. Just as the king had attacked the five members, so now the army attacked eleven, and demanded the ejection of the whole group of Presbyterian leaders from the House of Commons, with Denzil Holles at the head of them (June 16-26). Unluckily for their fame in history, the Presbyterian party did not possess a man comparable in renown with Oliver. Yet among the Eleven were men as pure and as patriotic as the immortal Five, and when we think that the end of these heroic twenty years was the Restoration, it is not easy to see why we should denounce the pedantry of the Parliament, whose ideas for good or ill at last prevailed, and should reserve all our glorification for the army, who proved to have no ideas that either would work or that the country would accept. For a short time the House stood firm, and took courage to demand proof and particulars of guilt. The officers retorted with the Parliament's own precedent of 1640, when they had demanded the sequestration of Strafford, Laud, and Finch, without offering either particulars or proof. Meanwhile the demand for the expulsion of the Eleven was the first step in the path which was to end in Cromwell's removal of the Bauble in 1653.

Incensed by these demands, and by what they took to be the weakness of their confederates in the Commons, the City addressed one strong petition after another, and petitions were speedily followed by actual revolt. The seamen and the watermen on the riverside, the young men and apprentices from Aldersgate and Cheapside, entered into one of the many solemn engagements of these distracted years, and when their engagement was declared by the bewildered Commons to be dangerous, insolent, and treasonable, excited mobs trooped down to Westminster, made short work of the nine gentlemen who that day composed the House of Lords, forcing them to cross the obnoxious declaration off their journals, and tumultuously besieged

the House of Commons, some of them even rudely making their way, as Charles had done six years before, within the sacred doors and on to the inviolable floor, until members drew their swords and forced the intruders out. When the Speaker would have left the House, the mob returned to the charge, drove him back to his chair, and compelled him to put the question that the king be invited to come to London forthwith with honor, freedom, and safety. So readily, as usual, did reaction borrow the turbulent ways of revolution.

The intimidation of Parliament was not new. The City mob had descended on Westminster in old days to clamor for justice upon Strafford. In the second year of the war women with white ribbons in their hats had come down in a tumultuous host into Palace Yard, with fierce cries for peace and imprecations on King Pym, filled Westminster Hall with a dense crowd, clamoring for their pay, and shouted to Sir Henry Vane that they would have his life. Earlier in this summer the disbanded troops of the old army had written up angry verses on the door of the House, and invited demonstrations in the churchyard of St. Margaret's. These twenty revolutionary years are one long sermon on the text about sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.

In disgust at this violent outrage, the speakers of the two houses (July 30), along with a considerable body of members, betook themselves, maces and all, to the army. They were received with the respectful ceremony due to the representatives of the Parliament of England, and when they accompanied Fairfax and his officers on horseback in a review on Hounslow Heath, the troopers greeted them with mighty acclamations of "Lords and Commons and a free Parliament!" The effect of the manœuvres of the reactionists in the City was thus to place the army in the very position they were eager to take, of being protectors of what they chose to consider the true Parliament, to make a movement upon London not only defensible, but inevitable, to force the hand of Cromwell, and to inflame still higher the ardor of the advocates of the revolutionary Thorough. Of the three great acts of military force against the Parliament now happened the first (August, 1647). The doors were not roughly closed as Oliver closed them on the historic day in April, 1653, and there was no sweeping purge like that of Pride in December, 1648. Fairfax afterward sought credit for having now resisted the

demand to put military violence upon the House, but Cromwell, with his assent, took a course which came to the same thing. He stationed cavalry in Hyde Park, and then marched down to his place in the House, accompanied by soldiers, who, after he had gone in, hung about the various approaches with a significance that nobody mistook. The soldiers had definitely turned politicians, and even without the experience that Europe has passed through since, it ought not to have been very hard to foresee what their politics would be.

England throughout showed herself the least revolutionary of the three kingdoms, hardly revolutionary at all. Here was little of the rugged, dour, and unyielding persistency of the northern Covenanters, little of the savage aboriginal frenzy of the Irish. Broadly speaking, it was the other two kingdoms that made the revolution.

Cromwell was an Englishman all over, and it is easy to conceive the dismay with which, in the first half of 1647, he slowly realized the existence of a fierce insurgent leaven in the army. The worst misfortune of a civil war, said Cromwell's contemporary, De Retz, is that one becomes answerable even for the mischief that one has not done. "All the fools turn madmen, and even the wisest have no chance of either acting or speaking as if they were in their right wits." In spite of the fine things that have been said of heroes, and the might of their will, a statesman in such a case as Cromwell's soon finds how little he can do to create marked situations, and how the main part of his business is in slowly parrying, turning, managing circumstances for which he is not any more responsible than he is for his own existence, and yet which are his masters, and of which he can only make the best or the worst. Whether we call this by the name of fate, or force of things, or, as Cromwell and Charles, Presbyterians, Independents, and Catholics all called it, the will of God, it plants patience and fortitude, along with energy and foresight, among the sovereign gifts.

Cromwell never showed a more sagacious insight into the hard necessities of the situation than when he endeavored to form an alliance between the army and the king. All the failures and disasters that harassed him from this until the day of his death arose from the breakdown of the negotiations now undertaken. The restoration of the king by Cromwell would have been a very different thing from the restoration of Charles II by Monk. In the midsummer of 1647 Cromwell declared

that he desired no alteration of the civil government, and no meddling with the Presbyterian settlement, and no opening of a way for "licentious liberty under pretense of obtaining ease for tender consciences." "Only we could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in a blameless conversation and is beneficent to the Commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement; this being according to the true policy of all states, and even to justice itself."

Unhappily for any prosperous issue, Cromwell and his men were met by a constancy as fervid as their own. Charles followed slippery and crooked paths; but he was as sure as Cromwell that he had God on his side, that he was serving divine purposes and upholding things divinely instituted. He was as unyielding as Cromwell in fidelity to what he accounted the standards of personal duty and national well-being. He was as patient as Cromwell in facing the ceaseless buffets and misadventures that were at last to sweep him down the cataract.

Charles was not without excuse for supposing that by playing off army against Parliament, and Independent against Presbyterian, he would still come into his own again. The jealousy and ill will between the contending parties was at its height, and there was no reason, either in conscience or in policy, why he should not make the most of it. Each side sought to use him, and from his own point of view he had a right to strike the best bargain that he could with either.

Unfortunately, he could not bring himself to strike any bargain at all at this most critical stage, and the chance passed away. Cromwell's efforts only served to weaken his own authority with the army, and he was driven to give up hopes of the king, as he had already been driven to give up hopes of the Parliament. This was in effect to be thrown back, against all his wishes and instincts, upon the army alone, and to find himself, by nature a moderator, with a passion for order in its largest meaning, flung into the midst of military and constitutional anarchy. The politics of the army became the governing element of the situation; it was here that those new forces were being evolved which, when the Long Parliament first met, nobody intended or foresaw, and which gave to the Rebellion a direction that led Cromwell into strange latitudes.

Carlyle is misleading when, in deprecating a comparison between French Jacobins and

English sectaries, he says that, apart from difference in situation, "there is the difference between the believers in Jesus Christ and believers in Jean Jacques, which is still more considerable." It would be nearer the mark to say that the sectaries were beforehand with Jean Jacques, and that half the troubles that confronted Cromwell and his men sprang from the fact that English sectaries were now saying to one another something very like what Frenchmen said in Rousseau's dialect a hundred and forty years later. "No man who knows right," says Milton, "can be so stupid as to deny that *all men were naturally born free*."

In the famous document drawn up in the army in the autumn of 1647, and known (along with two other documents under the same designation propounded in 1648-49) as the *Agreement of the People*, the sovereignty of the people through their representatives; the foundation of society in common right, liberty, and safety; the freedom of every man in the faith of his religion; and all the rest of the catalogue of the rights of man, are all set forth as clearly as they ever were by Robespierre or by Jefferson. In truth, the phrase may differ, and the sanctions and the temper, and yet in the thought of liberty, equality, and fraternity, in the dream of natural rights, in the rainbow vision of an inalienable claim to be left free in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, there is something that has for centuries, from age to age, evoked a spontaneous thrill in the hearts of toiling, suffering, hopeful men—something that they need no philosophic book to teach them.

When Baxter came among the soldiers after Naseby, he found them breathing the spirit of conquerors. The whole atmosphere was changed. They now took the king for a tyrant and an enemy, and wondered only whether, if they might fight against him, they might not also kill or crush him—in itself no unwarrantable inference. He heard them crying out, "What were the lords of England but William the Conqueror's colonels, or the barons but his majors, or the knights but his captains?" From this pregnant conclusion followed. Logic had begun its work, and in men of a certain temperament political logic is apt to turn into a strange poison. They will not rest until they have drained first principles to their very dregs, and argued down from the necessities of abstract reasoning until they have ruined all the favoring possibilities of concrete circumstance.

We have at this time to distinguish political councils from military. There was almost from the first a standing council of war, exclusively composed of officers of higher rank. This body was not concerned in politics. The general council of the army, which was first founded during the summer of 1647, was a mixture of officers and the agents of the private soldiers. It contained certain of the generals, and four representatives from each regiment, two of them officers and two of them soldiers chosen by the men. This important assembly, with its two combined branches, did not last in that shape for more than a few months. After the execution of the king, the agitators, or direct representatives of the men, dropped off or were shut out, and what remained was a council of officers. They retained their power until the end; it was with them that Cromwell had to deal. Whether the officers were his masters or he was theirs, is one of the questions of party controversy, which may stand over.

Happy chance has preserved, and the industry of a singularly clear-headed and devoted student has rescued and explored, vivid and invaluable pictures of the half-chaotic scene. At Saffron Walden, in May (1647), Cromwell urged the officers to strengthen the deference of their men for the authority of Parliament, for if once that authority were to fall, confusion must follow. At Reading, in July, the position had shifted, the temperature had risen, Parliament in confederacy with the City had become the enemy, though there was still a strong group at Westminster who were the soldiers' friends. Cromwell could no longer proclaim the authority of Parliament as the paramount object, for he knew this to be a broken reed. But he changed ground as little as he could, still fighting as hard as he could for unity of action in the army, and for steadiness in their aims, for patience in their tactics, and for the settlement of the peace of the kingdom without a new war. The meetings of officers, agitators, and generals show better than anything else the central current of this decisive year. More than this, they mark the dawn of modern democracy, with all its honest impulses, all its defective reasoning, all its blind strife with immovable forces.

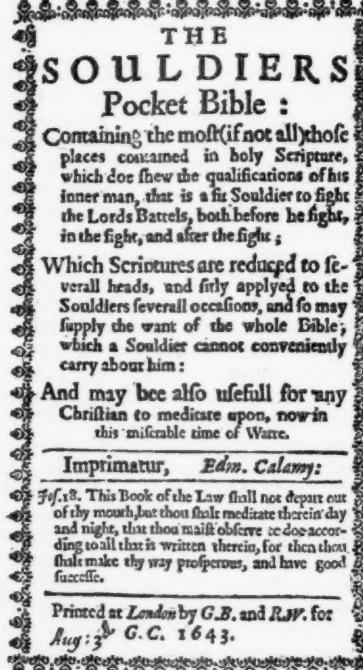
Here we first get a clear sight of the temper of Cromwell as a statesman, grappling at the same moment with Presbyterians in Parliament, with extremists in the army, with the king in the closet—a task for a giant. In manner he was always what Clarendon calls rough and brisk. "I don't think,"

he bluntly told one speaker, "what you have said is any great news." Of another he said that he forgot they were rational men, and so brought no reason, but only iteration of earnest words. "If any body says," he observed roundly, "that we do seek ourselves in this, much good may it do him with his thoughts; it shall not put me out of my way." He declared that he and his colleagues were as

right, but if they were to divide, then were they both in the wrong." On the merits of the particular question of the moment, it was idle to tell him that their friends in London would like to see them march up. "T is the general good of the kingdom that we ought to consult. *That's the question, what's for their good, not what pleases them.*" So close at this early stage in English democracy did Cromwell come to the hard problem of all democracy. Yet he did not know how hard it was for the democratic leader to keep his feet while trying to persuade people that what pleases them most may not be best for them. Experience soon taught him its lesson. Even if he came to know the weakness of government by public opinion, the triumph that it sometimes gives to ignorance over knowledge, to temerity over wisdom, to vociferation over reflection, we may be sure that his mind was too vigorous not to perceive that government by a Stuart and a Laud was exposed to all these perils and to many more and worse besides.

Meanwhile he persisted in urging patience toward the Parliament. They might be driven to march on to London, he told them, but an understanding was the most desirable way, and the other a way of necessity, and not to be done but in a way of necessity. What was obtained by an understanding would be firm and durable. "Things obtained by force, though never so good in themselves, would be both less to their honor, and less likely to last." "Really, really, have what you will have; that you have by force I look upon as nothing." True, the Parliament had issued a provocative declaration against them; but were they then ready to quarrel with every dog that barked at them in the street, and to suffer the kingdom to be lost for such a fantastical thing? Let no heat nor eagerness carry them, nor anything of self-assertion, nor anything of that kind, "but that which is truly reason, and that which hath both life and argument in it." "I could wish," he said earlier, "that we might remember this always, that *what we gain in a free way, it is better than twice as much in a forced, and will be more truly ours and our posterity's.*" It is one of the harshest ironies of history that the name of this famous man, who started on the severest stage of his journey with this broad and far-reaching principle, should have become the favorite symbol of the faith that force is the only remedy.

The general council of the army at Putney in October and November (1647) became a constituent assembly. In June Ireton had



FROM AN ORIGINAL COPY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.
TITLE-PAGE OF THE SOLDIERS' POCKET-BIBLE, A COPY
OF WHICH WAS CARRIED BY EVERY SOLDIER
IN CROMWELL'S ARMY.

swift as anybody else in their feelings and desires; nay, more, "Truly I am very often judged as one that goes too fast that way," "and it is the peculiarity of men like me," he says, "to think dangers more imaginary than real," "to be always making haste, and more sometimes perhaps than good speed." This is one of the too few instructive glimpses that we have of the real Oliver. However patient in deliberation, he was counted hasty in act. Unity was first. "Let no man exercise his parts to strain things, and to open up long disputes or needless contradictions, or to sow the seeds of dissatisfaction. They might be in the right or we might be in the

drawn up for them a declaration of their wishes as to the "settling of our own and the king's own rights, freedom, peace, and safety." This was the first sign of using military association for political ends. "We are not a mere mercenary army," they said, "but are called forth in defense of our own and the people's just rights and liberties; and we took up arms in judgment and conscience to those ends, against all arbitrary power, violence, and oppression, and against all particular parties or interests whatsoever." These ideas were ripened by Ireton into the memorable Heads of the Proposals of the army, a document that in days to come made its influence felt in the schemes of government during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate.

In these discussions in the autumn of 1647, just as the Levelers anticipate Rousseau, so do Oliver and Ireton recall Burke. After all, these are only the two eternal voices in revolutions, the standing antagonisms through history between the natural man and social order. In October the mutinous section of the army presented to the council a couple of documents, the Case of the Army Stated and an Agreement of the People—a title that was also given, as I have said, to a document of Lilburne's at the end of 1648, and one of Ireton's at the beginning of 1649. Here they set out the military grievances of the army in the first place, and in the second they set out the details of a plan of government resting upon the supreme authority of a House of Commons chosen by universal suffrage, and in spirit and in detail essentially republican. This was the strange and formidable phantom that now rose up before men who had set out on their voyage with Pym and Hampden. If we think that the scaffold at Whitehall is now little more than a year off, what followed is just as startling. Ireton at once declared that he did not seek, and would not act with those who sought, the destruction either of Parliament or king. Cromwell, taking the same line, was more guarded and persuasive. "The pretensions and the expressions in your constitutions," he said, "are very plausible, and if we could jump clean out of one sort of government into another, it is just possible there would not have been much dispute. But is this jump so easy? How do we know that other people may not put together a constitution as plausible as yours? There may be no end to the thing. And if so, what do you think the consequence would be? Would it not be another confusion? Would

it not make England like the Switzerland country, one canton of the Swiss against another, and one county against another? And if so, would not that produce an absolute desolation of the nation? Even if this were the only plan proposed, you must consider not only its consequences, but the ways and means of accomplishing it. According to reason and judgment, were the spirits and temper of the people of this nation prepared to receive and to go along with it?" If he could see likelihood of visible popular support he would be satisfied, for, in a sentence that might have come straight out of Burke, Oliver lays down as the foundation of all that, "In the government of nations that which is to be looked after is the affections of the people."

Cromwell speedily remembered that a sensible man who sees difficulties is sure to be reproached as what is called in the language of a later day a pessimist. "I know a man," he says, "may answer all difficulties with faith, and faith will answer all difficulties really where it is. But we are very apt, all of us, to call that faith that perhaps may be no more than carnal imagination and carnal reasoning." He asked leave to say that there were great mountains in the way of their plan, and that it was not enough to propose things that might be good in themselves, without also considering the way. Then, exactly like a skilful member of Parliament of to-day managing a difficult committee up-stairs, or steering a difficult bill through the House, he says that he is quite sure that they do not mean to stick peremptorily to every word of their scheme. No doubt they are open to suggestions for amendment. They must all know that there was one common object in view. He was confident that they were all alive to the vital importance of their being united. Such arts of deliberative management belong to all time, from Cleon and Demosthenes downward, perhaps even so far back as Moses and Aaron and Joshua.

Oliver said something about their being bound by certain engagements and obligations to which previous declarations had committed them with the public. "It may be true enough," cried Wildman, one of the ultras, "that God protects men in keeping honest promises, but every promise must be considered afterward, when you are pressed to keep it, whether it was honest or just, or not. If it be not a just engagement, then it is a plain act of honesty for the man who has made it to recede from his former judgment

and to abhor it." This slippery sophistry, so much in the vein of King Charles himself, brought Ireton swiftly to his feet, with a clean and rapid debating point. "You tell us," he said, "that an engagement is only binding so far as you think it honest; yet the pith of your case against the Parliament is that in ten points it has violated engagements." Then he makes a strong defense of the sacredness of obligations, and reproaches Wildman with holding a principle that would destroy the Commonwealth, for in fact it hides the anarchical doctrine that a man would feel himself at liberty to break any law which he did not happen to think a good law.

In a great heat Rainborough, likewise an ultra, followed. "You talk of the danger of divisions, but if things are honest, why should they divide us? You talk of difficulties, but if difficulties be all, how was it that we ever began the war, or dared to look an enemy in the face?"

According to the wont of debate, Rainborough's heat kindled Cromwell. His stroke is not so clean as Ireton's is, but there is in his words a glow of the sort that goes deeper than the sharpest dialectic. "When difficulties are mentioned," says Oliver, "they are not forged to deter from the consideration of the business, but as things fitting for consideration, and the man who wishes the most serious advice to be taken of such a change as this does not speak impertinently. When engagements and obligations are mentioned, nobody said that an unrighteous engagement ought to be kept, for to keep it is only to turn the original making of it into a double sin. But we ought to know where we are and where we stand."

And so, after a rather cumbrous effort to state the general case for opportunism, he closes, after the manner of a famous word of Danton's, with a passionate declaration against divisions: "Rather than I would have this kingdom break in pieces before some company of men be united together to a settlement, I will withdraw myself from the army to-morrow and lay down my commission; I will perish before I hinder it."

A plain "Bedfordshire man," whose name is lost to history, next said that for his part he was very tender of breaking an engagement when it concerns a particular person, but he apprehended, at least he hoped, that nobody had given anything away to the king from the people that was the people's right. Colonel Goffe then proposed that there should be a public prayer-meeting, and it

was agreed that the morning of the next day should be given to prayer, and the afternoon to business. The lull, edifying as it was, did not last. No storms are half so hard to allay as those that spring up out of abstract discussions. Wildman returned to the charge with law of nature, and the paramount claim of the people's rights and liberties over all engagements and over all authority. Hereupon Ireton flamed out just as Burke might have flamed out: "There is venom and poison in all this. I know of no other foundation of right and justice but that we should keep covenant with one another. Covenants freely entered into must be kept."

Cromwell's conclusion marked his usual urgency for unity, but he stated it with an uncompromising breadth that is both new and extremely striking. For his part, he was anxious that nobody should suppose that he and his friends were wedded and glued to forms of government. He wished them to understand that he was not committed to any principle of legislative power outside the Commons of the kingdom, or to any other doctrine than that the foundation and supremacy is in the people. Let them not meet as two contrary parties, but as men desirous to satisfy each other. Here is the vain cry so often heard through history from Pericles downward, from the political leader to the roaring winds and waves of party passion. "Perhaps God may unite us," he said, "and carry us both one way, rather than that, by our going one way and you going another way, we be both destroyed. It may be too soon to say, but it is my present apprehension. I had rather we should devolve our strength to you than that the kingdom for our division should suffer loss." This is the clue to Cromwell, and we should mark it well. Only unity could save them from the tremendous forces ranged against them all; division must destroy them. Rather than imperil unity, he would go over with the whole of his strength to the extreme men in his camp, even though he might not think their way the best. The army was the one thing now left standing. The church was shattered. Parliament was paralyzed. Against the king Cromwell had now written in his heart the judgment written of old on the wall against Belshazzar. If the army broke, then once and for all the Cause was lost.

The next day the prayer-meeting had cleared the air. After some civil words between Cromwell and Rainborough, Ireton made them another eloquent speech, where, among many other things, he lays bare the

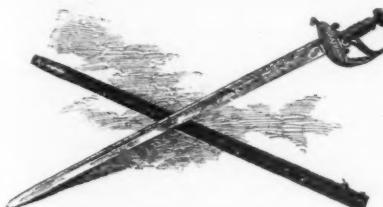
spiritual basis on which powerful and upright men like Cromwell rested practical policy. Some may now be shocked, as were many at that day, by the assumption that transient events are the true measure of the divine purpose. Others may feel the full force of all the

decorous mask to the hypocrite and the waiter upon Providence, though in his own hands it was made to heighten the sense of duty and responsibility.

Colonel Goffe told them that he had been kept awake a long while in the night by certain thoughts, and he felt a weight upon his spirit until he had imparted them. They turned much upon Antichrist, and upon the passage in the Book of Revelation which describes how the kings of the earth have given up their powers to the Beast, as, in sooth, the kings of the earth have given up their power to the Pope. Then he turned from the Revelation to the Book of Numbers, and to the place where the murmurers, because they resisted Moses and Caleb and Joshua, and persisted in going up to the hilltop, were smitten and discomfited by Amalekites and Canaanites. Moses and Joshua may stand for Cromwell and Ireton, but the application of the rest is not obvious. Nobody followed Goffe into these high concerns, but they speedily set to work upon the questions, so familiar to ourselves, of electoral franchise and redistribution of seats—and these two, for that matter, have sometimes hidden a mystery of iniquity of their own.

"Is the meaning of your proposal," said Ireton, "that every man is to have an equal voice in the election of representors?" "Yes," replied Rainborough; "the poorest He that is in England hath a life to live as much as the greatest He, and a man is not bound to a government that he has not had a voice to put himself under." Then the lawyer rose up in Ireton. "So you stand," he says, "not on civil right, but on natural right, and, for my part, I think that no right at all. Nobody has a right to a share in disposing the affairs of this kingdom unless he has a permanent fixed interest in the kingdom."

"But I find nothing in the law of God," Rainborough retorts, "that a lord shall choose twenty burgesses, and a gentleman



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE
ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.

CROMWELL'S SWORD.

standing arguments ever since Lucretius, that the nature of the higher powers, "Nec bene pro meritis capit, nec tangitur ira," is too far above mortal things to be either pleased or angry with us. History is only fruitful if we place ourselves at the point of view of the actor who makes it. "I do not care," says Ireton, "about the engagements of the army so much for the engagements' sake; but I look upon this army as having carried with it hitherto the name of God, and having carried with it hitherto the interest of the people of God, and the interest which is God's interest, the honor of his name, the good and freedom and safety and happiness of his people. And I think that is the only thing for which God has appeared with us, and led us, and gone before us, and honored us, and taken delight to work by us." Then moving clean away from the position that he had taken up the day before, as if Oliver had wrestled with him in the intervening night, he goes on: "It is not to me so much as the vainest or slightest thing you can imagine, whether there be a king in England or no, or whether there be lords in England or no. For whatever I find the work of God tending to, I should quietly submit to it. If God saw it good to destroy not only kings and lords, but all distinctions of degrees—nay, if it go further, to destroy all property—if I see the hand of God in it, I hope I shall with quietness acquiesce, and submit to it, and not resist it." In other words, do but persuade him that Heaven is with the Levelers, and he turns Leveler himself.

Ireton was an able and whole-hearted man, but we can see how his doctrine offered a



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL
OWNED BY MR. W. T. STEAD.

CROMWELL'S POCKET-PISTOL.

only two, and a poor man none. Why did Almighty God give men reason, if they should not use it in a voting way unless they have an estate of forty shillings a year?" "But then," says Ireton, "if you are on natural right, show me what difference lies between a right to vote and a right to subsistence." "Every man is naturally free," cried one. "How comes it," cried another, "that one free-born Englishman has property and his neighbor has none? Why has not a younger son as much right in the inheritance as the eldest?" So the modern reader finds himself in the thick of controversies that have shaken the world from that far-off day to this.

In such a crisis as that upon which England was now entering, it is not the sounder reasoning that decides; it is passions, interests, outside events, and that something vague, undefined, curious almost to mystery, that in bodies of men is called political instinct. All these things together seemed to sweep Cromwell and Ireton off their feet. The Levelers beat them, as Cromwell would assuredly have foreseen must happen if he had enjoyed modern experiences of the law of revolutionary storms. Manhood suffrage was carried, though Cromwell had been against it, as "tending very much to anarchy," and though Ireton had pressed to the uttermost the necessity of limiting the vote to men with fixed interests. Cromwell now said that he was not glued to any particular form of government. Only a fortnight before he had told the House of Commons that it was matter of urgency to restore the authority of monarchy, and Ireton had told the council of the army that there must be king and lords in any scheme that would do for him. In July Cromwell had called out that the question is what is good for the people, not what pleases them. Now he raises the balancing consideration that if you do not build the fabric of government on consent, it will not stand. Therefore you must think of what pleases people, or else they will not endure what is good for them. "If I could see a visible presence of the people, either by subscription or by numbers, that would satisfy me."

Cromwell now (November) says that if

they were free to do as they pleased they would set up neither king nor lords. Further, they would not keep either king or lords, if to do so were a danger to the public interest. Was it a danger? Some thought so, others thought not. For his own part, he concurred with those who believed that there could be no safety with a king and lords, and even concurred with them in thinking that God would probably destroy them; yet "God can do it without necessitating us to a thing which is scandalous, and therefore let those that are of that mind wait upon God for such a way where the thing may be done without sin and without scandal, too."

This was undoubtedly a remarkable change of Oliver's mind, and the balanced, hesitating phrases in which it is expressed hardly seem to fit a conclusion so momentous. A man who, even with profound sincerity, sets out shifting conclusions of policy in the language of unction, must take the consequences, including the chance of being suspected of duplicity by embittered adversaries. These weeks must have been to Oliver the most poignant hours of the whole struggle, and more than ever he must have felt the pressure of his own maxim that "in yielding there is wisdom." Every hour as it passed made the maintenance of discipline and union in the army a more crying need, and the accord of the army with a civil authority more urgent. Cromwell may well have listened almost with sympathy to the ultras, when they cried in their exasperation: "You know not where you are. You are in a wilderness condition. We have gone about to wash a blackamoor white, which he will not. We have gone about to heal Babylon, but she would not be healed."

No exasperation shook his constancy. "I do not think," he says, "that any man here wants courage to do that which becomes an honest man and an Englishman to do. . . . I hope it is still in our hearts that we are not troubled with the consideration of the difficulty, nor with the consideration of anything but this: that if we do difficult things we may see that the things we do have the will of God in them, that they are not only plausible and good things, but seasonable and honest things fit for us to do."

(To be continued.)



FROM THE PAINTING BY D. A. WERNERHOLD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. MITCHELL.

A PURITAN FORCED INTO DRINKING TO THE KING'S HEALTH.



THE GROVES OF PAN

BY CLARENCE L. LEE

TAKE my hand, and we will stroll
To the foot of yonder knoll,
Down a valley, through a brake,
By a lily-mantled lake,
O'er a meadow Eden-fair,
(Pegasus is pastured there!)
Up a little wooded slope,
Then a wicket-gate we ope;
In this dew your finger dip,
And unseen we then shall slip
Down this willow-bowered wynd,
Through this coppice, fir-confined.
Now step softly as you can:
We have reached the Groves of Pan!

Oh, the beauty of the breeze
In the leafy laurel-trees,
And the rhymes when down the glade
Branch and bough are zephyr-swayed!
List the rhythmic, quiet call
Of the woodland waterfall,
And the strophe of the streams—
Melody adrift in dreams!
From a covert, cool and dim,
Floats an elfin morning hymn.
Hark! Three nymphs in dalliance met
Trill a tuneful triplet.
Hush! A dryad and a faun
Sing a duo to the dawn.

Now comes Pan, his syrinx set
To a joyous canzonet,
All his court, a jocund train,
Joining in the glad refrain;
Every insect, bee, and bird
In the perfect cadence heard;
Every tree in every grove
Bowing at the name of Jove!
To some sylvan temple bound
Moves the train with choral sound;
On from grove to grove they wend
Till with dusk and dark they blend.

Let us seek the haunts of man;
Farewell to the Groves of Pan!

OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES IN EGYPT.

BY R. TALBOT KELLY.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

VISITORS to Egypt who land at Ismailia are usually very favorably impressed by the sparkling beauty and general interest of the railway journey to Cairo. The line first crosses the desert, traversing the Wady-Tilat, or valley of the hills (of which Tel-el-Kebir is one), and presently emerges upon the rich alluvial plain of the Delta.

The usual first impression the tourist receives is that Egypt consists largely of bright, clean desert or rich cultivation, the transition from one to the other being almost immediate, and, bathed in the genial sunlight of such latitudes, each as attractive and picturesque as the other. While agreeing that this somewhat arbitrary summing up of the country is in the main correct, to those who, like myself, have been wanderers in unfrequented paths, there are other phases of Egyptian scenery the sad and weary loneliness of which offers the most complete con-

trast to the somewhat *couleur-de-rose* impression of the enthusiastic new arrival.

For instance, from Wady-Tilat to ancient Tanis in the north, a zone of utter desolation separates the fertile provinces of Dekkalieh and Sharkiyeh from the Desert of Suez on the east. During the winter rains this low-lying district is an almost impassable morass, the heavy rainfall bringing with it the desert salts from one side, while the drainage from the cultivated land on the other is heavily charged with decayed vegetable matter and rotten alkalis. As the spring advances the process of evaporation leaves behind it a black and salt-incrusted mud, treacherous to walk upon, and exhaling the powerful odors of putrefying chemical matter, the few stagnant pools remaining giving off their poisons in myriads of mosquitos and stinging insects, of which they are prolific nurseries.

Here little grows but giant bulrushes and

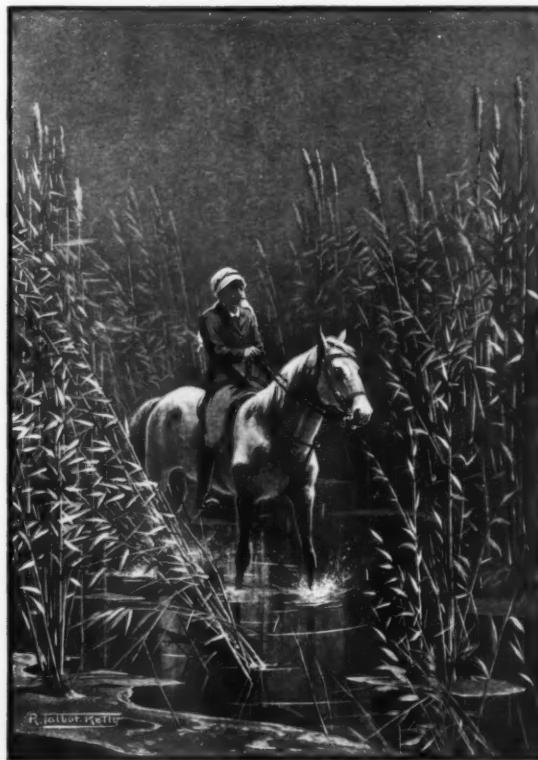


OUR CAMP AT EL-AKEWA.

an occasional thorn-bush. Fish are unknown in its brackish waters, and wild birds shun the inhospitable waste. In the light of day its hideousness glares at you like a bleaching skeleton, while night enshrouds it in a mournful silence, which even grasshoppers and bullfrogs fail to break. When I first rode through this wilderness under a hot June sun its very weirdness fascinated

There is, however, a certain pleasure in discomfort the termination of which is foreseen. After such a ride as this, how grateful were the relative comforts of our camp at El-Akewa and the epicurean delights of tinned provisions and bottled mineral water!

El-Akewa, though still in the marsh-land, rises above the low level, and we were able to pitch our tents upon a pleasant knoll sur-



RIDING THROUGH THE SALT-MARSH NORTH OF WADY-TILAT.

me. The rushes towering ten feet above our heads, bleached and salt-incrusted, glittered in the sunlight, while their quivering leaves and stems, rustling in the breeze, seemed to breathe a sigh for their desolate condition. No sound of life was to be heard save the plunging of our horses through the tangled mass, or the sough of a tired hoof heavily withdrawn from the clinging mud. The splashing water, crystallizing into salt as it fell, blistered hands and face, and the lips, parched and salt-dried, felt no inclination for speech with the companions who, unseen, were close at hand.

rounded by palm-trees. Here we rested two days before proceeding north—two days of hard painting for me, the subjects being quaint and the color wonderful, though the conditions were far from comfortable.

Wishing to make a study of a portion of the swamp, I set up my easel on the edge of a pool where the ground seemed a little firmer than the rest. Quickly becoming engrossed in my work, I did not notice that I was slowly sinking, until I found that my sketching-stool had nearly disappeared, and my legs were embedded in the mud almost up to my knees. With the breaking of the



SANETA.

surface crust the black slime gave out most horrible odors, and small stinging flies, liberated from the earth, quickly covered me, crawling up my legs and arms, while the mosquitos, combining in the attack, eventually drove me from my half-finished work. Though really quite clear, the water was so alive with mosquito grubs as to appear *al-* *bonne bouche* for those parts,—and a rapid retreat became imperative.

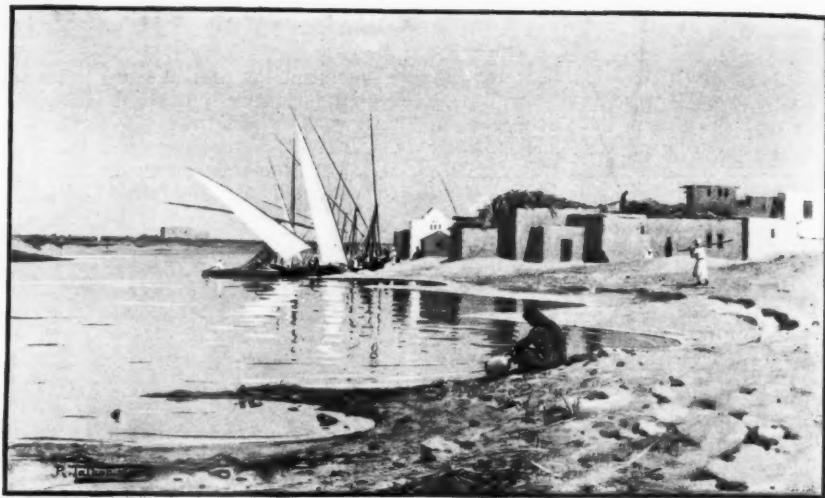
Though at the present moment this district is phenomenally waste, I believe that in a very few years the rapid march of reclamation will, as in the case of the Wady-Tilat, transform this wilderness into a garden peopled by thriving fellah farmers.



THE SCORPION-KILLER AT SUFFIEH.

most opaque. By thousands every moment the grubs would come to the surface, either crawling up the rushes or floating, and the outer shells soon cracking in the sun, left the little insects at liberty; a few seconds sufficed to dry their wings and give them life and strength, and then with hum and buzz they joined their brothers in the air, hovering in thousands like a cloud of black smoke over the stagnant pond from which they sprang. Then *I* was discovered,—a rare

About half a day's ride to the northwest is the picturesque village of Corain. Originally a desert settlement, groves of palms quickly surrounded the village, and, with the advent of means of irrigation, green fields soon covered the arid expanse of sand. Though naturally situated in peculiarly healthy surroundings, the usual ignorance of the people has rendered it a fever-den. Digging up the subsoil mud for building-material, the people have built their village



SAN-EL-HAGA.

on the edge of the *birkeh* so left, which, quickly filling by infiltration, surrounds it by a pool of particularly filthy water, stagnant and stinking, and a ready receptacle for all the offal from the village. The result may be imagined. From the door of the house I occupied I had to wade ankle-deep to get away in any direction, while the inevitable accompaniment of flies, mosquitos, rats, etc., made life here so unpleasant that I was glad to cut my stay short and hasten away. One peculiarity of Corain distinguishes it from all the Delta villages I have seen. Departing from the usual custom of employing no hedges or other dividing-marks, each little holding is here surrounded by high mud walls, within which the palm-gardens and live stock are inclosed. The origin of this custom I could not ascertain, the village being no more subject to human and animal marauders than other villages on the outskirts of Egypt.

The neighboring village of Saneta, on the other hand, offers the greatest possible contrast to Corain, and is one of the very few I have seen where natural sanitary advantages have been utilized. Possessing rich arable lands, the villagers, possibly from notions of economy, have settled upon a neighboring *gizerreh*,¹ or island of sand, and have erected their dwellings there. The mud of which

the houses are composed having been brought from a distance, no malarial *birkeh* exists, and the ordinary drainage from the village is quickly absorbed by the surrounding sand. Consequently healthier than most of the villages of Egypt, its inhabitants are in like proportion active and manly, and more like the Bedouin in character than one would have supposed possible.

Horse-breeding is an industry, and on the high and extensive *gizerreh* equestrian exercises are common. Breezy, healthful, and

¹ *Gizereh* is the Arabic for "island."



McCULLOUGH BEY.

delightful, I look back upon my various visits to Saneta with exceeding pleasure and regret.

As usual, the greatest kindness was shown me by the sheik, to whom, on leaving, I wished to make some present. Declining any gift, however, the sheik said that he and the villagers would be gratified by my painting his portrait, which I did, surrounded by all the inhabitants within reach.

As I roughed in the earlier stages of the likeness, my audience could not help giving vent to various comments, saying to one another in undertones: "What is the *bey* doing? *That* is not like the sheik," etc. So, turning to them, I said:

"When the sheik was a boy he looked very different from the old man he is to-day, did he not?"

"Oh, yes, *maaloom*."¹

"And I suppose that any one who knew him then would fail to recognize him now?"

"Without doubt, effendim."

"Then," I said, "you must remember that this picture is young and must have time to grow. You cannot expect a picture half an hour old to look like a man of sixty."

Laughter and acquiescent signs followed this rejoinder, and after two hours' work, amid growing interest as features began to develop and the likeness to grow, they crowded closer and closer about me to watch each touch as it was laid on. Finally cries of "Tamam, tamam!"² decided me that I had finished, and handing it over to my host, the sketch was, after minute examination by all present, carried off in triumphant procession, and hung up in the village mosque—an honor which I doubt if any other artist in Egypt has ever had accorded to one of his productions.

This episode reminds me of another experience while painting in Cairo, hardly so complimentary. I was painting a somewhat dilapidated mosque door, when a native of high class, with whom I was acquainted, passed and saluted me.

"What are you doing, effendim?" he said.

"Painting, as you see."

"But why paint so poor a mosque as that?"

"Because I find the color beautiful."

"But the color is only dirt."

"Yes," said I; "but dirt in Cairo is always picturesque."

"And *smells*," said he. Then, after a pause, "What will you do with it when finished?"

"Oh, I suppose I shall sell it."

¹ *Maaloom* means "certainly." ² *Exact*.

"*Salaamat!* But who would buy that?"

"Plenty people in England," said I.

"Wonderful! Then, effendim, may I ask how much you will get for it?"

"Probably thirty pounds."

"Whew!" he whistled. "Why, I would not give you thirty pence!" adding in an undertone, as he departed, "But there, I suppose I know nothing about it."

I found in the district a good number of Greek Syrian and Turkish squatters, who, more intelligent and possibly more industrious than their fellah neighbors, often become prosperous. The Turks, poor souls, cleanly and respectable, but retiring, were often the victims of grievous aggression on the part of the natives, and pitifully presented petitions to me for the redress of their grievances. The Syrians, on the other hand, were more usually the aggressors, and gradually amassing wealth, became eventually the usurers of the neighborhood. The rates of interest charged I would be afraid to state, but sixty per cent. I found to be quite a reasonable and legitimate tax. No doubt this habit of sharp dealing has originated in the Delta the proverb: "Iza kan' Shoof Tarban wa Shami, say-eb el Tarban wa moot esh Shami" ("Should you meet a Syrian and a snake, leave the snake alone, but kill the Syrian.") And another, which seems to me to imply an envy of their superior ability in matters financial: "Shami shoomi, masri kharami," which may be roughly translated as, "The Syrian is a scoundrel, the Egyptian only a thief." Still, in spite of the bad odor in which these aliens are sometimes held, native hospitality is apparently infectious, and I have experienced many kindnesses at the hands of both Greeks and Turks. I remember that, the last time I was at Saneta, a local Greek landowner, living some miles away, sent his servant every day on horseback with a large basket of fresh fruit, vegetables, and baked lamb, in case the food provided by the village should not be palatable. As a matter of fact, our food here was very good indeed, but after several days of semi-starvation an extra meal or two is never amiss, and the good man's basket was duly appreciated.

I have always found it a good rule, while traveling in Egypt, to model my habits as far as possible on those of the camel, and take whatever I can get in the way of food when offered. The next meal is never a certainty, and our superabundance here was quickly compensated for in the subsequent privation. Our journey from Saneta

was through a district sparsely inhabited and poverty-stricken, where the poor inhabitants had to wrestle hard with nature for a living; and, due partly to an accident, our only meal for the next twenty-four hours was a piece of sour bread and the drainings of a particularly dirty bowl of milk among three of us.

In riding farther north, the rich pictur-esque ness of the country about Saneta gave place to almost complete monotony. Palm-groves disappeared, and in place of the luxuriant cultivation of the southern portion of the province we found only scanty wheat crops, interspersed among wastes of rotten earth. Here and there a little *esbeh*,¹ beautified by clinging vines and creepers, gave shelter to some poor family, whose great patience and toil were rewarded by the scantiest of poor livings, and who eagerly accepted the small bounty dispensed by us en route, and the unwasted luxury of a cigarette. Very pathetic, too, was the legend I saw written over the door of one of these poor hovels:

Ya moufetah el abouab,
Ifta linna khare el bab!

which may be translated thus:

O key-keeper [God], the guardian of the doors,
Open to us the prosperity the doors inclose!

or, in other words, "O God, give us a chance!"

Most portals in this part of Egypt are inscribed with some such proverb, the most usual being, "Allah Akbar; ma'sh'allah!" ("God is great; may he keep evil from us!") While over the doorway of a prosperous sheik I noticed the simple word "Mahhubbeh!" ("Welcome!")

One is accustomed to repeat the pat phrase, "None are so generous as the poor," but nowhere in my experience is this religion of hospitality and generosity so completely exemplified as among the poor fellahs of the Delta.

The big canals, Bahr Fakous and Bahr Moese, which run through this district, are here so polluted by the salts drained from the richer lands higher up that they have no further fertilizing power. It is a desert of decay, without feature and without interest. Crossing the Bahr Fakous on a pontoon ferry, we eventually reached the bank of the Bahr Moese, to find that it was too deep to ford, and no ferry of any kind to be found.

Fortunately, after half an hour's ride we

¹ Farm.

came upon a fishing-boat from Lake Menzaleh, engaged in netting the river. Hailing the men, we asked to be ferried across, and without question they at once hauled in their nets and came alongside the bank to take us on board. The bank was precipitous, and very soon becoming slippery by the splashing of water, it was no easy matter to embark several camels, horses, and donkeys, as well as our camp baggage, and three journeys were necessary before we all were landed on the other side, thus losing some two hours of daylight for the fishermen. On offering payment for their services, they replied, "By no means, O pasha! Allah has allowed us to befriend the wayfarer, and he will reward us"; and a few minutes later they were once more busily engaged with their nets, to the accompaniment of the usual monotonous chant. These Menzaleh fisherfolk, by the way, are among the poorest of the Egyptians, relatively more taxed and restricted than other classes, and, far from being benefited by recent public improvements, have been direct sufferers from the barrage and other irrigation works.

We were soon amid cultivation again, and my companion, McCullough Bey, having work to attend to some distance off our track, I decided to go on alone to Suffieh, the village for which we were making, and leaving the animals to be reloaded, I walked across the fields for the few miles intervening.

I found Suffieh a most curious village, being surrounded on all sides by a deep canal, and to which neither bridge nor ferry afforded means of approach. As it happened to be a Friday, and I arrived at the hour of midday prayer, all the men were at the mosque, engaged in their devotions. Nothing was to be done until they had finished, so I sat down on the bank with my sketch-book to pass the time until some one should appear to carry me over.

I found myself opposite a place where the women of the village came to draw water, and presently two buxom young women appeared and began the washing of clothes and cooking-pots, which seems always to precede the drawing of their drinking-supply. I was busy sketching their ever-beautiful draperies and graceful movements when I was observed, and at once drawing their *mandils* over their faces, they prepared to go.

"Naharkom Said," I called across the water.

"Said embarak," they replied.

"Don't go away," I said; "I want a drink of water."

"There is plenty of water at your feet. Drink as you will."

"But I have no cup," I said. The only reply was a little snigger.

Presently one of them asked if I wished to go into the village, and on my reply that I did, but did not see how it was to be managed, a consultation took place between them. Finally, a decision having been arrived at, they suddenly hitched their clothing over their shoulders, and plunging into the canal, waded across, and said that they would carry me over. Truly an undignified and embarrassing position, for the water was nearly breast-high and the bottom slippery, and I was not at all sure that these young ladies might not be sufficiently mischievous to drop me in the canal.

However, as they put their arms around each other and insisted, I pocketed my pride and misgivings, and, seated on their shoulders, was quickly ferried across and deposited on terra firma, when my guides, having done what they considered to be their duty, quietly went on with their occupation.

Presently McCullough appeared, and was greatly surprised to find me on the other side—a surprise shared by the men, who now, returning from the mosque, carried him over in the same way, and conducted us both to the village guest-house.

The inside view of Suffieh was as curious as its approach. Strictly limited in area by the surrounding water, ordinary expansion was out of the question, and its gradual increase of population had to be accommodated by means of all kinds of odd additions to the original houses, giving it a higgledy-piggledy appearance quite beyond the ordinary of fellah hamlets. As several of these additions had been built into and quite closed many of the narrow lanes, we found it impossible to find our way about unguided.

The guest-room was poor to a degree, our only sleeping-accommodation being a single blanket spread upon the mud floor. The food was as bad as the housing, and I find in my memorandum-book a note that for the thirty hours I stayed in Suffieh the only food we could eat was a basin of gamoose-milk, in which we sopped the not over-clean flat loaves provided us. The omdeh also, though no doubt a worthy man, was the most ill-visaged, loud-tongued fellah I had seen, and would persist in disturbing us every few minutes to say that "our visit brought a blessing on his house." Finally, losing patience, McCullough threw a riding-boot at him, and told him not to appear again till

sent for. Profusely thanking him in the matter of the boot, he withdrew just in time to dodge the second, and we were left in peace.

In peace, did I say? Far from it, for we were nearly eaten alive. Sitting at our doorstep in the cool of the evening, we noticed curious dark patches rising from the ground, and spreading upward over the walls of the houses. Presently there appeared a man carrying a lantern on his head, who engaged in a vigorous onslaught upon each patch with a curious rapier-like weapon which he had in his hand. Getting up to investigate, we discovered that the patches were swarms of small black scorpions, which the gaffer was skilfully impaling on his skewer. Each one transfixed pushed the preceding one higher up the blade, until it was full to the hilt, when, drawing it through his fingers, the dead insects were dropped into a large bag slung under his arm, and eventually deposited by bagfuls into the canal. In this primitive way did the village wage war upon its peculiar plague, which, unchecked, would soon have rendered it uninhabitable.

To McCullough Bey, with whom I was traveling on this occasion, I owe a greater debt of gratitude than I can ever repay. Having been for over thirty years a servant of the government, his knowledge of Egypt and its people is profound, and my various rides through the country with him have proved a most valuable and delightful education. Himself strongly imbued with the instincts of an Arab, and being a fine horseman, he was not only always a welcome guest, but inspired such faith and regard in all with whom he had to do that many facilities for studying the native "at home," otherwise impossible to the stranger, were freely offered me.

The beauty of his Arabic also was a treat to hear. Elegant in diction, in idiom and pronunciation unequaled, I always look upon him as a perfect master of the language, and greedily endeavor to acquire a little of his own preëminent facility. Few natives enjoy so great an acquaintance with their own tongue, and I remember once hearing him recite to a wondering and admiring group of Bedouin sheiks a chapter of Jeremiah, which, delivered in a manner quite beyond the powers of any among his audience, excited their admiring exclamations of, "How wonderful the bey knows the Koran! What a pity he is not a Moslem!"

It must not be supposed, from the various unpleasantnesses I have from time to time

described, that life among the fellahs is altogether disagreeable. Given health, the balance is decidedly on the side of enjoyment, and I have become sufficiently acclimatized, fortunately, to escape most of the ailments common to such a life.

Only once can I remember being really unwell. This was at San-el-Haga, several years ago. San is a fishing-village, built at the junction of the Bahr Moese and the Bahr Fakous, from which place the sluggish stream slowly winds its way to Menzaleh. Any fishing-village in Egypt is "fragrant," but San-el-Haga is more. The water, slightly brackish, is laden with drainage matter, and the mud banks, upon which fish offal is plentiful, exhale horrid odors under a hot sun. Agriculture is scarcely practised here, and the absence of animals means absence of fuel; consequently fish-bones are the only substitute available.

Now, if you add to the ordinary smells of such a place the odor of burning fish-bones, upon which all food is cooked, and of which everything tastes, it may be readily understood that residence there is trying. For the first and only time I fell sick; it was simply nausea, caused by the foul air and tainted food, but for three days I could not leave my room.

Fortunately, here I was really well off, for I was the guest of Yusef Effendi, the tax-collector of the port, a half-breed Turk, whose house internally was cleanliness itself.

My bed, after what I had been lately accustomed to, was delightful. It consisted of some eight or ten thin cushions or mattresses, covered with gay-colored silk, and at the head as many pillows. When going to bed we crawled between the cushions, leaving as many above us as the temperature demanded, and lying upon the rest. Everything was delightfully clean and cool, and the down-stuffed mattresses were soft and comfortable.

While staying here I experienced a unique honor, for after a few days Yusef asked my permission for his wife and little girl to join us at meals, and for the first time I witnessed the real domestic life of a Moslem. Amina, his wife, was a pleasant-faced, rather refined woman, and his little daughter charmingly pretty in her many-colored robes.

As is usual among even the poorest Turks, cleanliness and refinement characterized all their habits; the food, though daintily served, suffered from the universal flavor of the place, but all the utensils were clean, and the coffee-cups of really fine china.

Yusef Effendi, I regret to say, has been removed to another post, and with him and his charming family has gone my only interest in San-el-Haga; for though I have frequently to pass through it, I have never yet discovered anything at all paintable there, and its sole claim to notice lies in the tumbled ruins of Tanis, about a mile away.

HARDSHIPS OF A REPTILER;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "KATY DID" AFTER CALIPASH AND CALIPEE.

BY BENJAMIN WOOD.

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE.


BOUT the first of the year 1895, after knocking about the country for some time, I came to the conclusion that I would return to New York, settle down, and resist my craving for adventure. With this resolution I went into the real-estate business, but after a very little while I discovered that at least half the people of New York were in the same calling. But I stuck to it, and even went so far as to have some "To Let" and

"For Sale" cards printed, in the hope that I should soon have the pleasure and pride of seeing them on innumerable houses and stores. Alas! I have those signs yet, and they are not in the least weather-beaten. I soon found that, in spite of my heroic determination to stick to it, the real-estate business without me would not become obsolete, so I decided that what I needed was a more exciting occupation. I therefore inserted in a newspaper a cleverly worded advertisement that I thought would attract any one who

might have some novel scheme or business enterprise to exploit. Boiled down, the "ad." would read like this: "A young man looking for trouble won't be happy till he gets it." Well, the trouble came at first in gentle zephyrs; it did not develop the force of a hurricane until I was too far in it to get out.

I received hundreds of replies, of course, but there was only one that attracted me. The very novelty of it impelled me to request my correspondent to call. He did so the next day, and although the mere outline of his scheme had interested me, the remarkable appearance of my caller and the air of daredeviltry about him attracted me still more, and I was consumed with curiosity to know more of his scheme.

He was a tall, straight man, carelessly dressed in a dark suit and wearing at a rakish angle a black, wide-brimmed slouch-hat, and was, I should say, at least sixty years old, although his healthy, bronzed face and erect carriage indicated that he was still in his prime. There was something peculiar about his eyes which I could not fathom at first, but I soon discovered that, while he was apparently looking straight at me with one eye, the other was looking away at an angle of about forty-five degrees. After I had become better acquainted with him I heard him speak once of a man, although not referring to himself, who had a "left-handed eye," and it struck me that this definition was particularly apt. He had a strange way of sometimes giving sharp, crisp, businesslike replies to my queries, and the next moment lapsing into a slow Yankee drawl. He announced himself as Captain Nat Wiggins, master out of the port of New York.

Wiggins was born of Yankee parentage, in Missouri, I think, and went to sea when very young. Being of an adventurous disposition, he joined an expedition which was fitting out at Mobile to go to the aid of Walker, the filibuster, who was then trying to regain control of Nicaragua. Before reaching the Mosquito Coast the vessel was captured by an English war-ship, and the crew were sent back to the States, under promise not to take up arms against Nicaragua again. When the war broke out, Wiggins distinguished himself by successively fighting for both sides. How he managed it I do not know. He claims to have enlisted in the cause of the South at first, but at the end he found himself a gunner's mate on the old United States frigate *Santee*.

The captain began to unfold his scheme

by saying that, some years before, he had been captain of a vessel engaged in carrying negroes from Jamaica to the Central American coast and the Isthmus, where there was a big demand for labor on the canal, and on the railroads then being built. He was struck by the abundance of green turtles on the coast, which constituted the chief article of food of the natives; but it did not occur to him until years afterward that there must be a better way of getting the turtles to the Northern markets, where the demand was rapidly increasing, than by bringing them up alive on the decks of vessels. The great objection to this way was that on the eight-day voyage the turtles became so sickly and emaciated that when they finally arrived in New York they were virtually good for nothing, and in quality and weight mere specters of the large and delicious turtles freshly caught in Southern waters. A turtle weighing two hundred and fifty pounds when netted or harpooned would, upon arriving in New York, tip the scales at not more than one hundred and fifty pounds, and, as a matter of fact, a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound turtle is to-day rarely seen in New York. The carrying of live turtles is also expensive and troublesome, since they must be cared for, and have their mouths swabbed out every day with salt water; besides, as they cannot be piled on top of one another, they take up considerable room. Under the most favorable conditions a large percentage of them die on the voyage, and are a total loss, as a dead turtle, not canned, has absolutely no market value either for soups or steaks, except to a very few unscrupulous hotel-keepers. In fact, the majority of live green turtles arriving in New York at the present time are fit subjects for the Board of Health or for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Upon arriving in New York several months before I met him, Wiggins had ascertained that not only had the demand for green turtles greatly increased, but that absolutely no progress had been made in improving the facilities for supplying the demand. It is true that one or two canneries had been started in Texas and Florida for canning freshly killed turtles, but they did not long survive, for the very good reason that the turtles caught on our coast are small, and could not be caught in sufficient quantities to keep the canneries in operation, even during the few months that the turtles "run."

Still another drawback to the success of

these primitive establishments was the great difficulty of preserving the turtle meat in the tins so that it would keep an indefinite period; for a long and tedious operation is necessary to can it successfully, during which the cans must be submitted to an intense heat.

Now, Wiggins, knowing that certain parts of the coast of the Central American countries abounded in turtles during the "cooting" and "crawling," or "running," season, immediately hit upon the idea of establishing a canning factory down there. There were, however, many objections to this plan, the main one being that such an establishment would have to be located on the beach, where the turtles crawled in the greatest number, as the facilities for transportation on that desolate, fever-stricken coast could not be depended upon. Then, again, the turtles (which are as migratory as birds) might select some other coast for the next season, and leave the captain's plant with nothing to can but alligators and snakes. Most important of all, Wiggins knew that he could not hire white men to live in such a spot, with the likelihood of the fever taking them off at any minute, and some white men he must have, and intelligent men at that, as tinsmiths and cooks.

As it would not do to locate a plant on shore, the captain finally conceived the novel idea of fitting out a vessel as a floating cannery. The more he thought of the idea the more practicable it seemed: the turtles could not escape him, for he could follow them; he could act as his own transportation company; and, better yet, he could regularly enlist his tinsmith and cook, and keep them on board ship, subject to rigid discipline, and thereby successfully keep off the fever.

Here was a scheme which, for originality and the likelihood of adventure, was worthy of a man who had fought both North and South. I was so forcibly struck with it that I agreed on the spot to take time to investigate its feasibility, with a view to the organization of a company to exploit it. We started out at once to interview everybody in New York who knew the difference between "calipash" and "calipee."

For about two weeks I did nothing but call on chefs, hotel men, packers, and one or two concerns that made a business of importing the live turtles, all of whom told me that there was a large demand for a good article of properly canned green turtle.

Becoming convinced that the demand was great and would not decrease, I next began

investigating the captain's tale of a sea dotted with turtles' heads as far as the eye reached. In 1892 I had been all along the Pacific coast as far as the Isthmus, and although I saw turtles, they were not numerous enough to impede the progress of the ship. It was, however, on the east coast of Costa Rica and Nicaragua that the captain proposed to operate, so I called on the official representatives of these republics for information.

"Turtles!" said my Costa Rican. "On our coast there is nothing but turtles." (I afterward found this statement to be true, for I never saw anything else there, except three or four million sharks.) I was glad to hear this, and when he assured me that the turtles could easily be caught in large quantities, I was still more pleased. Thanking him, without telling him of our plans, I happened to ask him whether turtles were also numerous on the Nicaragua coast. He did not seem to be aware of the existence of such a place as Nicaragua, but informed me that Costa Rica was the only place for turtles. Official Nicaragua had heard of Costa Rica, but insisted that all the turtles came to the coast of his country and were very careful not to cross into Costa Rican waters.

This slight difference of opinion was immaterial, however, since the two countries adjoin, and after satisfying myself that Captain Wiggins's scheme was practicable, I decided to go into it.

Having come to this decision, I suddenly realized that the buying and fitting out of a vessel and the necessary plant, and the cost of carrying on operations for several months, required considerably more capital than I could command. After much vain effort to interest others, I hit upon an old college chum, who was practising law in New York, and who had several clients with money seeking investment. He became enthusiastic over the scheme and personally invested in it, and for the next few weeks his office was headquarters for turtle conferences; but so far as our cruise is concerned his clients' capital is still uninvested.

But the necessary money having been obtained, Captain Nat and I set about getting a suitable vessel and buying and installing the plant.

After dickering with several ship-owners, the captain, who could not be fooled when it came to a question of anything relating to a vessel, finally selected as trim a little two-masted vessel as could be found, which we bought outright. She had been origi-

nally a Nova Scotia fisherman, and was called the *Katydid*. She was rigged as a schooner, of about one hundred and five tons. For a working vessel her lines were very fine, and she looked, what she afterward proved herself to be, a splendid boat in a heavy sea, and a very fast sailer either on or before the wind.

After scraping down her masts, calking her decks, and giving her a good coat of paint, she was ready for business. We then bought the plant, which consisted of a medium-sized upright boiler, a large and heavy steam-tight "process-kettle," a steam-pump, two large one-hundred-gallon copper block-tin-lined open kettles or caldrons, and a large square wooden vent-tank about two feet deep, and containing a steam-coil. A brick and cement foundation was built for the boiler, which was permanently made fast at the bottom of the main-hatch. We then rigged up a support for the process-kettle beside the boiler, but only about half-way down the hatch, so that when the kettle was in position it projected several feet above the deck of the vessel, immediately forward of the galley. We located the caldrons on the starboard side, near the rail, about amidships, and placed the vent-tank a little forward of them on the same side. Our object in placing them all on one side of the vessel was to leave the port side clear for the hauling in of the turtles, and for the shipping and unshipping of water-casks. Next steam-fitters came aboard, and made all the connections with flexible steam-hose. We could not use connections of pipe, owing to its rigidity and the almost certain likelihood of starting leaks when the vessel strained and pitched.

When all the connections were made, we got up steam and thoroughly tested all the apparatus. Everything was then taken apart, and, including the process-kettle, stowed in the hold, until we were ready to begin operations on the breeding-grounds of the green turtle.

The supply of water for the boiler and for cooking was a most important consideration, and one that gave us no little concern. In addition to the regular ship's tank, and four large casks made fast on deck, we bought another large tank and placed it in the hold just abaft the mainmast. We counted upon catching considerable rain-water, as we were going South during the rainy season, and for this purpose we had large awnings made to cover nearly the entire deck from the foremast aft, which were so made that they

could readily be "bellied" when it rained, and the water run off into the deck-casks by means of canvas pipes. However, we did not care to depend on the rainfall, and therefore carried all the water with us that we could.

As may readily be imagined, during the days that the plant was being rigged up and tested, the *Katydid* was the center of attraction along South street, where she lay, and there was always a crowd of wondering longshoremen hanging about, trying to find out what possible use a schooner could have for a boiler and steam-kettles. Many different and absurd stories were started, and I am afraid that the captain, who was nothing if not a wag, was responsible for most of them. I heard him tell one inquisitive newspaper reporter that we were fitting up to go to Cuba to do the cooking for the whole Cuban army, and another that we were going "reptiling."

While I was busy buying cans, canning-irons, solder, and acid, and at the same time trying to learn something about the operation of hermetically preserving, the captain selected his crew, which consisted of two seamen before the mast, and a mate.

The mate, who knew little of navigation, was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, happily named Gladd. I am taking a liberty, from a sailor's standpoint, in not prefixing the "mister" to his name, as aboard ship the mate is always the "mister," just as the captain is invariably referred to as the "old man." One of the seamen was a Norwegian, or, according to the captain, a "Sou'wegian," named Tony, and a big husky fellow he was, and as strong as an ox. The other was a Russian Finn, answering to the name of Charlie. I never knew the surname of either, but Charlie was a very good sailor, and it was not long before I discovered that the captain placed more reliance on him than he did on the mister.

All that now remained to be done was to secure the services of a hotel cook who was familiar with the proper way of butchering and cooking turtles, and a tinsmith to cap and vent the cans when filled. This task was most difficult, as there are very few good hotel cooks willing to join a cruise of this kind, and, in addition to their other work, cook for a grumbling crew of half-starved sailors. Even if willing, there is not one in a hundred who can do it, for cooking in a hotel and in a stuffy little hole of a galley on board ship in a rough sea, and carrying the food aft to the captain's table, are two entirely different accomplishments.

In the matter of securing a cook, fortune

favored us, for we got one who afterward proved himself of inestimable value, and could always be depended upon to do his duty, however trying the circumstances. This man was a young German, but a cook of the French school, named Fritz Stein. Unfortunately, Fritz had a wooden leg, and on this account the captain hesitated about signing him; but finally he did so, and never had cause to regret it. He proved himself to be about the most reliable man on board, and the way he could get about with that wooden leg was remarkable. Fritz was the personification of good nature, and although he went through some very rough experiences, I never saw him without a happy smile.

The one thing that remained was to secure a tinsmith, or a man who could properly handle a soldering-iron. The uncertain nature of the *Katydid's* cruise did not appeal to workmen in this line, and three men who signed the shipping articles all backed out at the last minute. One of them did arrive at the vessel ready to go, but so drunk that he fell off the wharf, and succeeded in filling what remaining liquid capacity he had with river-water, and then concluded that he had already had all the cruise he wanted.

Finally we induced an Irishman named Mike Flynn to sign, and when we got him on board he was turned over to Fritz to be entertained, so that he would not reconsider his determination until we were well down the bay.

Everything now being ready, I took leave of my legal partners, who, by the way, had their time pretty well occupied, in the two days after our departure, in filing affidavits as to the peaceful nature of our cruise with the Spanish consul, who, owing to the articles published by one blatant morning journal, strongly suspected the *Katydid* of being a Cuban filibuster.

On a beautiful April morning, the 10th of the month, the *Katydid* swung out in the river, and under jib, foresail, and mainsail sailed down the bay, as proud and pretty as any yacht afloat, on her long and eventful cruise in Southern seas.

Our intention was to make Port Royal, Jamaica, our first port. We thought we could gain a great deal of information in Kingston about the process of preserving turtle, having learned that it was canned there for shipment to England.

Nothing eventful occurred on the run down. The crew soon had everything shipshape, and Mike was taught to lend a hand

wherever needed. Fritz, after he once got his good leg used to the motion of the vessel, rapidly learned the duties of a ship's cook. He was a great favorite with the captain, who taught him to handle the fore-sheet, which, on a vessel of the size of the *Katydid*, is called the "cook's sheet." It is near to the galley, and the cook is supposed to "let her off" and "trim her down," as the case may be. Fritz took great delight in the performance of this duty, and was continually importuning the captain to go about so that he could get practice. He soon learned to answer, "Aye, aye, sir," to the captain's orders, and took great pleasure in repeating them to the men forward in his broken English, invariably adding some instructions of his own which he might consider necessary, all of which amused the captain, although such a breach of discipline on the part of one of the regular crew would have met with instant reproof. Both of our landsmen speedily became popular with the crew, but poor Mike was the butt for every joke. He was the quietest Irishman I ever saw, good-natured and a hard worker, so I came to the conclusion that we had secured a prize in him.

We were delighted with the sailing qualities of the schooner. She was as fast as a bird, and ten days after leaving New York we were at anchor at Port Royal, making a remarkably fast voyage—indeed, one of the fastest recorded for a sailing-vessel of her size.

Upon coming to anchor we were boarded by the custom-house officers, and as we carried no cargo, an inspector was left on board during our stay in port, to see that we did no smuggling. The captain and I then went ashore, and were shown over the town by the negro pilot who had brought the vessel in. That afternoon we boarded the government launch and sailed up to Kingston, a few miles farther up the harbor. We hunted up the turtle establishment, and were graciously received by the owner, who, unfortunately for himself, did not then know the nature of our cruise. We absorbed all the knowledge we could, and just as we were about to leave, the son of the proprietor rushed in with a copy of a local paper, just issued, containing a long account of the object of the *Katydid's* cruise, report of which had just come from New York by steamer. We did not waste any time in attempting to explain or apologize to the now indignant turtleman, but beat a hasty retreat.



THE CAPTAIN.

Hearing that the season when the female turtle crawls on the beach to lay would soon be at hand, we replenished our water-tanks, and set sail the following day. I now realized that the serious part of our cruise was about to begin, and that there was plenty of good hard work cut out for us ahead. The plan, as decided upon by the captain and me, was to take a roundabout course through the islands and cays in the Caribbean Sea, and try to increase our ship's company by the addition of two or three native turtle-hunters provided with a canoe, and to pick up what information we could about the best place to secure turtles in quantities. Then when the season had begun we intended to select a point somewhere on the coast of Nicaragua or Costa Rica, as a base from which to carry on operations.

Therefore, after crossing the bar and dropping our pilot, we shaped a course south-southwest until we sighted Roncador Reef, where the United States steamer *Kearsarge* was lost a year or so before. Getting by this dangerous reef, we steered west-southwest, passing within gunshot of Old Providence, the rendezvous of Morgan, that celebrated buccaneer of early days, whom the British pardoned after vain efforts to capture him, knighted, and made governor of Jamaica.

On noon of the third day out, Tony, who was on the lookout in the fore-rigging, called out, "Land ahead, sir, off the port bow." After taking a long look through a glass I made out the loom of the land, which Captain Nat informed me ought to be Great Corn Island. The *Katydid* rapidly overhauled the land, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we had picked our way through some dangerous reefs and dropped anchor in Brig Bay, the little harbor of the island, within a stone's throw of the beach, which was thronged with wondering islanders, the visit of a schooner of our size being of rare occurrence. Leaving the mate in charge, the captain and I pulled ashore in the gig. As

the gig plowed her nose in the sand, we were met by the governor, or the "governor," as Captain Nat called him, and politely informed that it would be necessary for the vessel to go to Bluefields, and clear there for Corn Island, before we could hold any communication with the shore, or land any cargo. This was unpleasant news, as such a course would greatly delay us, and so we tried to argue the point with the governor, by assuring him that all we wanted was to offer employment to some of his expert turtlemen. But we might as well have saved our breath; for crossing the palm of



"SHE WAS AS FAST AS A BIRD."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"I DID NOTHING BUT CALL ON CHEFS."

an official with the Peruvian sol is the only effective argument with officials of this region, as I afterward discovered. However, we did not consider the object worth it in this case, and therefore rowed back to the ship.

After supper I stretched myself out in a steamer-chair on deck for a smoke, and witnessed the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen. The sands of the beach stretched along for miles on each side of us as white as the driven snow, while the limpid water was so clear, as the setting sun shone on it, that the beautiful white and pink coral reefs beneath its surface were plainly visible, and the picture was set off by the dense grove of dark-green cocoanut-palms that fringed the beach.

About ten o'clock in the evening I thought I heard a commotion on the beach. I listened, and heard a great many voices raised to an excited pitch, although I was too far away to make out anything that was said, even if I could have understood that very peculiar mixture of Jamaica English and Spanish which is spoken on these islands. I called the captain, and we then saw many lanterns on the beach, and could indistinctly make out human forms congregating at the governor's house, immediately in front of where we lay. Finally the lights disappeared and quiet reigned again, and we slept.

Bright and early the next morning we were up, determined to make one last appeal to the governor; so after breakfast we went ashore again. It had occurred to the

captain that probably the governor had not been sufficiently impressed with our importance the night before, so this time we went in state. Tony and Charlie were at the oars, while our poor old dilapidated Stars and Stripes, the only national flag we possessed, was put in the boat.

This time the governor was more gracious, and not only allowed us to set foot on his precious little island, but invited us to his house. We explained more fully the object of our cruise, but he was still suspicious. Finally he said that if we would allow him to search the vessel for contraband goods, he would permit us to land if he found nothing. This proposition we gladly accepted, and at once loaded down the gig with his deputies, and went aboard the ship.

The search was most interesting to the Corn Islanders. They did not find what they were looking for, but the boiler and kettles greatly excited their curiosity. Coming up out of the hold, where I had accompanied the inspector-in-chief of the Corn Island custom-house, I found the captain roaring with laughter. As soon as he saw me he beckoned me aft, and disclosed to me the cause of the commotion that we had heard

the night before. It seemed that a report had been started soon after our arrival that we were an expedition fitted out by Colombia to capture Corn Island. Both Nicaragua and Colombia claimed the island, and while Nicaragua held possession, it was rumored that Colombia intended to try to capture it. The substance of the report was that the *Katydid* had three or four hundred men between her decks, who would land during the night and seize the island. A general alarm was sounded, and in a short time all the men, and the women too, were congregated on the beach, armed to the teeth. At the governor's house there was an old muzzle-loading cannon, which the natives loaded with everything they could find, and trained on the vessel. If it had ever gone off with the charge they had in it, Corn Island would have been somewhat depopulated. We went ashore with the deputies, and I took occasion to congratulate the governor upon the excellent state of defense of his island, and upon the remarkably short time in which his army could be mobilized at a given point.

We were told that all the professional turtle-hunters of the island were over among the Pearl Cays, off the Mosquito Coast, where they were engaged in harpooning and netting turtles, the crawling season not having yet begun. We determined to run over there and take a look about, notwithstanding-

ing the fact that navigating a vessel of our draft among these little cays was very ticklish business.

The Pearl Cays being only a few miles from Corn Island, we were soon sailing among them, keeping a sharp lookout for reefs and turtle-hunters. Within a short time we made out a canoe near Seal Cay, and were soon at anchor there, and signaling to the canoe-men to come alongside. They proved to be Corn Islanders, and had just harpooned a couple of green turtles and a hawksbill. The latter is the tortoise-shell turtle of commerce, although not nearly so large as the green turtle, and of the "snapper" variety and carnivorous, while the green turtle is vegetarian and lives entirely on sea-grasses. The valuable tortoise-shell is formed on the back of the hawksbill in thirteen plates,



"THE 'KATYDID' WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION
ALONG SOUTH STREET."



"MANY DIFFERENT AND ABSURD STORIES WERE STARTED."

varying in size and shape. In harpooning them the natives must be careful to strike the head, and not the shell. The Corn Islanders are very clever at harpooning, although not so expert as the Carib Indians of the coast, one of whom I have seen strike a turtle in the head nearly thirty feet away. The weapon used is a long, light stick, with an ordinary tenpenny nail, which has been barbed, fastened at one end.

Although we tried very hard to engage these natives and their canoe for the cruise, promising to return them to Corn Island, we were unable to come to terms. I think they did not particularly fancy the captain's appearance, and were afraid of being keel-

hauled. As we were about to part company with them, it occurred to me that this would be a good opportunity to can a turtle and make some preliminary experiments. So we bought the two green turtles, after haggling for some time about the price, and were soon under way for Water Cay, where we could find a lee and comparatively smooth water.

Nearing Water Cay, we came suddenly upon a reef, and Fritz, forgetting for a moment that the fore-sheet was the "cook's sheet," neglected the captain's order to trim it in. We were almost on the reef when he finally remembered his duty, and he had the sheet flattened down in a jiffy. I had heard the captain swear, but never as he swore now. He cursed in seven languages at the crest-fallen cook. That night, however, the supper was particularly good.

Upon coming to anchor and going ashore on Water Cay, we were surprised to see

a thin ribbon of smoke ascending on the other side of the cay. We had not the slightest idea that this desolate little island was inhabited, but upon investigation we discovered a primitive little shack, the owner of which was as much surprised to see us as we were to see him.

The first thing to be done was to take aboard a supply of water. We had run low, as it was still too early for the rainy season and we had therefore been unable to catch any. There was one little spring on the cay, fortunately on our side, so we dropped the ship's casks overboard, towed them ashore, and rolled them up the beach to the spring. The process of filling them was painfully tedious, as the spring held only a couple



MIKE.

FRITZ.



CHARLIE.

of bucketfuls and took a long time to fill up again. Fritz, who had not been ashore since leaving Jamaica, wished to stretch his good leg, so he set to work filling the casks, singing away a song of his own composing, which went something like this:

Oh, come, bubble up, little spring,
Bubbly, bubbly high;
The captain wants you all on board,
For the *Katydid* is dry.

Fritz pronounced "bubbly" like "boobly," and the effect was very funny.

The entire next day was spent in rigging up the plant and spreading awnings; for the heat was intense, and Charlie, who was appointed chief engineer, was overcome while making a fire in the boiler. Mike got out his soldering-irons, while Tony and the mate were busy on the awnings and arranging a "cutting-up" table. In the afternoon I accepted an invitation from the owner of the shack to make a visit to his turtle-nets. We paddled out in his canoe, in the handling of which he was very expert. The first net we pulled had a big ragged hole in it, and no turtle. "Sharks," said Thompson, sententiously. "Those pesky sharks keep me busy mending nets."

We met with but little success, getting only one small turtle, weighing perhaps one hundred and fifty pounds, which we hauled into the canoe with the damaged net, and returned to the ship. This was my first turtle-hunt, and I considered it pretty good sport at the time, al-

though it was very tame in comparison with the exciting hunts that were to come.

It is essential that the butchered turtle shall drain thoroughly before being cooked, and for this reason we always killed the night before we intended to can, and hung the turtles up to drain. There is an odd superstition among the natives that if the moon shines on freshly killed meat the meat will turn green. The captain believed this, and was careful that our turtles should be kept covered on moonlight nights.

Before daybreak the next morning I was awoken by a tremendous pounding, and going on deck half asleep, I thought for the moment that I was on board a floating slaughter-house. There was Fritz, busily engaged in removing the shell and inquartering the turtles with his cleaver, all the while talking away to them in German. Charlie had steam up, and the water was beginning to boil in the tanks and kettles.

The most highly prized meat of the green



THE MISTER.



TONY.



"HE CURSED IN SEVEN LANGUAGES."

inch or two thick, that lies directly beneath the shell of the back. In fact, it is the shell itself, for, except this, there is only a very thin outside scale. The calipee is similar to the calipash, except that it lies near the lower shell, and is lighter in color and somewhat thinner. The rest of the turtle, with the exception of the white meat, from which is cut "green-turtle steak," is tough and stringy. I have come near forgetting that a very choice morsel is the flipper. What we intended to put up was the calipash and the calipee, with a small proportion of the choicest white meat.

After a hard day's work we succeeded in getting about twenty quart-cans filled, which we thought would be enough to put to the test of several days' exposure in the hot sun. I left them on the deck, which was so hot that the pitch boiled and bubbled up out of the seams, and no one could go barefooted, as was the usual custom of the sailors. Then we made the cans fast to a line and dropped them overboard, so that they were suddenly cooled. The result was most gratifying, for we had only one or two cans spoil, and upon opening a good can we could readily tell just what changes to make in the process to improve it. I had anticipated great trouble with the canning of the turtle, and was consequently highly elated at the good result.

In the evening we laid out our future

turtle is what is called the calipash and the calipee. The calipash is a dark-green gelatinous substance, about an

course, as we were anxious to secure a cargo of canned turtles as soon as possible. It was finally agreed that we should run down the coast to Port Limon, Costa Rica, and make that place our headquarters. Our intention was to build there a large turtle "crawl," or pen, on the beach, and to take occasional trips up to Turtle Boag for a deck-load of turtles, which would be turned loose in the crawl until we had enough to begin canning.

Turtle Boag is a hill on the coast between Greytown and Limon, and a very prominent landmark—in fact, the only one between these points until you get down to the Matina Mountains, which, however, are some little distance inland. The Indians claim that on the top of the Boag there is an immense rock formed exactly like a turtle. I never investigated this story, but it is a fact that the turtles come there in great numbers every year, during the months of May, June, and July, to lay their eggs in the sand, and that they are more numerous here than anywhere else.

On the 8th of May we got under way for Limon, and arrived there in the afternoon of the third day, after having stopped at Bluefields and Greytown in a useless attempt to get the men we wanted.

Limon may be described in a very few words. It is the



only eastern port of Costa Rica, and connects with San José, the capital, by a wonderful little railroad. From this port were shipped, at that time, about fifty thousand bunches

"HE HAD THE SHEET FLATTENED DOWN IN A JIFFY."

of bananas every week to New Orleans and New York. In fact, the banana and coffee are about the only articles of export. The town itself is like any other of these coast towns, except that it is a shade better. It is very hot and dirty, and although Costa Ricans will tell you that it is healthy, it is worth one's life to live there, as I soon found out. There is a

coast Indians, with the customary sprinkling of Chinese and Hebrew traders.

We had been in Limon only a day or so before I became well acquainted with the government officials; but, notwithstanding the good offices of the American consular agent, Mr. Unckles, I had a very hard time of it. With an interpreter I called on the



FOUR SOLDIERS OF THE COSTA RICAN ARMY.

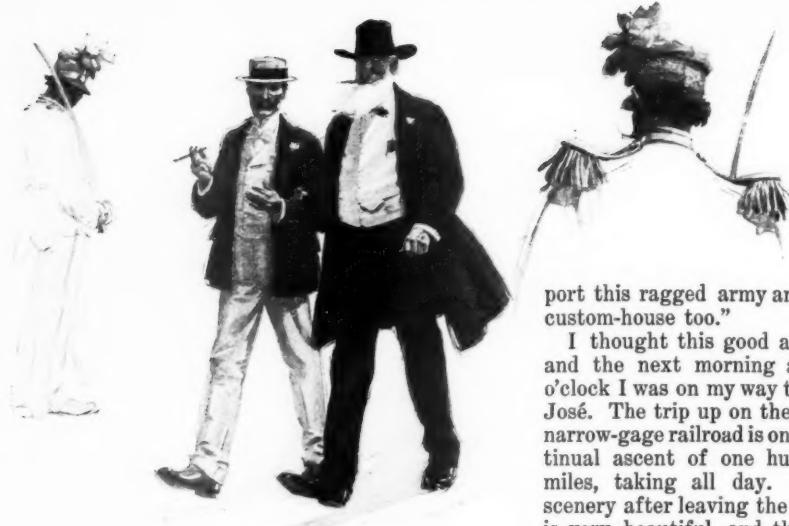
bank in Limon, a hotel, if you please, and a general store, or "commissary." There are also railroad machine-shops, which employ a number of white men. Every white man who lives there constantly for a few years becomes absolutely good for nothing. The food they eat is awful. You can probably find more tropical fruit in Iceland than you can in Limon, and after taking a few meals in the hotel I was well content to return to salt-horse and lobscouse on the *Katydid*.

The average Limonite consumes from seventy-five to one hundred grains of quinine a day as a steady diet, but in case of fever the dose is doubled. If you miss an acquaintance in Limon, you only show your ignorance by inquiring for him. There is only one way to die there—fever; and only one thing prescribed for it by the only doctor in the place—quinine. There are only three or four white women, all the others being Jamaica women of various shades, the result being that many of the white men have colored wives. Another odd thing is that there are very few pure-blooded Costa Ricans there, the population consisting of white trash, Jamaica blacks, and

governor, and explained to him that I wished to spend a lot of money in Costa Rica for turtles, in return for which I asked him for several privileges, such as permission to leave and enter the port whenever we chose, without being subjected to custom-house inspection and to the payment of harbor, light, and tonnage dues.

In some way they had already heard of the *Katydid* in Limon, and the governor thought we were bound for Cuba to assist the insurgents. This belief was strengthened by the arrival from San José of the Spanish consul, who had been on the lookout for us. Finally I convinced these officials on that point. Then the governor got the idea that I had designs on his own country and was a smuggler, for he could not understand that there were enough lovers of turtle-soup in my country to warrant our visit.

He was polite, but obdurate, and on my return to the schooner, later in the day, I was very much taken aback by the sight of four soldiers of the Costa Rican army calmly eating the supper that poor Fritz, very much to his disgust, had cooked for them.



CALLING ON THE PRESIDENT.

I ascertained that after my interview with the governor he had sent this guard aboard the vessel to see that we did not smuggle anything ashore. Their orders were to remain on board during our stay in port, and, in fact, whenever we left port also, unless we had regularly cleared at the custom-house. With a keen appreciation of the customary hospitality offered to guests aboard ships, the governor took it for granted that we would not only feed his regiment, but might also agree to relieve his government of the necessity of paying their wages. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Four lazy soldiers added to the ship's company, and likely to remain for some time.

I asked the captain what rank the senior held, as I thought I might flatter him by calling him by a higher title, and thereby get him to inform the governor that his services aboard were unnecessary.

"What rank?" said the captain. "What rank? Why, the one in charge is a general, the next a colonel, then a major, and a captain. There is n't a private in the Costa Rican army."

I thought Captain Nat was joking, but afterward I looked in vain, and never could find a private, although I saw the flower of the army leave San José for the Nicaragua frontier to repel an expected invasion.

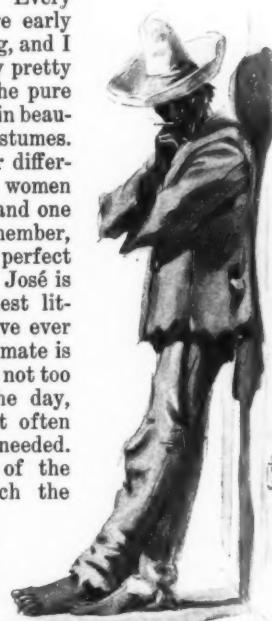
"There's only one thing to do," continued the captain, "and that is to go up to San José and see the president. We can't sup-

port this ragged army and the custom-house too."

I thought this good advice, and the next morning at six o'clock I was on my way to San José. The trip up on the little narrow-gage railroad is one continual ascent of one hundred miles, taking all day. The scenery after leaving the coast is very beautiful, and the engineering shown in the construction of the road is admirable.

The next morning, after having my coffee, as breakfast was not served until half-past ten, I strolled out, and following the crowd, soon found myself at the marketplace and witnessing a most charming and novel sight. Every one goes there early in the morning, and I saw some very pretty señoritas of the pure Spanish type, in beautiful native costumes. They were far different from the women of the coast, and one or two, I remember, were almost perfect blondes. San José is one of the finest little cities I have ever seen. The climate is superb, as it is not too hot during the day, while at night often a blanket is needed. The gardens of the plaza, in which the military band gives two concerts daily, are beautiful.

As I wished to return to Limón on the



"MAÑANA."

next day, I went back to my hotel and inquired the way to the house of the United States minister. Fortunately for me, the minister, who is accredited to Nicaragua and Salvador as well as to Costa Rica, was in San José at the time, and received me very cordially. He was much interested in the object of our cruise, and at once sent a note to President Iglesias, asking him to appoint a time for a call. Word came back in a little while that the president would be very glad to have the minister present his countryman at eight o'clock that evening.

After supper I called for the minister. We were met at the door of the president's house by two armed sentries (they must have been field-marshals at least), and were allowed to pass after Mr. B—— had been recognized. I learned later that an attempt to assassinate the president had been made only a short time before, which accounted for the guard. We were ushered into a spacious chamber, in the middle of which was a beautifully carved desk, on which candles were burning in two handsome silver candelabra, and in a few minutes I was honored with an introduction to the president, who, I felt, might have some influence over the governor of Limon and his generals.

President Iglesias is a most charming and agreeable man, of medium height. He seemed to me not over thirty-five, and spoke English fluently. Realizing that a great deal depended on this interview, I pitched in as soon as Mr. B——, who seemed inclined to go through a lot of diplomatic red tape, gave me the opportunity, and in a few words I told the president all about the *Katydid*, her captain, cook, and crew, what she wanted, and how she, with his kind assistance, could get it in the shortest time.

"Mañana," said the president, who, I could see, was struck with the novelty of my business.

"Mañana" means to-morrow in Spanish, and is the most frequently used word in that language. Everybody says "mañana" when asked to do anything.

But the president did not put me off with his *mañana*. I had a trump up my sleeve, and I played it.

"Oh, very well, Mr. President," said I. "Mañana, of course, if you say so; but I am going back to Limon *mañana*, and the *mañana* after *mañana* I 'll lift the *Katydid's* mud-hook out of your inhospitable sand, and sail away to Nicaragua, where the turtles are nice and fat, and where I know a president who will welcome us and give us all the reptiles we can take away."

This argument was too much for the president, and he capitulated. If I had threatened to go to Canada he would not have cared, and would probably have been glad of it; but I had only to mention Nicaragua, and I think he would have given me his watch to remain in Costa Rica.

Then he proposed that I put the *Katydid* under the Costa Rican flag and make the business a local enterprise, and offered to do almost anything for me if I would do this; but I told him that such a course would be impossible, since the market for reptiles would still remain in the United States, and that I would have to pay duty on the product, which I would now escape on account of being an American on an American vessel, with a crew shipped in my own country.

Finally it was agreed that the president should call off his army and support it himself, and that I should be given perfect freedom, and relieved from the payment of harbor dues every time the *Katydid* happened to poke her pretty nose into the port of Limon.

He kept his word, and I never paid another dollar to the government of Costa Rica, and the *Katydid* came and went as she pleased. But our troubles were only beginning, and there were many, many occasions afterward (as will appear in the concluding paper) when I heartily wished that I had terminated the cruise by presenting the *Katydid* and everything in her to the Costa Rican government.

(To be concluded.)





LA ROCCA, ASOLO.

BROWNING IN ASOLO.

BY KATHERINE C. BRONSON.

WITH SKETCHES BY CLARA MONTALBA.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

THE POET'S LOVE OF ASOLO.

TOWARD the end of his life Robert Browning turned with ever greater pleasure to the places which had delighted him in youth. Venice, and, for a change to upland air, Asolo in the Veneto, drew him from his London home and the gaiety of the great city; but especially Asolo, where the scene of "Pippa Passes" was laid, seemed on each visit more delightful, so that when his only son married and settled in Venice, Browning went about with a fine scheme to raise a tower like Pippa's near a certain property in Asolo, where he and Miss Browning might pass at least some months of every year. He did not live to see the tower built.

Neither he nor those who loved him imagined for a moment that a visit he made to Asolo mainly for the purpose of concluding the purchase of this property would be his last. In answer to a letter written in the spring of 1889, from "La Mura,"¹ at Asolo, inquiring what his early impressions of Asolo were, he replied in a letter from London, dated "De Vere Gardens, June 10, 1889":

I will answer your questions in detail. When I first found out Asolo I lodged at the main Hotel in the square, an old, large Inn of the most primitive

¹ Mrs. Bronson's house, so called from the fact that it is built on the line of the wall of Asolo.—EDITOR.

kind. The ceiling of my bedroom was traversed by a huge crack or rather cleft; "caused by the earthquake last year; the sky was as blue as could be, and we were all praying in the fields, expecting the town to tumble in." On the morning of my arrival I walked up to the Rocca; and, on returning to breakfast, I mentioned it to the landlady, whereon a respectable, middle-aged man, sitting by, said, "You have done what I, born here, never thought of doing." . . . I took long walks every day, — and carried away a lively recollection of the general beauty, — but I did not write a word of "Pippa Passes." The idea struck me when walking in an English wood, and I made use of the Italian memories. I used to dream of seeing Asolo in the distance and making vain attempts to reach it, repeatedly dreamed this for many a year, and when I found myself once more in Italy with my sister, I went there straight from Verona. We found the old inn lying in ruins, a new one about to take its place; I suppose that which you see now. We went to a much inferior albergo, the best then existing, and were roughly but pleasantly entertained for a week, as I say. People told me the number of inhabitants had greatly increased, and things seemed generally more ordinary-life-like. I am happy that you like it so much. When I got my impression Italy was new to me.

The oft-recurring dream here referred to is spoken of in a letter written some years before: "the beautiful place I used to dream about so often in the old days, till at last I saw it again and the dreams stopped."

He remarked one day: "I never heard of any one dreaming even twice on the same subject, yet my Asolo vision came to me many and many a time. Just ask my sister how often I have said to her at breakfast, 'I had my old dream again about Asolo last night.'"

Answering my curiosity as to the points of the dream, he said: "It is simply this. I am traveling with a friend, sometimes with one person, sometimes with another, oftenest with one I do not recognize. Suddenly I see the town I love sparkling in the sun on the hillside. I cry to my companion, 'Look! look! there is Asolo! Oh, do let us go there!' The friend invariably answers, 'Impossible; we cannot stop.' 'Pray, pray let us go there!' I entreat. 'No,' persists the friend, 'we cannot; we must go on and leave Asolo for another day,' and so I am hurried away, and wake to know that I have been dreaming it all, both pleasure and disappointment."

One day Mr. Browning related an incident of a visit to Asolo when Austria was in possession of Venetian territory. He was asked by the chief dignitary of the town, "What have you come here for?" "To see

the place." "Do you intend to stay?" "Yes; I hope to remain a few days." "But you have seen the place already; how can you possibly wish to stay longer?" "Because I find it so very beautiful." The Austrian looked at him in puzzled amazement, and then, after a moment's pause, signed the "permit of sojourn" required.

So far as I can judge, I believe that Browning's last visit to "Asolo, my very own of all Italian cities," as he calls it in one of his letters, was one of unalloyed pleasure. He seemed to enjoy every hour and every moment. "To think that I should be here again!" he would say reflectively, as though he felt that a mysterious destiny had conducted him hither, independent of his own plans or will.

He never wearied of gazing from the loggia of La Mura at the view over the plain, and of pointing out sites he had kept clear in his mind while writing "Sordello" and "Pippa Passes."

"See!" he would say to each newcomer, "there is Romano, cradle of the Eccelini, those cruel twelfth-century tyrants, you know. The tower stands there, to the right of those trees and walls. That is Bassano; it had a wonderful history in the middle ages, and there Napoleon fought; he created one of his generals Duke of Bassano, you remember? On this nearer hill is San Zeno, scene of the most fearful tragedy in all history."

If his listener seemed interested he would relate in a few fiery sentences the story of Alberico, betrayed in his last stronghold; how the Trevisani determined to extirpate the race of Eccelini from the earth, and how, to this end, they destroyed Alberico, his wife, and five children, by tortures too terrible to describe. At another time the poet would put aside the tragic medieval memories, and looking toward the tower on the opposite side of the ravine, standing bold and high against the western sky, would talk of Queen Caterina Cornaro, and of her graceful, poetic little court, as it was held during twenty years within those yellow-gray, flower-covered walls. Snapdragons, rose and mauve, and white ferns and grasses and stonecrops grow out of every crevice between the stones, and replace with their tender tints the bright frescos that once covered the walls. Of these only a frieze under the slanting roof of the tower, a simple arabesque, remains, with one red base of Grecian form, which has outlived its fellows. Within one of the windows of the tower is



GATEWAY ADJOINING "LA MURA."

a sun-dial, which once marked the hours of the widowed queen.

Browning said: "People always speak of Caterina with compassion because she lost Cyprus; but surely this is a better place, far more beautiful than the distant island, where she was a stranger. I am sure the happiest

Campagna. He spoke of the indelible association which these hills bear with the names of Shelley and Byron, as being a grand monument to their memory. His face always lighted with pleasure when he spoke of a poet's undying fame, or heard of honors, even if only in the form of a tablet on a wall, to prove that the great dead are not forgotten. Looking out upon the wondrous beauty of the varied landscape before him, he said:

"I was right to fall in love with this place fifty years ago, was I not? We outlive some places, people, and things that charmed us in our youth, but the loveliness of this is no disappointment; it is even more beautiful to me now than then."

BROWNING'S ROUTINE.

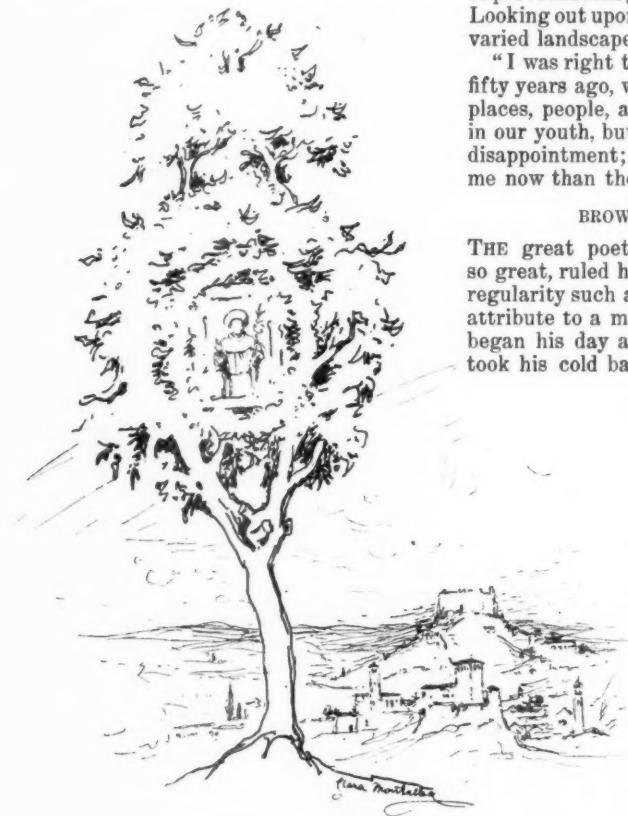
THE great poet, perhaps because he was so great, ruled his days with a precision and regularity such as one would more naturally attribute to a mathematician. At Asolo he began his day at the early hour of seven, took his cold bath, scarcely tempered even in chilly weather, then his simple breakfast, served punctually at eight of the clock, then with his sister —here, as elsewhere, his inseparable companion—he wandered over the hills, seeking and finding such points of view and interest as he had known in his first youth. He recognized a bit of old fresco still left on a house wall, a Gothic window here, a doorway there, the palace where Napoleon slept before the battle of Bassano, the graveled bit of square above the market-place, which in his time was the site of a bowling-

years of her life were those when she was queen of Asolo."

It was her secretary, Cardinal Bembo, who, as Browning tells us in print, suggested the name "Asolando" for his last volume of verse.

At times forgetting all else, Browning rejoiced with keen artistic sense in the beauty of nature in this favored spot, noting the ever-changing cloud-shadows on the plain, the ranges of many-tinted mountains in the west and southwest, and the fairy-like outline of the blue Euganean Hills, which partly form the southern boundary of the vast

alley, where from his hotel windows he could see the Asolani playing their favorite game at odd hours of the day. After their long walks the brother and sister returned to the morning readings and writings; the former were alternately English newspapers, the memoirs in Italian of Carlo Gozzi,—a book which he said he continued to read to the end "out of sheer obstinacy," but which he did not find to his taste "in the very least,"—and the reading, entirely to his mind, of various Greek plays. About midday luncheon was served with much the same menu as he was wont to choose in Venice in previous



A SHRINE TO ST. ANTHONY, ASOLO.

years, namely, local Italian dishes and native wines. He wrote and read again after this light repast, and at three o'clock appeared on the loggia of La Mura, his favorite place in Asolo.

"Here you can see all this beauty without fatigue, and here we are protected from sun or wind or rain. Blessings on the one who built this!" he said more than once, in his happy, enthusiastic way. Its charm made him break through his abstemious, self-imposed rule of refusing any refreshment in the afternoon. He liked to see and hear the hissing urn on a table in the middle of the loggia, and would accept a cup of tea and a biscuit with the greatest pleasure, as he did so saying, "I think I'm all the better for this delicious drink, after all."

Soon after three o'clock we went to drive, and explored the country for miles around. He seemed to take the same unfailing delight in the daily drive at Asolo as in the daily row in Venice. Neither carriage nor gondola was ever kept one moment waiting, such was the poet's punctuality, and such the punctuality of those who wished to please him.

Summer was nearly over when he took the long, delightful excursions he so greatly enjoyed. He rebelled at first against the numerous wraps piled up in the carriage, which prudence suggested as a precaution against change of weather or autumnal air. "One would think we were going to Siberia," he said; but he relented as the afternoon grew chill, and accepted the Siberian rugs with words of approbation. He observed everything observable by the way—the thick hedges that border all the roads and fields, the great chestnut-trees and apple-orchards, which give an English character to the landscape, unknown in other parts of Italy already familiar to him. He remarked upon the vivacity of the clear, running brooks between hedges and highroads, the charm of the little river Musone, with its borders of alders and willows and shivering aspens, the perfumed wains of autumn hay, the great *carri* piled high with white or purple grapes, which he said "might serve as models in a procession to Bacchus." He uncovered his head in returning the salutation of a priest, and touched his hat to the meanest peasant, who, after the manner of the country, lifted his own to greet the passing stranger.

"I always salute the church," he said to me in an aside; "I respect it."

Sometimes the people he thus greeted smiled in surprise, but all admired and honored his never-failing courtesy.

At Possagno, the birthplace of Canova, he looked carefully at every object in the museum, where casts of all the works of that sculptor, together with several originals in marble,—tombs, groups, and statues,—are preserved, the whole forming a very large collection. "Pen must see this," he said, for the thought of what would please his son was never far from his mind.

"He would have been a greater man in a greater period," was his verdict on Canova. Such was his interest in art in all its branches that he had patience to examine the uninteresting collection of Canova's drawings in water-color, which present the appearance of very early attempts of a not very promising aspirant to fame.

One day, on returning from a drive to Bassano, the poet was unusually silent; no one spoke. I felt anxious lest he should not feel quite well, but forbore to question him, and consoled myself by thinking, "He is tired; perhaps he is resting his brain." We had nearly reached home when he said:

"I have written a poem since we left Bassano."

"A poem! How? When?"

"Oh, it is all in my head. I shall write it out presently, as soon as I can find a bit of paper."

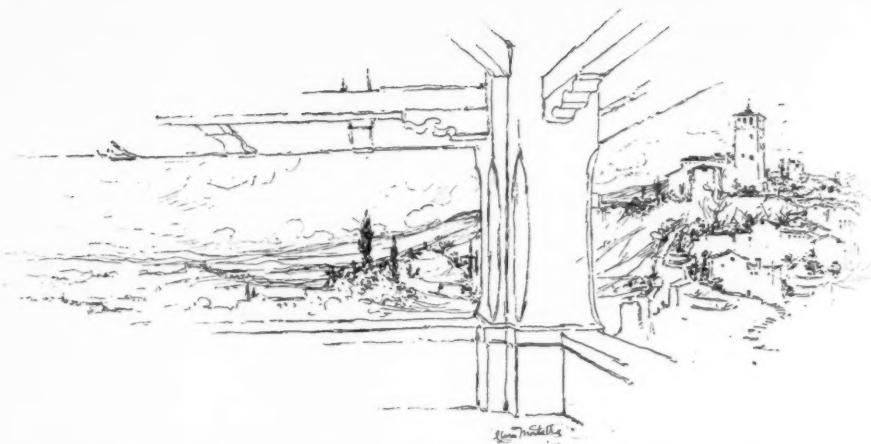
"The subject? Please tell."

"No, not now; you will see it quite soon enough when it is printed."

"Will you not even say what inspired it?"

Then, smiling: "Well, since you are so inquisitive, the birds twittering in the trees have suggested it to me. You know I don't like women to wear those wings in their bonnets." It was "The Lady and the Painter."

This drive to Bassano was, I think, his favorite. We passed, in going and in returning, the tower of Romano, which he never could see too often, and our road came within close sight of tragic San Zenone. We generally started on this expedition in the morning at ten o'clock, reaching Bassano at twelve, and took our luncheon at the little inn of Sant' Antonio. The simple food pleased the poet and his sister. Both were always in the highest delight because it was "Italiannissimo." After luncheon we went to an old book-shop, where Browning's quick eye and exceeding erudition discovered such books as properly illustrate the history of the surrounding country. His choice was of great assistance to me in the formation of a collection of works on local subjects. His "Take this," "Not that," was unerring, and sufficient to insure a wise selection. The



VIEW OF ASOLO FROM THE LOGGIA OF "LA MURA." THIS LOGGIA WAS A FAVORITE RESORT OF BROWNING'S.

small Bassano museum, where relics of every kind connected with the ancient place and its story are carefully collected and cared for, interested him exceedingly. A valuable collection of Venetian coins, beautifully arranged in a glass case, met with his keen approval, and he was exceedingly pleased to see me take a list of the missing ones in the hope of being able to fill up the blanks at some later day in Venice. To my great delight, he said: "Quite right! I am glad you think of it; they deserve it: this museum is kept up in the true spirit."

ON THE LOGGIA AT ASOLO.

ON one occasion we drove some miles beyond Bassano, thereby adding an hour or more to our return journey. We visited the majolica factory at Nove, an ancient industry modernly renewed. Then another half-hour's drive took us through Marostica, a wonderful little fortified town; its castles and walls of bright-red brick were built by the Scaligers, and retain their ancient outline nearly perfect. Again he repeated, "Pen must see this. Dear Pen!" His whole affectionate nature was bound up in his son—that great nature in which the sister took a second place, perhaps, though in its way an equally intense one.

If we were ever late in returning to Asolo, he would say, "Tell Vittorio to drive quickly; we must not lose the sunset from the loggia." So the horses made their best speed, and we generally arrived in time for the spectacle he so delighted in; if we chanced to be late he was always disappointed. Often,

after a storm, the effects of sun breaking through clouds before its setting, combined with the scenery of plain and mountain, were such as to rouse the poet to the greatest enthusiasm. Heedless of cold or damp, forgetting himself completely, though warmly wrapped to please others, he would gaze on the changing aspects of earth and sky until darkness covered everything from his sight.

On this protected loggia he took his walk when bad weather made roads impassable, pacing up and down like an officer on a quarter-deck, but never uttering a word of impatience or complaint, such as less self-controlled people so often do, because the elements had thwarted him in his program for the day. As he walked he measured the distance by consulting his watch and his memory, and would come into the tiny drawing-room rosy and triumphant, saying, "I have walked so many miles, and have seen such a beautiful country!"

THE NEW "PIPPA'S TOWER."

HERE, too, he received the syndic and other dignitaries of the town when they came to call upon him, and here held long conversations on the subject of a bit of municipal property, a small piece of ground on which stood an unfurnished building commanding the finest view in Asolo. Many obstacles stood in the way of the purchase, but the poet determined to buy it if possible, and make an Italian *pied-à-terre* for himself and his sister. It is a part of the pleasure-garden of Queen Caterina Cornaro, and separated from the castle at the present time by

a high wall. It is divided from La Mura by a deep ravine with precipitous sides, covered with olive-, fig-, and nut-trees, interspersed with vineyards. At the bottom of the ravine runs a stream of water, the overflow of the fountain in the market-place. With the poet's accustomed impulsive ardor he talked constantly of this new scheme for making a temporary home in the land he loved so dearly. He planned how the house should be altered and built, and how it should have a loggia even larger than that of La Mura, where he could take still longer walks in bad weather.

"It shall have a tower," he said, "whence I can see Venice at every hour of the day, and I shall call it 'Pippa's Tower.' We will have flag-signals," he went on. "When I ask you to dine, the flag shall be blue—it is your favorite color; and remember, if the answer is 'Yes,' you float a blue flag; if 'No,' it must be a red one. We will throw a rustic bridge across the streamlet in the ravine. It will be easier for us than the long walk round by the town and the castle. The telephone is too modern; don't you think so?"

And so on and on, beguiling the time with playful plans to amuse himself and his hearers. Sometimes, turning very grave, he would say:

"It may not be for me to enjoy it long—who can say? But it will always be useful for Pen and his family. They can come here so easily from Venice whenever they need rest or change of air." Then, with his old courage, faith, and fire: "But I am good for ten years yet. I am perfectly well."

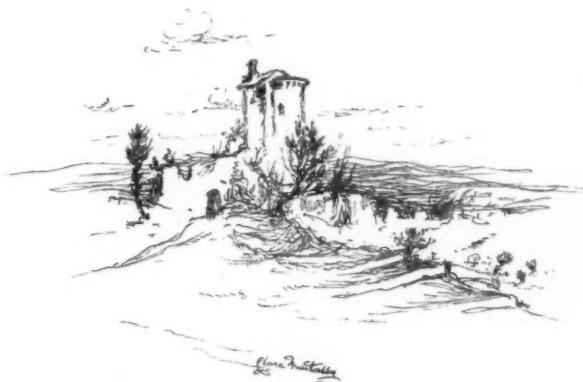
And so, indeed, he seemed, apparently quite his old self, so gay, so strong, so wonderfully youthful in mind and sentiment. True, on his arrival in Asolo a difficulty in his breathing was very apparent, especially after mounting steep stairs or a hill; but this annoying symptom disappeared after a few weeks, either under the influence of the pure, invigorating air, or the small globules of arsenicum which he took daily to please those who recommended them; perhaps through the effects of the two precious remedies combined.

He was overjoyed when his son came to make him a few days' visit, and wanted to

show him everything at once, and especially the site he had chosen for Pippa's Tower. After this project had been well discussed, and, to the poet's delight, greatly approved of by his son, he took him to see the Villa Maset, about six miles distant, a villa built by the Barbaros of Venice, and decorated by Paul Veronese. A rapid tour of inspection was scarcely over when we observed from the windows of the *sala* a storm approaching over the place, and heavy black clouds hung ominously near the castle.

"TEMPESTA."

WE drove away, hoping rather against hope to reach home before the clouds could break or fall. Only a few moments proved that to be impossible, and Vittorio was ordered to find shelter. By great good luck he was able to drive under a covered entrance to a farm-yard, a place already half taken up by a huge carro filled with golden grapes. The storm beat wildly around and above us, hail falling on the roof of the portico with a sound like the rattle of musketry. Peasant boys with dark-brown eyes climbed on the high wheels of the carro, and leaning across, offered



"PIPPA'S TOWER."

bunches of sun-kissed grapes to the occupants of the carriage. Cool and delicious they were, and served to make the long half-hour pass less tediously, for the air was hot and heavy in that crowded haven. The size of the hailstones was something extraordinary. Barefooted children brought us specimens as large as walnuts. As we drove back to Asolo, after the storm had abated, we found the road quite white and slippery,

while in corners and ditches the hail lay piled some inches high. The poet had never before seen the dire effects of a fierce Venetian *tempesta*, and his kind heart was moved to great pity for the unlucky tillers of the ground.

"How fortunate we were to have found a safe retreat so quickly!" he said. "Horses are so terrified by hail; they think the stings of ice are those of the driver's whip, and often lose their heads from fright and get quite beyond control." So all was well for us, as it ended well, and we were none the worse for the escapade.

THE GRAY FEATHER.

ANOTHER day, a bright and beautiful one, we drove to "El Barco," on the plain, some four miles distant from Asolo. It is a place little known and seldom visited—once a pleasure of Queen Caterina, and now used as a common farm-house, inhabited only by peasants and their families, and many varieties of marketable beasts and birds. The latter are better tended than the former, notably a breed of ducks which would take a prize, or honorable mention at least, at any exhibition of feathered tribes. Browning was much impressed by the strange contrast between the grand building, bright with frescos, and the neglected and untidy barn-yard around it. The wall-paintings are of Giorgione's time; they cover the whole façade, are singularly well preserved, and have certain intrinsic merit. The poet re-

marked: "How curious to see that great doorway with St. Jerome on one side and Neptune on the other—paganism and Christianity! The artist must have been a *libre-penseur*."

The whole place is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. The chapel interior has lost its wall-frescos, the combined effects of neglect and damp, but the ovals of the frieze are nearly intact. They represent the apostles and the evangelists. Rushing through the grounds are streams of clear water, which once fed miniature lakes and marble fountains, and paused to freshen the queen's flower-beds. Where care and beauty once reigned supreme, all is now unkempt and squalid. One tried to imagine bygone scenes, for history recounts many an episode of royal pomp and hospitality. A certain princess of Mantua is described as arriving here to visit the queen, "accompanied by her knights," and followed by "a train of no less than two hundred servants." She was surely a somewhat indiscreet guest, even for that extravagant time.

As we left the grounds the poet picked up a gray feather, not more nor less than that of a domestic turkey. Giving it to me, he said, "I don't object to this in a woman's bonnet; surely it is pretty enough," referring, of course, to his horror of the sacrifice of wild song-birds for decorative purposes.

ALBERICO'S TOWER.

BROWNING having expressed the desire to revisit Alberico's tower, we drove there one sunny day by the highroad to Bassano. A circuitous turn about midway between Asolo and that town brought us to the hamlet of San Zenone. The horses with heavy carriage could only make a partial ascent of the hill, through a road bordered by acacias, whose fallen and falling yellow leaves perfumed the air with the sweet, pungent odor peculiar to that tree in autumn. At a sort of memorial chapel we descended from the carriage, and continued the steep ascent on foot; we passed great rock walls and blocks of stone, foundations of the once impregnable stronghold. It held out long and fell at last by treachery, after which the wretched holders were put to death, and the whole fortress and its dependencies razed to the ground. Nothing now remains but the table-land with ruined walls about it, and a tower built from the debris of the castle to preserve that memory of tyranny and bloodshed. A small modern church and a cemetery cover



A STREET IN ASOLO.

a part of the ancient ramparts, and as the author of "Sordello" looked thence upon the wild land at the foot of the eminence, he said: "Just think of Alberico tied to the heels of his horse, dragged to death over those sharp rocks and stones!"

Vainly we tried to persuade him not to climb the insecure wooden staircase within the tower. It seemed a dark and perilous place, I thought. My mind was filled with dreadful memories of the past, so much so as to make me doubt the honest intent of the poor and surely innocent custodian who accompanied us. It was evident that the poet had set his mind upon looking out from the very top of the tower, and entreaties to the contrary were useless. I well remember waiting in terror for the return, and that my excited imagination played me cruel tricks on the occasion. From the top he could scan the whole Venetian plain from north to south in its bright autumn tints under a declining sun. He remained there some time in contemplation; what were his thoughts, who can say? We may be sure they were great and far-reaching ones, passing over six hundred years of time, from the darkness and ferocity of the middle ages to the sunny, peaceful landscape of to-day. He had studied so closely the history of this part of Italy that personages connected with it were to him living people, and he would speak of them as such. I am sure he saw quite clearly all their forms and faces, the fierce knights and lovely ladies, the innocent children massacred before the eyes of their parents; everything, whether fair or terrible, was mirrored on his mind. Truly a great imagination has its joys, but it has also its tortures.

We retraced our steps seriously, if not sadly, from the gruesome place, which might illustrate in its strange position and outline the "dark tower" of Childe Roland. At the carriage door stood a peasant in a picturesque costume, consisting of a pointed hat, tight stockings, short breeches, and a jacket of velveteen, such as has been worn by the rustics of the region for hundreds of years. He held in his hand something wrapped in a bit of crumpled paper. Opening it, he showed the poet some rusty spear-tips he had found in tilling the ground near Alberico's tower.

"They are not rare," he said naïvely; "the whole place is sown with them half a meter below the surface; but the larger ones we must send to the museum at Bassano. Will the signore buy these?"

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A STREET IN ASOLO.

Browning took them at once at the man's own price, a trifling sum, and said to me, with a smile, "One's pleasures cost little in this favored land."

He wrapped the relics carefully in their paper, and turning, placed a large piece of silver in the man's hand. The poor fellow's delight was so evident, and the poet's pleasure in the relics so apparent, that the two impressions served to dispel all terrible medieval memories, and we drove cheerily away. He looked and relooked at the lance-tips, and said to me:

"If you will promise not to interfere with me I will tell you what I am going to do with these."

"Do I ever interfere?"

"Yes; if I tell you my idea you will want to save me trouble and have it executed for me. I do not wish it. Have I your promise?"

That given, he proceeded to explain that he would have a small box made for his treasures, with an inscription describing their origin on the cover. Some days later I suggested that a deft young Asolan carpenter whose shop we passed nearly every day could be trusted to make a "treasure-box," but he said:

"No; I want it of fine wood and lined with cloth. I think I can get it better done elsewhere."

THE SEARCH FOR THE ECHO.

THE "Rocca" of Asolo is a ruined fortress of prehistoric foundation which crowns the hill above the town. The poet always enjoyed the steep and slippery walk, or rather climb, which leads to it. The views by the way are very striking, and from the summit the little town may be seen lying at one's feet, the immense stretch of plain before it bounded by the sea. He remembered an echo he had discovered within the fortress walls fifty years before, to which he alludes in "Pippa Passes," and so anxious was he to refind it that he could scarcely be persuaded to wait until the fatigue of his journey from England should be dispelled before seeking to hear it again. More than a week elapsed before a suitable day could be agreed upon for the rough excursion. He specially wished that the horizon should be clear of mist, that he might plainly

see the Adriatic and the campanile of St. Mark's. We reached the wretched hut near the top of the hill, where the keys of the one portal of the strange old fortress are kept, and chairs were brought out for us by a peasant woman that we might rest before attempting the sharp finish. A number of small, bare-footed children were to be seen idly sprawling on the ground, interspersed among cats and hungry-looking fowls. At one side of the house a rustic, with a heavy hammer in his hand, was engaged in building a wooden partition in what seemed to be a cow-shed. He explained that, as the family grew larger every year, new rooms were required, and that he always built them himself.

Browning's face and voice expressed the tenderest pity at the sight of this discomfort. It moved him to such compassion that I am fain to think that a rest on a rush-bottomed chair was never before paid for so generously.

He asked sympathetically, "Do you find it hard to live up here so far from the town?"

"We get on pretty well in summer, but oh, signore, the winters are long and cold."

"They must be," he said tenderly. "Ci vuol pazienza."

Suddenly the woman addressed him with,

"I know who you are."

"Who am I?" he inquired.



IN THE COUNTRY NEAR ASOLO.

"You are a great English poet."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I see your shirt; one of my friends ironed it last week, and no one else has one like it down in Asolo."

This appealed to Browning's sense of humor. The garment in question was of a very simple pattern, white with fine blue lines. He laughed aloud, and said, "Well, upon my word, this is the very first time I was ever recognized by my shirt!" and he told the story to others afterward with great glee.

Once within the Rocca fortress we could find no echo, though small boys were easily persuaded to shout for it. "I should have thought an echo could never fade," he said rather sadly; but she was there, after all, his nymph Echo, only she proved for some reason coy on that occasion.

It is only within the last few years that the commune of Asolo has taken proper care of this unique monument. Until lately any person in the neighborhood who happened to require building-materials was at least

not prevented from carrying them away in requisite quantities. A master builder in the town assured me that in his youth the top of the fortress was crenelated, and that ever since he can remember stones of every size have been rolled down the hill and removed to other sites.

Our view was unobscured by the lightest cloud; the campanile of Venice and the domes of Padua were distinctly visible, the clear air perfumed by wild thyme and other herbs crushed under our feet. Everything was perfect in the poet's eyes. Even the boy guides he thought "such handsome, spirited little fellows," so much so that his generosity must have led them to fancy him a *principe reale* instead of, or as well as, a *sommo poeta*. We descended the hill on the opposite side from the one by which we mounted, with smoother paths, and through the charming gardens of a beautiful private villa, and so out upon the highroad leading to the chief street of the little town.

THE SPINET.

THE evenings at Asolo were spent very quietly, and with no visits to interrupt the agreeable monotony. Immediately after dinner Browning played on the spinet, the same one he had used in Venice in other years. It is a curious instrument, not only for its tone, which is like a mandolin in some notes, in others like a guitar, but also because it bears the maker's name, "Ferdinando Ferrari, Ravenna, 1522," inside the sounding-board. Browning played in a dreamy manner, generally recalling old music he had heard in early youth, English ballads and Russian folk-songs, the airs always melodious, often melancholy; and he would occasionally sing his favorite "Chanson de Roland," and seemed troubled because he could remember only one or two verses.

"I will write them all for you when I get back to London, Edith dear," he said to his young friend, of whom he was fond, and whom he always wished to please, little thinking that the time would never come when he could fulfil his promise or see his beloved England again.

To his sister he said one evening: "I must have a small piano in my study in London. I like to play when no one can hear me," to which she assented, as was her wont when he expressed any desire she knew was for his good. Then he added: "But those London houses! You can hear the piano-

fortes from one to another. It would annoy me to think that I was disturbing a neighbor. I know by experience how vexing it is."

I suddenly remembered having read of a new invention in Boston of soft-pedal pianos, which cannot be heard even in an adjoining room. I told him of this, and he seemed much interested.

"Delightful!" he said. "Why was it never thought of before?"

I was happy to hear him say this, and ventured to ask timidly,—for he did not like to have gifts thrust upon him,—"Would you accept one from me? I can so easily send for it."

He looked at me gravely for one moment, and then said, "From so dear a friend I would accept anything," and I felt supremely honored and happy. Alas! my project was never fulfilled; it was the last week of his last visit to Asolo.

READING ALOUD.

AFTER playing for some time on the spinet, his fingers, so long out of practice, would get tired, and he would leave the instrument, saying, "Now I will read to you. What would you like?" "Any poem signed 'R. B.'" "No, no; no R. B. to-night." Then, with a smile, "Let us have some real poetry." So saying, he would take Shelley or Keats, Coleridge or Tennyson, from the book-shelves, read aloud some of his favorite poems, and say:

"This is poetry; don't you know it is?"

Once, on his first arrival at La Mura, he said of his own accord, "I will read Shakspere to you to-night."

I was silent, conscience-stricken, and watched him run his eyes quickly along the book-shelves. All his own volumes were there, the works of the poets above mentioned, and many others; but they were not what he sought.

"What! No Shakspere?" he exclaimed. "I would never have believed it! Now, to punish you, I will read one of my toughest poems—at least, so the critics say."

It was far from being the punishment he pretended I deserved, for when he read a difficult poem, giving his own emphasis and punctuation, it seemed to be revealed in a new light, and to become as clear and comprehensible as one could possibly desire.

Though one would have supposed his morning hours to be more than occupied with the preparation of "Asolando" for the press, together with his walks and

his correspondence, yet he always found time for his favorite Greek plays, which he read from a small edition, the fine print of which would have wearied any eyes less remarkable than his own. He said to me one day, speaking of his delight in such reading: "Shall I whisper to you my ambition and my hope? It is to write a tragedy better than anything I have done yet. I think of it constantly."

than three or four at one time, and that their crimes consisted in thefts of grapes or fowls, or the sale of contraband tobacco. He smiled benevolently on hearing this, just as he did when reading a similar account in the Venetian newspapers—as one would say, "If other prisons had no worse tale to tell."

This combination of theater and prison is surely unique, for the criminals can hear the orchestra distinctly from their cells. The



A COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR ASOLO.

THE THEATER AT ASOLO.

DURING Browning's last sojourn a good theatrical company arrived at Asolo. There were fifteen representations, if my memory serves me, and he never failed to go to them, except when the night was absolutely stormy. Even then it was with a protest that he was not so decrepit that a little rain could hurt him. "But you will not like to go alone, and we ladies dare not venture in such weather." That was enough.

"True, true, I never thought of that. Well, I am sure we can make ourselves quite happy at home." And the evening was spent as usual, with books and quaint music, and the dear sister busy with her netting in the corner of the little drawing-room.

The theater of Asolo had an interest for the poet apart from the stage and its actors. It is built in the castle, precisely where, in the days long past, stood the banqueting-hall of Queen Caterina Cornaro, while beneath it are the local prisons. When Browning inquired how many malefactors were confined there, he was told that there were never more

entrance is the same as that used in old days by the queen. You pass through the same arched gateway, walk—you cannot drive—over the same steep road, paved with cobblestones, that existed in her day, and if you are inclined to be lazy, you will long for the sedan-chair of past generations. It was a curious experience for the poet, on leaving his house each evening, to pass through the lofty line of dim arcades, with here and there a twinkling light before a madonna's shrine, cross the market-place with its flashing fountain under a great expanse of starry sky, go up the toilsome, dusky street, through the arched gateway and green inclosure, then mount a neat stair, and find himself at last in a brilliantly lighted theater, fitted up in perfect taste, all white and red and gold—in fact, a playhouse of which any populous city might well be proud.

"This is all very extraordinary," he would sometimes say; "something I could never have imagined. And such acting—so good to its smallest detail! They are born actors, these Italians." He seemed really disappointed when the bad weather prevented him

from being present at the last three representations, and pleased to hear that the company was going on to Venice. "We can see them again there," he said; "it is a pleasure deferred."

THE POET'S CONVERSATION AND CHARACTER.

IF I try to recall Robert Browning's words it is as though I had talked to a being apart from other men. My feeling may seem exaggerated, but it was only natural when one considers my vivid sense of his moral and intellectual superiority, and connects that with his kindness to me and mine. It has been observed that his conversation so fascinated the listener that if one tried to recall it an hour afterward the very subjects seemed to elude one's memory. Or was this an uncommon experience, more an idiosyncrasy of my own, rarely shared by others? I cannot surely say.

Not that his talk was abstruse and intricate, like some of his writings. Far from it. Perhaps an instinct told him that it was kind to others to bring himself down to the ordinary hearer's level, or he may have needed that repose to the mind which easy talk brings to those who think intensely. As a rule, he seemed purposely to avoid deep and serious topics. If such were broached in his presence he dismissed them with one strong, convincing sentence, and adroitly turned the current of conversation into a shallower channel. This was no loss, for everything he chose to say was well said. A familiar story, grave or gay, when clothed in his words and accentuated by his expressive gestures and the mobility of his countenance, had all the charm of novelty, while a comic anecdote, the very same that from another might seem trite or spiritless, from his lips actually sparkled with wit, born of his own keen sense of humor. I found in him also that most rare instance of a powerful personality united to a nature tenderly sympathetic. When I saw him daily I felt constrained to conceal the very slightest contretemps or a commonplace household annoyance. Such trivial matters as the shortcomings of a servant or the exaggerations of a chef were no despised trifles to him. His knowledge of the importance of detail made him take even minor occurrences quickly and acutely to heart.

During his sojourns in Venice he had his own apartments, whence he was free to come and go as he wished, where no one ever presumed to disturb him, where, with his beloved sister, he could always find peace, privacy, and repose. The thought deeply impressed me that one who had lifted so many souls above the mere necessity for living in a troublesome world deserved from those permitted to approach him their best efforts to brighten his personal life; that each one should be, so to say, a mouthpiece for the world's gratitude. The ephemeral studies for his comfort, the small cares entailed upon me during the brief days and weeks when his precious life was partly intrusted to my care, might seem to count for little in an existence far removed from that of an ordinary man; yet, as a fact, he was glad and grateful for the very smallest attention. He was pleased, thankful, and appreciative of all things. He never regarded the sentiment of gratitude as a burden, as less generous minds are apt to do. His elevated nature accepted frankly any sign of friendly feeling or affection from all who genuinely offered it. He read the human heart as few have read it, nor did he, as the commonsaying is, "judge others by himself"; yet the result was that he was the most unsuspecting of men. He never attributed evil or interested motives to any one. He seemed to ignore human weaknesses, unless they were absolutely forced upon his notice. We all carry about with us a parcel of the divinity, the so-called "divine spark." In him it appeared as a great flame. An interpreter of the secrets of heaven, one who looked with inspired "second sight" into the life to come, he was at the same time completely in touch with the living present. His was a duality equally powerful in both its phases.

The delight he took in everything connected with Venice is well known. For Italy in general he retained, undimmed by time, the affection expressed so many years ago in his well-known lines:

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART TWO.

S we wandered to and fro the talk also wandered, until Vincent brought it back to the question of tact. "We were not very brilliant in our comments," he said, "and I let slip the chance of asking if the word 'tact' be, in our sense, an old one."

"No," replied Clayborne; "it is modern, and only of late is to be found in the dictionaries. Who coined it, I do not know, nor who gave it the meaning now accepted. In Massinger a man says:

They [women] being created
To be both tractable and tactable.

Here is an adjective which has not our modern meaning. It may have been meant to describe women as tacticians. The context does not clear up the meaning. It would be a good adjective, 'tactable.' As to the noun, I must look further."

"Thank you," said Vincent; "and as I have been fortunate, I repeat the process and return to the other matter we talked over. I had meant to say, as regards what we see in England, that their way appeals to me personally, sentimentally. I like their idea of anchoring a family. I like these ancient homesteads, with their abiding traditions, their cherished graves, their emotional hold on the young who go out to win their way. When I come to reason on it coldly—"

"Oh, don't," cried St. Clair; "I like the English plan; I should have made a very admirable duke."

"The entail would have to be strict," said Clayborne. "As a question in heredity it is interesting to observe how many American families have kept for over two hundred years the same social place, how many do this with remarkable distinction, and how many without such illustration."

"Of course," said I; "we see and know that. Abroad it is less well understood. The permanence of races, of families, in republican countries, where it is assumed that the leveling influences are effective, is really an interesting illustration of the des-

potic power of the inborn characteristics of a breed."

"Tell me, Mr. Clayborne," said my wife, "do large or small families produce the people of ability?"

"Shall we exclude genius?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Because genius is a glad freak of nature in a good humor. It has in a sense neither grandfather nor grandchild. Leave it out, and I answer that great talent, ability, or capacity is more apt to be found in children of large families."

"I am not sure," said Vincent. "There are some possible fallacies, numerical fallacies. But given a hundred thousand people, select the successful. Will these have come out of large family groups or small ones?"

"That states the problem fairly. I still think that I am correct; and there are good reasons why the children of a numerous family should excel an equal number of the children of small families. The inter-discipline of large sets of children is valuable. It is fine training for a larger world. The advantages are obvious. But all children should be brought up in the country. One sees the value of this in the success of country-bred lads, who bring to a city the sturdy vigor of a youth hardened by farm life. The three B's, as the English say, are needed to make a lord chancellor, or for any lifelong contest."

"The three B's," said my wife—"what are they?"

I laughed. "I am like a certain American journal. It once modestly declined to use these three B's as the title of a paper on boys, or to put them in fuller form. I am equally modest."

"And provoking," said Alice. "I do believe you are laughing at me."

It was rare that Clayborne desired to leave any question until it was completely dealt with. His inclination to lecture was like that of the people in Sir Arthur Helps's books, who are supposed to be merely talking, but who really converse in essays. We had a tacit agreement to prevent these intermina-

ble discussions. Now, to my surprise, Clayborne said: "This is indoor talk. Let us leave it, and take it up again some night by the fireside." We had been strolling about or pausing as we chatted.

St. Clair cast a mischievous glance at Mrs. Vincent, and said: "Dr. Johnson remarked that irreverence for continuity in conversation is apt to be associated with undeveloped intellectual capacity to connect the past with the future!"

"What, what!" said Clayborne.

"How is it about conversational football?" laughed the poet.

"A talk must end sometime," said Clayborne. "No; on reflection I am wrong—a talk never ends. It is only adjourned. Come, you bad boy!"

"Indeed, you are right, Clayborne. But I want to discuss this charming novelty. Your garden is most beautiful. It has distinction. Everything in it seems fitting. But here at this middle space, where you have this fine Corinthian capital, there is wanting—well, some larger object. I shall make for you Keats's vase—the whole poem in marble. I have long wished to do it."

"Make it," said Clayborne. "Probably I shall like it better than that absurd poem. If Sibyl likes it I will put it here on this capital. Will it be very costly, Victor?" and he laughed.

"Yes, you old sinner. If I make it you are not to scold me for a year and a day."

"It will be costly," I remarked.

"Ah, here is the servant to call us to dinner. I have persuaded Miss Maywood to dine with us," said our host. "She is very shy. She is, as I told you—or did I?—the last of a long line of Puritan saints, with a fair dilution of sinners. You will, I know, remember that this young woman has suddenly to appear among people who are unlike those she has seen or known."

He was evidently a trifle uneasy as to his experiment. As we walked toward the house my wife and Mrs. Vincent fell behind with me.

"Is not that like him?" said the elder woman. "As if—dear old friend!—surely excess of tact is not his failing."

My wife had and has certain fading beliefs as to classes, and the impropriety of bringing together people who do not fit comfortably into places to which they are not accustomed. She said to Mrs. Vincent: "Our old friend may well be in doubt. It is pure folly, Anne. Of course the girl won't like it, and it will quite spoil our dinners."

"It will hardly be as bad as that. Let us

make her like it, Alice. Now, you must not freeze her, poor thing!"

"As if—" said Mrs. North. "You are simply horrid, Anne Vincent."

I moved on, wisely silent, quite sure as to what each woman would do.

As we passed through the hall the new guest met us. "Miss Maywood," said Clayborne, formally presenting her in turn to each of us.

The secretary was in a white gown. She was of middle stature and slightly deformed, one shoulder being higher than the other. As she walked her halting gait was plainly to be seen. Her arms appeared to me to be too long for her height, but her hands had what St. Clair described as a look of competence, and all their movements were singularly graceful. When seated, as I observed later, the results of long-extinct disease were no longer visible. Above this crooked frame rose a head of the utmost beauty. It was lighted up by dark-gray eyes, almost too large, but tender with lifelong reproach of the fate which had dealt with her beauty in so malign a fashion. Mrs. Vincent said later that the girl had too much hair. It was deep black, but of such extreme fineness as in the black-haired is rare. The mass of it seemed at first sight so great as to overweight the head, but this was carried well, and no feature lacked beauty.

Clayborne, who at this time had uncertain views as to Miss Maywood's future, had spoken of her to me with freedom. I had, however, said no word of this to my wife, and preferred to give no chance of prejudging a person who must, I felt, be in some ways peculiar. I was quite unprepared by what my friend had told me for this refined face, with eyes made brilliant by the amount of light their unusual size reflected. This young woman may have been somewhat embarrassed, but she was among people of tact, who had every desire to set at ease a person who, as some of them thought, had been needlessly put in a false position.

My wife professed, as I have said, certain social theories which she defended with zeal, but on which she never acted. I was not surprised, therefore, to see that she was most gracious to Miss Maywood. As we went in to dinner the two elder women said all manner of appreciative things about the garden, our host having gaily presented the secretary as his landscape-gardener. We were still chatting as we sat down. Miss Maywood sat between me and Mrs. Vincent; St. Clair was opposite. I am very sensitive

to voices, and when Miss Maywood spoke I knew at once that I was hearing one of those speaking instruments which are more rare than any voice of song, whatever its compass or its sympathetic qualities. While she was talking to Mrs. Vincent, or being talked to, I sat reflecting upon the irony of fate which should have forever denied to this voice the privilege of saying to a man, "Yes, I love you." Our host was talking of Greek cemeteries to my wife. Vincent, on his left, was silent, a quiet listener. Mrs. Vincent was sedulously engaged in making talk which might interest a young person situated as was Miss Maywood. At first she had scant replies, but soon the "tender art of head and heart" had its usual triumph. As Miss Maywood, encouraged, began to make little ventures, I was so caught by the charm of her voice that I became aware, as often chanced thereafter, that I was only half conscious of what thought this changeful music carried. I have known only two other women who possessed this gift. One had it by right of inheritance. One was an Irish lady, a nursing Sister of Charity.

St. Clair, who sat opposite, was tranquilly studying the very remarkable face of the young woman beside me. Once or twice she seemed aware of the too steady attention of which she was the object. It did not appear to me that the indecorous steadfastness of St. Clair's gaze actually embarrassed her. As she looked and turned away she was apparently only curious and gently amused.

I began by and by to attend more closely to the chat of my neighbors, and was not long in understanding that Miss Maywood was to become one of those sudden attractions in which Mrs. Vincent delighted. These were apt to be what St. Clair called "friendly flirtations," and to end with more or less abruptness. If the person concerned proved permanently attractive, these early and somewhat deceptive attentions might result in a friendship the value of which I had long learned to know. But this relation involved for Anne Vincent's friends such charity as knew how to condone the faults of a noble but masterfully impulsive nature. In her efforts to set right the world she sometimes hurt when she would have helped, and was sure in the end to suffer far more than the wounded friend. It was at times as hard to be her friend as not to be. I was thinking of her peculiarities when, as I said, the substance of the talk beside me began to capture my attention. The shy cripple with the beautiful face was speaking at last with

animated freedom. Mrs. Vincent related the offer of St. Clair as to the vase.

"I read it last week," said Miss Maywood—"I mean the poem; I never read it before."

"Indeed? Then you are to be envied. There ought to be a way of blotting out of memory all remembrance of a great poem or novel, so that many times one could have the joy a first reading gives. I envy you—"

"Ah, no, no," cried Miss Maywood; "I never want to let anything go, never!"

"And have you what I so lack—a memory?"

"Yes; I can often repeat a poem after once hearing it. I got my real education late, and that is why I am so ignorant, and there was, there is, so much to learn. I try to be careful how I talk about books, because the great ones I am only just learning to know. I am like a prince coming into his kingdom out of exile. Books seem to me like people."

"I do not think, my dear, that I know people who are like books, except that some people are unreadable, and some appear to have no table of contents."

Miss Maywood laughed. "Oh, but I meant that books are like people, not people like books."

"Is not that rather confusing?" said Mrs. Vincent.

"I mean that books, the great books, are to me distinct and personal. Perhaps I am not clear."

"Yes; now I think I see."

"Mr. Clayborne says it is because I did not know the great books when I was too young. Children, he said, do sometimes come into the inheritance of high thought before they know how to value or understand it. Then, he says, familiarity breeds indifference. Is he not interesting?"

"Always, usually," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Do you think, Mrs. Vincent, that Shakspere's children understood how great he was? I don't mean that; I mean—oh, would it have been terrible, or delightful, to have lived in the house with him?"

"Good gracious, child!" said Mrs. Vincent; "he was not *Macbeth* or *Mercutio*."

"Oh, no; he was everybody. Mr. Clayborne says that sooner or later every great writer puts himself, his real self, on paper, and who could he have been among the seven hundred characters? I really counted them."

At this moment Mrs. Vincent's face was worth seeing for one who knew her. I said: "I have been a happy listener, Miss May-

wood. Usually the man who writes much, either drama or novel, does somewhere unconsciously portray himself, but it is apt to be in fragments. I have, as others have had, a feeling that there is in *Hamlet* more of the person Shakspere than in any other of his many characters."

"I never have read '*Hamlet*,'" said Miss Maywood. "Mr. Clayborne says books should be labeled to be read at this age or that. He says at thirty I may read '*Hamlet*.'"

"I hardly agree with him," said I; "I am for letting young people loose in a library. The reader is born, not made; you cannot help the others." Mrs. Vincent shook her head in dissent. "I am sure," I added, "that Mr. Clayborne never advised you to read Keats. He has no real taste for verse. He likes dramas of action, and no others. He has, as St. Clair says in his absurd way, every ology except imaginology, and that it is because of his want of imagination that he fails in the drawing of great historic characters."

Miss Maywood flushed slightly, hesitated, and then, to my amusement, said, "And yet does he not understand all of you?"

"Not fully," said Mrs. Vincent, smiling, "and never will; enough to love us, that suffices. What does he give you as a literary diet?"

"He advises me to learn Greek, and to read Euripides. He says Keats's poem about the vase is pure nonsense."

"Then," said St. Clair, overhearing us, "you read it first only a week ago?"

"Yes," she said, of a sudden shy; "only a week ago."

"And where did you read it?"

This was so like the speaker that Mrs. Vincent and I smiled at each other unspoken comment of amusement.

"In the woods one day," she answered, with no sign of the amazement I felt at his question.

"Did you cry?" he said, with strange insight, and with his amazing unconcealment of thought.

"I did," she said quietly, "a little."

"What nonsense, Victor!" I said. "Why should it make any one cry?"

Not heeding me, he went on: "What made you cry?"

"I know," said my wife, overhearing this singular talk, and realizing its unfitness.

To my surprise, Miss Maywood did not accept her amiable interruption, but replied:

"Why did I cry? Oh, there are two lines—"

"I know them," cried St. Clair:

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"That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue."

"Yes," she said, without any appearance of surprise; "you are right. But I do not know why they disturbed me."

"Oh," he cried, "they do not belong in that poem. They strike a false note. I have inked them out in my Keats. But the rest! Ah, the rest is golden, precious, as nearly perfect as verse can be, except—"

"Please not to criticize," she pleaded.

"I will not. You are right." He flushed with strong emotion as he spoke. "Such things as that are like lilies, not good to eat, cast before a mean world of swine. What shall I do with them? I am sorry he wrote it."

"No, no," she said, forgetful of her shyness. "It gives a new joy to those who may have few." At this she too flushed confession, aware of having yielded to a reflection on her own limitations.

These were two children of nature. He was really a noble thing to see, as he paused thinking. He had walked out from town, in snow-white flannel, a bit of red tie around his neck, and above it the delicately featured face with its crown of curls. He turned abruptly and began to speak to Mrs. North.

"Mr. Clayborne told me," said Miss Maywood, "that Mr. St. Clair was a bundle of surprises. He can surprise one, can he not, Dr. North?"

"Indeed, he is rich in that capacity," I returned. "You have had as yet but a mild experience. I am sure that Clayborne described us all. He told me he had prepared you for the extraordinary people you were to meet."

"He did—he did," she said, laughing. "Oh, he did!"

She was queerly simple, and had as yet no defensive conversational stratagems at command.

"And what did he say of us?" asked I.

"Come! That is hardly fair," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Quite true," said I. "I could easily complete his account of St. Clair. He probably said he was so good to-day that you wondered that he could ever be bad, and so bad to-morrow that you wondered how he ever could be good."

She looked comically conscious, but said only, "He did say he was a poet—a kind of poet, he said."

"That, at least, is true," remarked Mrs. Vincent; "he is a poet."

"Are poets ever ugly?" said Miss Maywood.

"Certainly he is not," said I.

"No," she said, with honest simplicity; "he is beautiful."

Now, when this artless child said "beautiful" it acquired a fresh value, like worn gold reissued from a royal mint. Even Mrs. Vincent was a trifle disconcerted. She hastened to say, "Oh, he is well enough; men are never beautiful, my dear."

"Then I may say you are," said this wonderful voice.

"Indeed!" laughed the elder woman; "I have been told that in my day, but usually by men who soon or late expected a pleasant return."

"But I don't expect anything."

"Then you shall have a little love, child." She touched with caressing gentleness the hand next to her.

At this moment Clayborne asked Mrs. Vincent a question, and I had leisure to reflect upon this intellectual ingénue. Would she keep her bewildering simplicity? How would the hard world deal with her? Then there was more chat, and merry, around the table, for, luckily, this day we had champagne. Miss Maywood listened, smiling at times, but naturally enough saying almost nothing after the talk became general. Had Clayborne been wise in giving her to eat of the fruit of knowledge, and in transplanting this wild rose with its broken stalk?

We soon went into the library, and after wandering in groups, fell into the usual circle, standing about the fire.

"I have been thinking over your story of the calif," said I, aside, to St. Clair. "I am sure you made it up yourself; but if it left an Orientalist like Clayborne in doubt, it was good enough."

"I had a better in my mind yesterday, but when I came to look for it to-day it was gone. Some one, something, had opened the cage, and the bird had flown."

"Will it ever return?"

"Probably not; no use to call it. Leave the cage door open and go away. I have lost many thoughts in this way. You think you have them safe in the bank of memory, and to-morrow your draft comes back protested. And yet a thought is a thing that, once it is alive, does not die. Where is it? Not gone, because to-morrow or a month hence I may find it, or it me."

"Associative relation does, of course, help one," said I, "but it is where it fails that the

puzzle comes in, and tells us how little we know of the mechanics of the mind."

"What! What!" exclaimed Clayborne, turning toward us. "Is St. Clair talking psychology?"

"Yes; we were restating the commonplace that the laws of association usually fail to explain the sudden revival of long-lost ideas, and that not to search, as we all know, is the sure way to find."

"Like Bo-Peep's sheep," said my wife, overhearing us. "Let them alone and they'll come home, and bring their tales behind them."

"My compliments, Mme. North," cried St. Clair. "As an illustrative quotation that is faultless."

"What?" cried Clayborne. "I do not see it. What amuses you all?"

"T-a-i-l-s," spelled my wife; "t-a-l-e-s, please."

"What nonsense!" said the scholar.

When our laughter ceased, I said: "I was about to tell St. Clair a fact in regard to memorial association of ideas, and more than mere ideas. Dr. M—— told me that this chanced to him. He has studied the venom of serpents, as you know, but for years, many years, had given it no serious thought. Neither had he nor any one known or conceived of this poison as other than a single noxious form of albumin. One day, in ascending the steps of a house in which he had at one time resided, he found himself, by habit, with a latch-key in his hand. He was clearly in an absent mood. As he recognized the fact, he happened to glance at the door-mat. It was made of rope. One side was loose and lay in a coil, like the familiar coil of a serpent. Instantly there was present in his consciousness the belief that the venom of serpents is not one, but two or more distinct poisons. He stood surprised, seeing at once how much this might explain. He was so secure of this conclusion that he set to work, aided by a friend, and after five months of laboratory research succeeded in confirming his thought—I mean, in discovering that all serpent venom contains two or more poisons, a fact which proved the key to many problems in animal toxicology."

"And is that," said Vincent, "really and simply all of the known fact? I mean as to how the idea was born into the recognition of the conscious mind."

"Yes; all that he or any one knows."

"Was it a subconscious mechanism," said St. Clair, "which long before evolved

this conclusion, and waited the developmental process of a chance association to bring it into the region of consciousness?"

Clayborne glanced at the poet with amused curiosity. The reflection was unlike St. Clair; but then, as Vincent once said, St. Clair was continually falling below or rising above what was expected of him.

Our host said, "Did you ever have such a thing happen to you, Victor?"

"I? No, indeed," laughed St. Clair; "not I. I do not think; I dream. I lose, and never find; you find, and never lose. Sometimes I am a month in hot chase after a single word I require, or a strong rhyme I want, and know is to be found. At last I find it, or it finds me."

As we talked, the girl with the beautiful face listened with rapt attention. I observed that her eyelashes were—it is hard to say—almost too long. Their veil-like overshadowing of the eyes gave her a look of dreamy tenderness, of reverie, which passed away when she addressed any one. Then her face became expressively earnest, and despite her shyness, she studied with untrained intensity of gaze the person to whom she was speaking.

"What are you thinking about, Miss Maywood?" said my wife. "These great folks get me sadly befogged at times."

"My thought is not of much value. I was thinking how glad Mr. St. Clair must be when he finds the very word he wants; like—" and she paused, coloring slightly.

"Well, Sibyl?" said Clayborne, gently.

"Oh, it is as if a wild bird of the woods were to alight on his window-sill and say: 'I will sing for you. This is the song you want.'"

"Yes; it is always at morning," said St. Clair.

I saw, as he regarded this ethereal face, a look of pity, plain to read for one who knew him. I saw, too, by the soft lift of Anne Vincent's brow, how astonished she was at this childlike revelation of imaginative thought. Clayborne did not like it. I hardly know why. Any exercise of imagination in every-day talk displeased him.

"If," he said, "St. Clair had been decently educated he would not need the birds to fetch his vocabulary."

"Oh, mauler of men and tangler of history!" cried the poet. "You would write better if you felt now and then the pangs of word-hunger. Ah, if one could be allowed to invent words—"

"Only childhood has that privilege," said my wife.

"Or the childhood of nations," said Clayborne. "Then, too, the nation, like the child, loses much of its invented vocabulary. I wish some one would collect the vocabulary of childhood. My mother, up to the age of eight, persistently used certain words which only her family could understand, as 'dibbin' for water, 'walla' for food of all kinds, 'wunk' for a dog."

"How very strange!" said my wife. "How could they have originated?"

"Ah, that is a world-wide puzzle as to all the tongues," said our host.

"I saw," said I, "once, in my clinical service, a child who spoke volubly a language entirely her own. It was understood at last, or acquired, by those about her, but no word of it could I comprehend."

"That is the more singular," said Vincent, "when one considers how imitative is childhood."

"Yes," said St. Clair; "it would seem to be more easy to imitate than to invent. Children are mysterious folk to me, mysteriously near to me, too."

It was true. All children were instantly on easy terms of intimacy with this receptive nature.

"Which are harder to understand,—I mean as to character," said Miss Maywood,—"boys or girls? When I taught a little class I did seem to see through the boys more clearly."

"Oh, girls, girls," said my wife; "even for women."

"Nobody is hard to understand," said Clayborne. "Let us sit by the fire; my ride has made me tired. There are the cigars."

"Girls are always little women," continued my wife; "but boys are boys, not little men."

"They represent more fully the primitive barbarian," said St. Clair.

No one replied to this, but I saw on Mrs. Vincent's face the look of far-away sadness which came now and then when children were the subject of our talk. She was childless, as I have elsewhere said.

For a while we sat smoking, the chat going where chance took it. At last St. Clair asked, "Where is that sermon, Clayborne?"

The big bulk of the scholar stirred uneasily in his chair. "I repent," he said.

"Pity more preachers do not," said St. Clair.

Turning to the scholar, Mrs. Vincent said: "You wrote it. I see it in your face."

"But St. Clair also promised," returned Clayborne.

"I did, but I pre-repent. I am sure Clayborne did not; he always keeps his word."

"Queer little phrase that—to keep your word," said Vincent. "A man who gives his word keeps it. What was the text we gave as our choice for its difficulty of use?"

"The text," said my wife, "was, 'Jesus wrote on the ground.' It came out of a statement of Mr. Clayborne that a sermon could be made on any text."

"Please, Mr. Clayborne," said Sibyl, "we do want to hear."

"I always obey Mrs. Vincent," he returned. As he spoke, he took a portfolio from the table beside him. "Well, if you will have it, here it is."

I saw on Miss Maywood's face an expression of repressed mirth, for which I did not see cause.

"What can he say?" murmured my wife to me.

"Listen. Who knows?"

"Before I begin," said our host, "let me say a word or two. Except as to St. Clair, who has a dozen creeds, we are all, I fancy, with variations, of one mode of thought as to our faith. At least, in the noble old Church of England we find sufficient freedom, and this alone holds me, as it holds many; for, as the years go by, and we come nearer to a world which has no creed, the freedom to use unfettered thought becomes a cherished privilege. My dear Mrs. Vincent thinks me at times unorthodox. So does my Quaker friend Randolph. Indeed, I am variously and affectionately criticized. Let us, each and all, hope that we are right, and remember that many of the forms of religious usage are the children of taste and sentiment, or tradition."

"I cannot stand this," said St. Clair. "Here am I selected as the one wicked boy. I wish to say that no man can live by the words of Christ—none of you."

"Ah, my dear Victor, nothing I have said led up to this. I was claiming the freedom which is a consequence of the mental powers God gave. I was stating the fact, or meant to, that for the mass the form is far more than the creed. Now your wandering wits bring us on to ground I did not mean to tread. The man who does not look broadly at that great biography must land in unhappy incredulity, or, if narrow, fasten on certain texts, or commit himself to some form of absurd effort to live by the bread alone of single texts which, because of some mental perversity in the man, become for him dominant."

"There is no need to illustrate that," said St. Clair. "Go on."

"Give me then a moment more," said Clayborne. "To his disciples, the primal heroes of a new creed, the parents of altruism, to these he gave laws of conduct clearly impossible for the world of men. The application of the commentary of common sense to Christ's life and sayings would have saved much doubt. My Quaker friend will say that Christ forbade all retaliation, all use of force, and hence that to us war should be impossible, and a police force seem wicked. We see Christ condemning certain modes of living, as that of the publican and that of the money-changers in the temple; but he says of the centurion, the man whose trade was war, that he has seen no such faith as his. He does not use his faith and gratitude to turn him from the business of war. I left my friend Randolph to digest this idea. More could be said of it on both sides. And now, dear congregation, this is my first sermon, and will be my last. I assume on your part intelligence, which is what the clergy do not always assume. This assumption enables me to be brief, and rarely to do more than sow seed of thought, for it is to be remembered that Christ preached no long sermons. We use his sermons as texts."

"What Christ wrote on the dust of the temple pavement we do not know. Here alone we learn that he could write. That is interesting. In our study of him, we are confused by our conception of the man who, being God, was yet man, and could pray for release from a cruel fate. Was he really writing, did he write words, or was it that automatic use of the hand which is so common during a time of intense thought?"

"Pardon me!" said Vincent; "I have often seen that. I put a grave question to a man last week. He listened, I suppose; but even after I ceased to speak, he went on drawing triangles on my blotting-pad, and at last answered me decisively."

"Is the congregation allowed the privilege of interpolation?" said I.

"Certainly," said Clayborne.

"It would contribute interest to the ordinary sermon," said St. Clair.

"I vote against interruption," said Mrs. Vincent. "Do go on!"

"I cannot answer my own question," continued our host; "but I feel for myself that whatever brings the Christ into nearness of relation with the ways of men is for me valuable. It cannot destroy our sense of the infinitely larger relation. I dare say there

are times in the lives of the best of us when the sense of nearness to—shall I say oneness with?—the great Maker makes it easier to comprehend the lofty duality of Christ's nature. He wrote, or, seeming to write, at all events was silent. How few of us have the courage of silence! We speak, and hearing no reply, speak again. This silence was to give time for thought to himself, to the hostile questioners, to the woman in her anguish of guilt and fear. If he wrote, what was it? There are strange traditions as to these unread words, lost as the wind blew about the dust on the temple floor. An air of mystery lies about this striking scene, the mystery of a half-revealed life. But no life is wholly revealed to us. The autobiography, least of all, gives us to know the whole of a man. No man is ever perfectly revealed to those who best know him. No man knows himself wholly. The higher the man the less can he be entirely acquainted with that self, the less can the world know him. Genius must be full of self-surprising revelations, and this helps our comprehension of Christ, for, as he thought,—and to the Christ-man came the full sense of the majesty of the thoughts born to his consciousness,—he must have had in supreme measure the feeling of joyful creativeness, which is the reward of genius. A larger mystery envelops this white-robed figure, but it is a mystery shared by all who are great—in a degree by all who live."

"By George, that is fine!" cried St. Clair.

"We don't swear during sermons," said my wife. "Don't interrupt, please."

"But what is mystery?" said Vincent.

"Yes," murmured Sibyl; "I was about to ask that. And what is mysticism?"

"Let us leave that," said Mrs. Vincent. "Please to go on; you men are intolerable."

"If," read Clayborne, "there were left nothing unguessed, unknown, mysterious, about those you love or like, life would lose the charm of curiosity."

"Oh, say of imagination," said the irrepressible St. Clair.

"Well, then, of imagination. The mystery of nature is half its charm. Complete revealment would take out of the life of human relations much of their joy, and even of their power. To be indifferent to the attractiveness of the unrevealed is one of the signs of a low nature."

"Finally, if religion were not founded on the unknowable, it would cease to live in the hearts of men. As of religion, as of Christ, so of all who are worthy of

love. As life goes on we secure firmer reasons for love, and the friendship born of love. We seem to know one another. What have the changing fortunes of years left you two to learn? Yes, you know one another. You think so. Comes then into your lives some new joy or some incomprehensible sorrow. You are startled at the revelations it brings, of faith, of fortitude, of generous unselfishness. These growths, developed out of the long-sown seeds of character, may come up again and again in new forms and with tender surprises, because this is the mystery of life, that no one knows another wholly, not even the well-loved companion of a lifetime.

"And what of the to-morrow of death? Will all things become plain to us? Shall we have only to ask and receive answer? Would that be as one could wish? Then would effort cease and character remain a changeless quantity. The Christian attempt to realize the mystery of the world to come has resulted in a materialistic degradation of the obvious meanings of Him who placed us here, and who will surely not leave us motiveless hereafter. Says El-Din-Attar: 'O man, thou art ever a stranger in the tents of life, and in the tents of the hereafter thou shalt be still a stranger.'"

When the resonant voice ceased there was silence for a time. Mrs. Vincent said at last: "Who wrote that? Not you, dear old friend."

"Why not I?"

"Because you are not an imaginative man. Mr. St. Clair wrote it. It was a neat little plot; but for my part I am thankful. I forgive you both."

"And yet," said my wife, "I did want to hear how each of you two would deal with a difficult text. I presume it was Mr. St. Clair who wrote it?"

"Yes, I wrote it. Do you like it?" he added, turning to Miss Maywood.

"I—yes—I should have to read it again to be sure. I wish Mr. Clayborne had also given us his sermon. If I were Mr. St. Clair I should have made it a poem."

I learned later that Miss Maywood had type-written the sermon, and was therefore in the secret.

St. Clair smiled. "I did, I did, but I tore it up."

"Good sense that," growled the scholar, and meanwhile I saw Mrs. Vincent gravely regarding the two younger people.

"I did not know how to deal with it," said Clayborne.

"Lack of imagination," said St. Clair, pleased at the chance.

Miss Maywood flushed a little. An attack on her benefactor surprised and hurt her. "Perhaps—Mr. Clayborne—was afraid."

"I was," said he. "Don't explain, child. They all know what you mean. You are quite correct. I can reason and deal coldly enough with some things, but not with certain others."

St. Clair was hard to silence. "I am not sure I comprehend. It seems to me nothing is too sacred for comment. Was I irreverent?"

"No, no," said I.

"You people, I know, regard me as irreligious, because you think if a man does not go to church and—"

"Don't spoil it all for us," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Oh, I suppose I am like a butterfly over a stormy ocean. I flutter, unaware of the soundless depths below me."

"Please don't!" said Sibyl.

It was an unpleasing turn of talk, for we were all feeling the strength and reverence of his sermon.

Quick to note it, my wife said gaily: "Miss Maywood, when you know Mr. St. Clair better you will believe about one third he says."

"And," cried St. Clair, laughing, "is this the reward of your preacher? And have none of you the courage to wrestle with the thought I gave you, that Christ could not have expected the mass of men to live the life he pointed out as desirable for the first disciples of his faith? I saw the other day at Owen's a life of one Linacre, a doctor, who had the luck to live about 1460 to 1524, when men knew little, and thought they knew all. In his old age he took, for novelty, to reading St. Matthew. The fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters were enough. He threw the book aside, and cried out, 'Either this is not the gospel or we are not Christians!' What else could he say?"

"And is this invention?" said Clayborne.

Then, to our amazement, we learned that our scholar had never heard of the great physician who attended on Erasmus and was the friend of Sir Thomas More. It did not trouble him. As for St. Clair, he said, laughing: "I, Miss Maywood, am the court fool. All my folly is my own, all my wisdom is borrowed."

"If you were a fool," said the young woman, seriously, "you would not know it. That is the worst foolishness of folly."

"Good gracious, my dear!" said Mrs. Vincent.

"That sounds like Mr. Clayborne's wisdom," said my wife.

Sibyl laughed.

"Come, it is late," said Mrs. Vincent. "We must go. And, Sibyl,—I shall call you Sibyl,—you are to be at my house to-morrow at three for the Boston symphony concert. Don't forget."

"Forget! How could I?"

In the carriage,—for we had driven out to dine,—Mrs. Vincent talked to me of the evening we had passed, while Vincent smoked in silence. St. Clair remained at Holmwood for the night.

"What do you think," said I, "of Miss Maywood? Is it a wise thing Clayborne has done?"

"Yes; it was both wise and kind. She will gain enlarged possibilities of enjoyment."

"And will learn new limitations of happiness," said Vincent.

"But anywhere," returned Mrs. Vincent, "life would teach her at last what that crippled body must bring in the way of denials to a heart ready for love. I think there is much in that girl. How simple she is, how acute, how oddly courageous!"

Said Vincent: "Anne, you are going to make a favorite of this young woman. You will dangerously enlarge her opportunities for contrast of her own fate with that of the more happily made. If you leave her to this simple life of helping Clayborne, it will do her no great harm, and may, perhaps, be a good thing. What you will do will be of more than doubtful value. Is it not so, Owen? Am I not right?"

No woman likes her husband to call in another's judgment to sustain his hostility of opinion. Mrs. Vincent was quiet for a minute, and then said: "You may be right, Fred; but I am not sure you are. I will be careful."

This she was not likely to be, but I, being discreet, held my tongue, and, after a little, remarked: "She is the Lady of Shalott, and when she floats out into the world her heart will break."

"Yes; that was what St. Clair meant. He has terrible insight at times."

My wife, all this time silent, said: "Anne, my heart aches for the girl. She was a great surprise to me. I expected to see the ordinary typical New England 'school-marm.' How she must suffer with that face and that crumpled figure! I should have no mirror in my room were I as she is."

"Last week," said I, "as you know, she was in bed a day or two with influenza. I saw her, at Clayborne's request. She has no large mirror in her room."

"Poor child!" said my wife; "but there was a cheval-glass in that room."

Again Mrs. Vincent was silent awhile, and then said, "Fred, did you notice the girl's voice?"

"I? No; what is there to notice?"

"Oh, my dear Fred!"

"It is heavenly sweet," said I; "like Sister Mary's. You remember her, Mrs. Vincent, at Chestnut Hill Hospital, during the war."

"I do. It was wonderful."

"I recollect once, when in a hospital in Washington, asking her to persuade a Confederate captain to submit to the removal of a part of his hand. He had absolutely refused. I stood by as she urged the matter upon him. She talked long and earnestly, stating the case well. When she came to an end I said to him, as she moved away, 'I

think you must see the need for an operation.'

"What operation?"

"Did you not understand what Sister Mary said?"

"No, I did n't understand what the deuce she said. I was listening to *Her*. Lord, does n't she warble! Do what you like, doctor."

"A rather doubtful accomplishment," said Vincent. "I am glad I have it not."

"Some one else has," said my wife, touching Anne Vincent's hand.

"That must be why Fred Vincent never knows what I say to him. When I say seriously, 'I want five minutes of your attention, Fred,' he says, 'Very good, Anne.' Then after a while he remarks, 'I do not think I am quite clear, my dear, as to what you mean.' Now I shall agreeably interpret his want of apprehension."

"Pure slander," said Vincent; "I cannot defend myself. I hate to talk in a carriage. But what a pretty name Sibyl is!"

(To be continued.)

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF THE POWER-TOOL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



great problem to-day before Europe and America is to supply the millions who want now, or will want soon, everything the American, the Englishman, and the German can turn out of their workshops and factories. The next century will be not so much in the hands of the admirals and generals as in the hands of the master mechanic. The hand that holds the tools holds the future.

If the people of the United States all wore hand-made shoes we should see a most distressing paradox, for half the people would be barefoot. Judging from the acceptability of the American machine-made shoe, it is possible that the United States may yet shoe the world. Here the price of labor is high, and yet the American shoe is the cheapest and best in the market. The eccentric and a few others may prefer a Paris or a London shoe, and yet the American shoe sells in Paris, because it is the best thing of its kind for the sensible man or woman of a thrifty mind. So it comes to this: the power-tool will rule the world's trade. The nation

with power will get the business, because it is no longer possible to supply the great wants of the world by hand-labor. We have power and to spare, and the typical American sign, "Power to Let," points to the secret of success in the future competition for the world's business. Our streams and lakes furnish unmeasured water-power. Our gas- and oil-wells and our mines furnish tens of thousands of horse-power every day. We may yet harness the tides, as we have, in a small way, already harnessed the winds of the prairies.

Now, the basis of power is the prime mover—the motor, the engine, or the turbine. There is no need to discuss the position of the steam-engine, turbine, gas-engine, or windmill. The prime mover has been the subject of the highest scientific thought of this century. In a broad and general way we may, for our present purposes, consider the prime mover as practically efficient, because, within the last ten years, and even within the last few months, attention has been turned to a new and most interesting phase of this question of power and power-tools.

This may be called the "conversion of power," or rather the "transportation of power."

Hitherto the power-tool and the engine have been placed side by side, because the tool must, by some mechanical means, such as shafting, gearing, belts, etc., be connected with its motor. In other words, the engine-room must join the shop, and the factory must stand close to the mill-dam that supplies water to its turbine. This has always been recognized as a defect. It was unsafe for the property and for the lives and health of the workmen. It involved the erection of massive and dangerous buildings, and it compelled the working population to dwell in unsafe and unsanitary neighborhoods.

These defects early led to the portable engine. It was seen that in many instances, as in rock-blasting, freight-handling, stone- and marble-quarrying, it would be an advantage to put the boiler and the engine on wheels and transport them to the work, instead of carrying the work to the engine. Shafting and belting now seem to have reached their highest degree of perfection, and in the cable-car system we have the utmost limit of the mechanical transportation of power. Even this system, except for excessive grades, seems destined to disappear before cheaper and better systems. As for the portable engine, it can never be of value beyond the limits of its steam-pipes—at most a few hundred feet, as is plainly demonstrated at any rock-blasting plant. Just here, to prevent confusion of terms, we should recognize that the locomotive does transport power, but the locomotive and its allied automotors are self-contained and self-moving. What is meant by the "transportation of power" is the conveyance of energy from a fixed prime mover to a distant tool, that may not only do work, but also transport itself at the same time, or may do work within a variable range of distance from the prime mover.

Three distinct systems of conveying power are on the market, competing for the world's business. Each has reached a high degree of efficiency, each one is a practical commercial success, and while all three have one common aim, to convey power, each has its special advantages and its peculiar limitations. Their names are apt: the pneumatic, the hydraulic, and the electric.

In the pneumatic system the engine gives its energy to an air-compressor that stores air under pressure in some form of reservoir.

From the reservoir the compressed air may be conveyed by pipes or hose to the motor operating the tool. The reservoir may even be placed on a car or other vehicle, and move the car precisely as if the car or wagon were itself a locomotive, as illustrated on two of New York's cross-town streets. Compressed air may be conveyed for several hundred feet through pipes and hose, and, in the case of pneumatic despatch-tubes, may convey its energy a mile or more.

In the hydraulic system the prime mover gives its energy to a pump that stores water in a tank or in an accumulator. From the tank the water under pressure may be conveyed in pipes to a hydraulic press, hydraulic riveter, or other power-tool. Water under compression may be conveyed several hundred feet with advantage. In both of these systems power may be stored to a limited extent.

In the electric system the engine or turbine gives its energy to a dynamo, and its electric energy may be conveyed for a few miles on a rail or wire to operate a motor operating a car or power-tool. In the secondary battery the power may be also stored for use on an electric vehicle.

These three systems have already invaded many of the arts and industries. Pneumatic, hydraulic, and electric tools are now made in a great variety of forms, and almost every month sees new tools, new forms of motors, and new applications of old tools to new work. New trades have been created, and an enormous amount of hard physical labor has been assumed by swift and tireless power-tools. Thousands of unskilled laborers have become skilled workmen with new tools, and skilled labor with hand-tools has found itself called to greater skill, more work, and higher wages. Moreover, a vast capital has been invested in new industrial plants, new industries have been created, and millions of money have been distributed in wages among people who, without these new methods of distributing power, would be unskilled workmen, perhaps without work. Still more remarkable, these three systems seem destined to improve greatly the personal, domestic, social, and municipal life and health of the people, and even change the very appearance of our manufacturing cities and towns.

Hitherto we have been compelled to carry all work to the tool. Now we may carry the tool to the work. To illustrate, we may examine the ancient art of making tombstones. The moss-covered stones of colonial

graveyards were rudely split from the slate-quarry, and roughly shaped and lettered by the stone-mason. Then came the marble era of the cemeteries. The plain marble slab answered still, and a fluted column, a wreath, or other simple carving in the white stone was regarded as extravagant indulgence in monumental grief. All the marble-work was hand-wrought, and, as a result, was costly. The sculptor's chisel was perhaps the most costly hand-tool in the world. In public and private buildings we began to make a free use of our great wealth and variety of marbles, but decorative marble and statuary were rare and exceedingly expensive. We had plenty of marble palaces, but they were, for the most part, exceedingly plain. We had sculptors and highly trained workers in decorative marble, but there was little for them to do on account of the great cost of their work.

The marble-carver can, for a short time, give thirty blows a minute with his wooden mallet on his chisel; his average speed is probably less. With a pneumatic hammer he can strike two hundred, two thousand, three thousand, or six thousand blows in one minute, without the slightest exertion on his part. He can regulate the number of blows in each minute at will. His flying hammer fits any form of chisel used in his art. It will enable him to do any work he can do by hand, and many things that would be impossible without his nervous little hammer. His hand, eye, and mind are now free to give their whole attention and skill to guiding the chisel. All the labor (one half of the total labor) of striking the blow on the chisel is released. Just that amount of mental and physical energy is released to work in the real art, which is the guiding of the tool.

An example of the economy thus afforded is found in the elaborate exterior decorations of the Appellate Court lately erected on Madison Square, New York city. The building is of steel frame with white marble facing. As required by law, a massive timber stage, or platform, was erected over the sidewalks, and on this the stone, bricks, steel beams, and other material were deposited while being prepared for the steam-derrick that lifted each piece into place. The blocks of marble arrived already squared, shaped, and fitted, so that the work of the builder consisted merely in putting them in place in the wall. All the blocks that were to be decorated, capitals, lintels, panels, sides of windows, in fact every block that was to carry any part of the ornamental work, was

left rough, and was set in the wall just as it came from the marble-yard. As the walls were erected, a wooden staging was placed before them for the convenience of the marble-workers. On the platform stood a small shed, sheltering a twelve-horse-power gas-engine operating an air-compressor. From the compressor wrought-iron pipes extended all over the staging. At intervals there were little hydrants to which rubber hose could be easily attached. Here we have the distribution of power clearly illustrated. The gas-engine using street gas has a distinct advantage over the steam-engine, as its fuel is brought in a pipe instead of a cart, and it has no ashes to annoy the passer below. In fact, were it not for the barking of its exhaust-pipe one would never imagine that a power-plant was at work overhead. At one time eighteen marble-workers were employed on the building. Each one had beside him a plaster copy of the decoration he was to reproduce in the marble. His light steel hammer with its swiftly flying chisel cut the marble easily, surely, evenly. Rose and leaf, lintel, curving line, flowing tracery, and flowering capital grew as if by magic under his hand. The beautiful forms of the pattern, or model, appeared with incredible speed. The chips flew in a fine shower of white dust under the lightning-like hammer. The long, flexible hose enabled the workman to stand in any position and hold the tool at any angle, and its tireless energy relieved him from everything except the skilled work of guiding the tools. He could stop in an instant and change the tool in less than a minute. The workman is no longer a skilled laborer: he is an artisan, with a new tool that relieves him from all labor.

Another great field for the pneumatic hammer, and the many other tools that have followed it, is found in the shipyard, the bridge-shop, the boiler-shop, and the navy-yard. Pneumatic tools have increased rapidly in number, and new uses seem to be found for them every month. in chipping, drilling, reaming, boring, calking, and riveting, and in many other branches of iron-work. A steamship comes to the dock-side or enters the dry-dock for repairs. Along the edge of the dock are laid the compressed-air pipes, with hydrants at intervals. The workmen connect their wire-covered hose to the hydrants and go aboard ship, dragging the hose after them to any part of the hull, be it hold, engine-room, shaft-tunnel, bunkers, or captain's cabin; they may even climb to the top of the military mast of a war-

ship. Wherever the hose can go, there is power on tap to run any form of tool which the work demands. Without such a system, in many cases, the work would have to be done by hand, at enormous cost of time and labor, or the work itself actually taken out of the ship and carried ashore to the machine-shop, which means also immense loss of time and labor. A man may be calking a seam in the ship's plates by driving the rough edges of the plates down flat. With a heavy hammer he can strike ten, perhaps twenty, blows a minute. With his pneumatic calking-tool he strikes thousands of blows every minute, and in one day does the work of from ten to twenty men.

An air-compressing plant may stand in the middle of a ten-acre yard, and its pipes may run underground to carpenter-shop, machine-shop, boiler-shop, or "setting-up" yard. At every hydrant the workman can attach his hose and draw the power to run his tools. There is no need to run the car into the railroad repair-shop to put in a few bolts. The workman drags his hose out to the car, and his swift boring-tools do the work just as well as if it were fixed to a solid bench in a shop. The car-builder sets up the rough wood in his "sleeper," and then brings the pneumatic sand-papering machine to polish down his shining panels, or he paints his cheaper grades of freight-cars with a pneumatic paint-spreader. The master car-, bridge- or ship-builder, or the naval constructor, can go even further. He may mount a gasoline-engine and compressor on a truck, and with a horse or two carry the whole plant to any part of the yard, or even to another place, lay out his hose-pipes, and supply power to twenty men using power-tools of every kind. He may even invade the farm and sift oats, thresh wheat, run a corn-sheller or a hay- or ensilage-cutter, or do any similar work.

What is true of pneumatic tools is true in a different degree of hydraulic tools. The hydraulic riveter is in every bridge-shop, locomotive-shop, and shipyard. It has, with other tools and machines, made the bridge, the ship, and the tall office building possible by making them cheap.

In electrical transmission of power the motor may be attached directly to the machine or tool. The smallest watchmaker's drill or the most ponderous planer or shaper, cutting giant castings, may each have its motor, may stand anywhere, in any position, may be even moved about in the shop at will. The electric traveling-crane, the most

widely useful of all modern tools, the universal carrier of heavy burdens, is invading every shop, stone-yard, furnace, and rolling-mill, and aptly illustrates the conveyance of power. It picks up any work within its power, holds it suspended, moves right or left, forward or backward, along its track, and carries its brains with it. The electric shipyard crane, cargo-loader, conveyor, and hoisting-machine seem, at first sight, almost to think about their stupendous labors. In the mill the electric motor has joined the ancient tool, the loom, to an immense gain in the safety and comfort of the weaver, and in the quality of the fabrics, by keeping the air pure and the goods clean and free from the oily drip of shafting.

The effect of the introduction of these three systems of transmitting power has been greatly to increase the output of all tools and machines, and, as a result, materially to reduce the cost of all manufactured articles. An immense saving is also effected by carrying the tool to the work instead of carrying the work to the tool. The great planers and shapers of the machine-shop will always be used, but for a thousand little jobs the portable tool will supplant the stationary tool. For instance, a ship's frame must be bored with half a dozen holes. To carry the huge, awkward mass of iron to a fixed tool means great labor and much time. If the workman can bring his drill out to the yard where it lies, he has saved all that time and labor. It is evident that this one fact that the tool can go to the work, down in a ship's hold, down in the mine or stone-quarry, go anywhere within the radius of its pipe or wire, must greatly change all our methods of doing work. It is plain that these systems at once save uncounted days of time and labor, and reduce the cost of almost every manufactured article. Moreover, we already see new shops, new mills, new works of every kind, safer, lighter, cheaper, cleaner, housing more effective tools, and operated by more skilful and certainly more comfortable workmen and workwomen. Most important of all, we can pay higher wages, because these things imply higher skill, and the higher the skill the greater the product. Saving labor and time, we reduce cost. Tools run faster and longer, and save interest on the plant. The new shops, being safer in a sanitary sense, being more cheerful and comfortable, will react upon the man. The man behind the tool will be a better man, a better father, and a better citizen. The trolley has already enabled tens of thousands of

families to move from tenements into homes; it has created boulevards and avenues in place of lanes and streets. It separates houses, giving more light and air to each. Moreover, the fact that the factory need not be crowded close to its wretched mill-dam will and must introduce new methods of mill-building, and new and better mill towns. Mill sites need no longer be nests of malaria, and the school-house and home need no longer huddle together by the drain-like river for the sake of being near the mill.

There will be some who see in all this only disaster to the workman. If one man with a pneumatic hammer can do the work of ten, it is said that nine men will be thrown out of work. Exactly the reverse is true. A marble-quarryman introduced channeling-machines into his quarry. The workmen objected, as they thought that the new machines would throw them out of work. They did so operate for a little while, but very soon the reduced cost of the marble so stimulated the demand that more men were needed to supply the increased output. Without the machines the quarry gave work to one hundred men; with the machines it very soon gave work to three hundred.

The rapidly increasing export of American manufactures, which has been set forth in the Export Exposition recently held in Philadelphia, suggests a moment's consideration of the future of power-transmission. The chief prime mover has been the steam-engine. It will, and in many places must, remain the chief of all our sources of power. The turbine suggests not so much a supplanting of the steam-engine as the key to new and almost unexplored sources of power. The mountain-top holds the future. The stream that flows down the mountain-side will be the great future storehouse of power. So clearly is it recognized that the transmission of power makes the mountain stream a source of wealth that the eyes of the whole industrial world are turned toward the hills. Italy, a land with little manufacturing, sees in its mountain-ranges uncounted horse-power to move her trolley roads and her looms and power-tools, and she is fired with the ambition to be a manufacturing country. Every stream on the Pacific coast has suddenly turned into a liquid bonanza. Lake Superior is a mill-pond for creating power at the "Soo." Every river in New England has wealth at every waterfall, real or artificial. The Appalachian Mountains have given us enormous wealth of coal.

They may yet give us new wealth of water-power. The waterfall now means power to be transmitted to road, shop, and mill.

It is not and it may never be true that we can transmit the power of Niagara to New York at a commercial advantage. It is one thing to send power for miles through a wire. It is quite another to do so at a profit. Coal may be cheaper at the far end, and the steam-engine cheaper than the dynamo. It is, however, true that the power of Niagara can be, and is, distributed at a commercial advantage to mills and manufacturing plants in the immediate neighborhood of the falls. This is particularly true of the electrochemical industries that have recently been established there.

To illustrate the sanitary and perhaps moral effect of the transmission of power, it is only necessary to contrast an ordinary machine-shop with one of the newer shops where electric motors are attached directly to each individual tool. Such a shop can be seen at Ampere, New Jersey. It is of brick, steel, and glass, and is free from shaftings, and the interior is a fine, light, and most attractive hall. Every machine is clean and bright. Every piece of work, every tool, is in full sunlight. There is no dust, smoke, or bad odor, and the work is done in comfort and peace. The effect upon the man is immediate. A clean, light, sweet place to work in inspires cheerfulness and content, and these ever make for good work and the greatest output.

Turning aside to the distribution of heat in another field of work, we can see a more vivid contrast. In the manufacture of hats it is necessary that each man have a hot iron. These were heated at a furnace in the room where the men worked. Imagine the result: sixty men running every few moments to a red-hot furnace to get a hot iron, jostling and burning one another, and all working in a high temperature. To-day each man may have on his bench an electrically heated iron. The transformation is marvelous, from a terrifying place of labor to a light, cool room, where each man stays at his bench, where flowers may bloom in the sunny windows, and summer airs fill the room with health and comfort.

In brief, electrical, pneumatic, and hydraulic transmission of power will make every natural source of power of increased commercial value. Such transmission will and must profoundly modify for good the industrial, commercial, moral, and political life of the nation, nay, of the entire world.

THE KENTUCKIAN.

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.



HEREVER he may appear, the Kentuckian is a marked man. In one way and another he is different from his fellow-men of other parts of the world, and the characteristics which make him so stick to him, no matter how far afield he may go, no matter how long he may stay away from home. This is the case now, and it has been the case for three generations. This is not a declaration that the Kentuckian is better than others, or worse, but only that he is different. The difference to a great degree consists in his enthusiasm, whether optimistic or pessimistic, his freedom of speech, his independence of action, and his superlatively flamboyant conduct on both great and small occasions. He never walks calmly on the dead level; he either pirouettes upon the mountain-tops or curses in picturesque rage in depths too deep to fathom. He is a kind of American Tarasconais, a voluble Tartarin plus courage, plus sincerity of purpose, plus integrity of intention.

The late James Freeman Clarke, who was a Unitarian clergyman in Louisville sixty-five years ago, used to tell this story:

"One morning John Howard Payne, who was traveling through the West and had brought me a letter, came to my room, and said: 'I have seen a great variety of life, but never anything exactly like this society in Louisville. I was last night at a ball at the house of Judge Rowan. In the same cotillion were dancing a son of the judge, Mr. Thomas F. Marshall, and two ladies to whom these gentlemen are said to be respectively engaged. Every one in the room knew that Rowan and Marshall were to fight a duel in the course of a week, which would probably result in the death of one or both; but no one showed any surprise, and all was pleasant on the surface.'"

So we see that even a casual traveler in Kentucky two generations ago recognized that there was then a difference between the men of that State and the men of the other States he had visited. Now, it cannot

be that this difference is merely accidental. Indeed, that is not at all the case. It is the result of historical causes, which have contributed in an entirely natural way toward the making of an interesting and a unique people. Every homogeneous people have their distinctive characteristics; even people with very mixed strains of blood come in time to have common likenesses in thinking and action, common methods of speech, and even a certain similarity of appearance. In the colonial days, though the people in Massachusetts and Virginia were both pure English, they were as different from one another as they are to-day—and to-day they seem to me as far different as possible. Their speech, their appearance, their methods of thinking, are all different. The people of New York and New Jersey, though living side by side and having a very similar ancestry, are not at all alike; and the Pennsylvania people are different from either. It is not my purpose to point out in what these differences consist, and I mention them only to show that even though the Kentuckians are marked by peculiar characteristics, their eminence in this way is in degree, and not in kind. The truth is, that we are all pretty good Americans, but our Americanism does not save us from being in various regions vastly different from one another.

The idea generally held of the Kentuckian is that he is a man of war, quick to take affront, and ever ready for a personal test of courage with either gun or knife, or with both. As a son of that State, I am at once proud and regretful that this should be a well-earned reputation. His warlike character has been valiantly proved on every battle-field of the country; he has always been more than willing, yes, anxious, to go where dangers were thickest, even though duty meant also death. The best settlers of Kentucky, when the State was a county of Virginia, were veterans of the Revolutionary War. In the second contest with England it was the Kentucky contingent which saved the West. In the war with Mexico not one in ten who wished to go could be accommodated. In the Civil War the State's full

quota was furnished to the United States army, and a number quite as great to the Confederate forces. In the war with Spain the case was like that of the war with Mexico. In the wars of the republic the Kentuckian has been far from backward, and her people have a right to be proud of this fighting record.

But of that other record, that record of personal encounters and the private avenging of private wrongs, we have every reason to be ashamed, and to deplore the causes which have contributed to the making of a people so lacking in self-restraint. When I lived in Kentucky I was inclined to believe that this reputation was undeserved, for very few things of the kind came under my personal observation. Though my own people have been in Kentucky for four generations, no one of them ever had a personal encounter that was worthy of note; none of them ever went armed except when on duty as a soldier. So also the people with whom we lived on terms of intimacy. They were peace-loving and law-abiding, and their speech, when most enthusiastic and flamboyant, was controlled by a courtesy which prevented it from being offensive, even though sometimes it was boastful and silly. I regret, however, that I have had to concede to myself that I was wrong in the opinion I formerly held. From a distance we can often see more clearly than when near by. From a distance we certainly get a greater breadth of view.

When I take up my morning paper and read in great head-lines, "Duel to the Death," or some other lurid announcement to like effect, I shudder, and say to myself, "Kentucky again." Pretty nearly always—almost seven times in ten—my forebodings are accurate. Then I read of a congressman killing a constituent, a colonel killing a lieutenant, an ex-minister to a foreign court killing an internal-revenue collector, and so on through the whole horrible list. I must say, however, that in most instances these private quarrels which lead to murder are among the mountaineers, who are in no sense the kind of Kentuckians whose characteristics I am discussing. The mountaineers of Kentucky are, to a great extent, the descendants of the convicts who were sold into slavery in colonial Virginia, and escaping from the plantations, fled into the mountains, where they have continued from generation to generation a wild and semi-savage people, at once ignorant and defiant of law. Before railroads penetrated these mountain fastnesses to bring out the iron and coal and

timber, we did not often hear of these feuds. When we did we were not disturbed by them. We paid no heed to these people and their quarrels, but, unwisely perhaps, left them to their own devices, upon the theory that the more they killed of one another the better off the world would be. Newspaper extravagance of statement is responsible now for making each of these encounters between mountaineer outlaws appear to be an affair between Kentucky gentlemen. It is not accurate, but insomuch as Kentucky gentlemen do not behave with self-restraint, the result to their reputation is in that degree not undeserved.

Even the gentlemen of the blue-grass region are careless of life, and there is no city, and few villages, in which there does not walk free some man with human blood upon his hands. I will not say that such men enjoy the entire confidence and respect of the whole community in the same measure that those do who have been blameless in their life. But acquittal by a jury does, in the opinion of many, reinstate a man completely, not only in his political rights, but in his social privileges. Only just now we have had as candidate for governor one who had killed his man. It is quite true that very many of his own party revolted at the idea of having for the chief executive of the commonwealth a man who had taken the law into his own hands to the extent of killing a fellow-man. The fact, however, did not appear to make him an entire impossibility, as it no doubt would have done in almost any other State in the Union. I need not go on giving proof of the humiliating fact that in Kentucky, even among those who hold political and social position, there is a singular disregard of the sacredness of human life. It is a result of their peculiar evolution, and the penalty must be paid until that evolution goes a step or so forward, and makes of the Kentuckian something different from what he is to-day.

Kentucky was not settled as any other State has been. The older States on the Atlantic seaboard drew their first population and the accessions directly from Europe. The newer States, as a general thing, got their first population from Eastern States, and from Europe also. But Kentucky got pretty nearly all of hers directly from Virginia, and they came in great numbers in a short space of time. Kentucky, in its eastern part, was explored as early as 1750 by Dr. Thomas Walker of Virginia. This was the first authentic exploration, though there are

more or less hazy records of explorations beyond the mountains in the previous century. From the time of Walker's expedition there were numerous other explorations during twenty years, and in 1770 Washington, in his capacity of land-surveyor, crossed the mountains into eastern Kentucky. It was only a little before this, in 1769, that Daniel Boone made his first visit to Kentucky. He was not the first explorer, though tradition has made him famous as the discoverer of this fertile land. His report on his visit resulted in the first serious effort at colonization. This was to found the "Colony of Transylvania," and the title to a great section of Kentucky rested on a purchase from the Indians by Colonel Henderson of North Carolina. This was in 1775, and the new colony was a part of the realm of his Majesty George III. Harrodsburg was settled, and also Boonesborough, and in May of that year a convention assembled at Boonesborough to pass laws for the colony. There were nine enactments, as follows: (1) an act to establish courts of judicature and regulate the practice therein; (2) an act for regulating the militia; (3) an act for the punishment of criminals; (4) an act to prevent profane swearing and Sabbath-breaking; (5) an act for writs of attachment; (6) an act for ascertaining clerks' and sheriffs' fees; (7) an act to preserve the range, that is, the right of public pasture; (8) an act for preserving the breed of horses; (9) an act for preserving game.

These were very admirable laws, and the eighth act was significant of the taste of the people who, even at that early day, went to the new land. Indeed, that very year the first race-course was laid out in Kentucky, and an early sportsman was shot by an Indian while training his racer on this frontier track. But there was one law missing, as it was also missing in the statute-books of Virginia. That law was the regulation of land-claims. According to the Virginia practice, any settler, or even a prospector or speculator, could lay out land, and on recording the survey with the land-agent he was supposed to complete his title. Here was one of the most fruitful conditions which contributed toward making the early Kentuckians self-asserting. And the greater the number of people the greater the amount of self-assertion. Now, settlements in Kentucky were very rapid, for in 1780 there were 20,000 inhabitants; in 1784 there were 30,000; in 1790 there were 73,000, and in 1800 this total had increased to 220,000.

These early settlers were not incapables who had failed in Virginia and were fleeing from the too fierce competition of a thickly settled region; nor were they adventurers seeking for gold or other quick method of getting rich. On the contrary, the great bulk of them were well-to-do people, but possessed by what might be called the Elizabethan land-hunger, a desire to establish great estates and found families with land-titles as patents of nobility. The careless way in which this land was acquired, and the inadequacy of the Virginia land laws, led to untold trouble, for frequently claims overlapped one another, and sometimes a survey which called for five hundred acres, when accurately measured and mapped, would be found to embrace five thousand acres. Here was confusion, which lasted for several generations, and nearly every landowner became a militant proprietor, with a necessity of defending his titles in courts of law, and his possession by force of arms. This fault in the land laws of Virginia was, in my opinion, one of the great contributing causes in the development of Kentucky characteristics.

The Transylvania Company was not confirmed in its rights to the vast domain it had acquired by purchase, as it was held then—as it is now—that land-grabbing, however permissible to a government, was not legal in an individual. So the dominion of Virginia repudiated the right of Henderson and his associates, and these earliest bona-fide settlers found that, after all their hardships and privations, they were not secure in the ownership of the land they had acquired. Later, however, Virginia righted this wrong by confirming the titles of actual settlers and giving two hundred thousand acres to Henderson & Co., in lieu of the seventeen million acres originally purchased. But the uncertainty as to the future had done its work in making an impression on the early settlers; and in various ways the people in Kentucky continued to be kept in uncertainty both by Virginia and the United States, and this led further to the feeling that each man in this new country must stand up for himself as to his private rights, and that all must stand together as to the public rights. It was the most natural thing in the world, when they chose their coat of arms, for the Kentuckians to adopt the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall."

Within a year or so of the disbanding of the Revolutionary army nine thousand veterans of that great war for liberty moved into Kentucky with land-grants for their

services to their State and country. Old soldiers make admirable citizens, as the discipline of army life teaches them excellent lessons in self-restraint. But when men trained chiefly in war go to an entirely new country, they quickly and properly become self-reliant, and to an extent very masterful. These veterans no doubt had an excellent influence in the new settlements, for in the main they were excellent men; but they did not use any influence to counteract this dangerous independence of personal action. They were men trained in war and accustomed to deeds of violence; so they contributed nothing whatever to the inculcation of a gentler method of righting wrongs, or a more peaceful way of settling differences. They were military, and in the more military countries of the world now, more than a hundred years later, the duel is still reverted to as the best way of settling disputes between gentlemen. These men believed sincerely in the personal combat, and while it has become obsolete in pretty nearly all other parts of the United States, there are many in Kentucky who still practise it, though I am happy to say there are few even there to defend such uncivilized procedures. Here we see that the most influential newcomers in this new land helped to fasten upon the people, and to fix in their very blood, characteristics which are conspicuous to-day.

For many years before the Civil War there were those in Kentucky who declined to fight a formal duel. Notable among these was the brilliant editor, George D. Prentice, who, though not exactly a man of peace, always declined to go on "the field of honor" according to the rules of the code. On one occasion, when challenged, he told his would-be antagonist to go and shoot at a barn door, and if he hit it he would acknowledge that if he had been in the place of the barn door he also would have been hit. But, as a general thing, men likely to be engaged in a duel did not take the matter as gaily as Prentice, for public opinion, though against dueling, also held a man who refused to fight to be not quite beyond reproach. I remember one case when two members of very distinguished families got into a quarrel about a trifle. Their friends tried to stay the conflict, but a challenge had passed and been accepted. There seemed no way out of the difficulty except an exchange of shots, when two learned lawyers intervened, and advanced the theory that as between gentlemen the sending of a challenge and the acceptance

of a challenge are contemporaneous, so the withdrawal of the challenge and the withdrawal of the acceptance are contemporaneous. Now, these young men were actually induced to permit their seconds to sign such an absurd document. The Kentuckians are not wanting in the sense of humor, so they laughed long and loud at these ridiculous duelists. This was as hard a blow at formal dueling as any ever struck. But it had no effect on the informal and impromptu street-duel, where the principals blaze away at one another, and not infrequently kill several innocent wayfarers. The formal duel is surely more dignified and less dangerous than these street-brawls.

Here is a more recent example of Kentucky hot-headedness. A young chap, after his sophomore year at Harvard, was spending his summer at Crab Orchard Springs, which used to be a very gay place. He danced too frequently with a young girl to please a man of thirty-five who was also sojourning there. The elder man, who was not always coldly responsible, heaped insults on the Harvard student. This student stood these things as long as his patience held out, and then he gave the older man a very sound thrashing. The next week the student, now being at his father's home, was visited by a man evidently in his cups, with a challenge according to the code from the blackguard who had been whipped at Crab Orchard. The Harvard man ordered the second from the house, and assisted the departure with his foot. Here was a great sensation. A young man of good family had declined to fight. Many thought he was disgraced. Some, however, held that, as he was not twenty-one years old, the stigma on his honor was not irredeemable. The young man's father, a lawyer of national distinction, stood by the son, and when he resented the excuse just given for his boy, as advanced by a judge on the bench, these two elderly gentlemen had a street-fight with canes, and if they had been armed one or the other would surely have been shot.

But, it may be said, dueling and personal combats were common in many parts of the United States in that day, and these customs have passed away without leaving any serious impression upon the people of this generation in those regions. That is perfectly true. If Kentucky had been settled as these other States were, or if it had grown as these other States have, the early customs there would also in all probability have passed away. But Kentucky was differ-

ent in her method of settlement, different in the people that came, and her growth has been different. In the early days the very great majority were directly from Virginia, though after they got to Kentucky they were not in close touch with the mother-country, for a great mountain-range and some three hundred miles intervened. Whole Virginia communities moved at once and settled in the same neighborhood in Kentucky. It was not a dumping-ground, but a land of promise. And there these people have stayed from generation to generation, receiving few accessions from outside, the growth being the natural growth by the ordinary method of procreation. They have begat and been begat, neighbors marrying neighbors, until all the people of the better portions of the State are akin by blood. They may be said to be closely inbred, and this inbreeding, as every one knows who has studied natural history, has the most decided tendency to transmit from parent to offspring the dominant characteristics of the elder. Why, the Kentuckians have had so few accessions of new blood that they are considered by those who have studied them carefully to be the most homogeneous English-speaking people in the world. This homogeneousness is, no doubt, a good thing. With it have been preserved personal courage, personal integrity, physical beauty, and a love of personal liberty which amounts to a passion. Its one awful penalty is the heritage which makes too many of our people careless in observing that great Sixth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

I have said that these early Kentuckians were separated from Virginia by a mountain-range and three hundred miles. Indeed, they were isolated in a wilderness. To the north and south and west they were surrounded by hostile Indians. Their retreat, if they wished to retreat, was over this long three hundred miles. It is true that Kentucky was not the permanent home of any Indian tribes when Boone and his associate pioneers first went there, nor ever again afterward; but it was at once their hunting-ground and their battle-ground. It is not merely a tradition, but a fact, that the Indians called it the "Dark and Bloody Ground." They fought as fiercely to maintain their hunting-ground as they did earlier and later to keep the white people away from their places of residence; and it was more difficult for the white settlers to retaliate. They attacked in forays, assisted before the Revolutionary War by French allies, and during the Revo-

lutionary War by English. These frontier settlers, in their time of need, called on Virginia for help. Virginia was not indifferent, but she was so far away that she seemed indifferent, and when she did send help in any emergency, it always arrived too late to be of any use. So these people were left from the first to shift for themselves. They had to depend on their own exertions or perish. Here was another contributing cause to the characteristics which are so easily observable even to-day in the men of that State. They had to be sufficient unto themselves in the beginning; they are sufficient unto themselves to-day.

During the Revolutionary War these frontier people were dreadfully harassed by the Indians, instigated by the English. But they did their full duty as Americans and Virginians, and under George Rogers Clark they carried the war into the enemies' country, and so established the rights of the United Colonies that, when the treaty of peace was made with England, that country could lay no claim to the territory east of the possessions of France and Spain. These pioneer soldiers of Kentucky, in their expeditions north of the Ohio River, were building better than they knew, for unconsciously they were assisting in the making of a country which should stretch from ocean to ocean. At the time they were satisfied with doing their duty as men and patriots. After doing it they felt that their services were worthy of recognition. They asked to be separated from Virginia, and to be admitted to the Union as a sovereign State.

Virginia was not selfish in her hold on Kentucky, nor was she indifferent; but communication between Richmond and the various Kentucky settlements was very slow. The people in Kentucky were impatient, and it seemed to them that Virginia was both selfish and indifferent. They had commercial problems in Kentucky unknown in Virginia, and the people knew that they were obliged to deal with them themselves. They could not get any considerable amount of their produce to market over the Wilderness Road, which led through the mountains by way of Cumberland Gap back to Virginia; it was tedious and unprofitable to take anything heavy or bulky up the Ohio River and thence to Philadelphia. Their only profitable outlet was down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. This was the route that they wished to have kept open, and when the United States acceded to the proposition that the water of the Mississippi was not free, but

belonged to Spain, the people of Kentucky felt that they had been trifled with and their interests betrayed by the authorities in Philadelphia. It was a far cry from Philadelphia to Lexington or Louisville in those days, and by the time a little rumor had traveled the long road it became big and portentous. So impatient were the people that there were ideas abroad, that lasted for many a year, even to the time of the Aaron Burr conspiracy, that the Kentuckians were ready for revolt. They were never ready, never willing; but at that time they had, as they continue to have, a picturesque way of talking which seemed to mean much more than it actually meant. And when Virginia decreed, in 1787, that the Kentuckians might set up a commonwealth, there was a reservation to the act of separation, for it became operative only when the State was admitted.

Now followed a long wait of five years. Those in Kentucky utterly failed to appreciate the arduous task of the representatives in Philadelphia, who were constructing the framework of the government, and then putting the new machinery in running order. So when year after year passed and Kentucky was still not admitted to fellowship, this feeling of forced isolation became stronger, and the people were all the while getting more impatient. "Virginia has cast us off, but still holds us with a string," they said, "and the federal government will not have us. Well, we are Kentuckians, and we can stand it if they can. We have looked out for ourselves hitherto, and we can continue to look out for ourselves. We are sufficient unto ourselves." This was mere talk, but there was heartfelt feeling behind it—a feeling that had become natural to such a people, a feeling that has become the heritage of them even after four generations. As a matter of fact, Kentucky was admitted as soon as Congress was prepared to take in any new State.

In 1792, with Vermont, she was admitted to the Union. Even then her troubles did not end, for the vexed question of the free navigation of the Mississippi had not been settled, and in 1793 Citizen Genêt, the French ambassador, sent agents into Kentucky to stir the people into revolution, in the belief that they might secure the free navigation for which they so earnestly longed. These agents persuaded George Rogers Clark, who was then in his decay, to accept a commission as "major-general in the armies of France, and commander-in-chief of the revolutionary legions in the Mississippi." These

efforts had little effect, for the vigor of Washington's administration spoiled and rendered abortive the Genêt schemes. But his efforts had so serious an effect on the Kentuckians that when General Wayne that year needed one thousand Kentuckians to make a campaign against the Indians, the quota had to be drafted, and the men went very unwillingly. This was the first and only time in the history of the State that the Kentuckians were ever backward when there was prospect for a fight. The expedition did no fighting. The next year Wayne went again, and the friction being somewhat over, he easily secured sixteen hundred volunteers in Kentucky, and they helped him win the brilliant victory at Fallen Timbers, on the Miami, in August, 1794. These things just mentioned helped to confirm the Kentuckians in their wilful self-assertiveness, and these, combined with the facts as to the breeding, the early isolation, the uncertainty of the land-titles, and the naturally high spirits of a people in a very rich country of excellent climate, have conducted to the making of the people that we find to-day—a people in most things admirable, but in the one thing, personal self-restraint, lamentably lacking.

Their good qualities they have shown day by day for more than a hundred years, while their political history discloses the fact that they have been singularly independent in their views and almost entirely free from any taint of opportunism. Kentucky has never been afraid to be in the minority, and once she declared a preference for political isolation. Kentucky was a Whig State in the period when the Democrats were generally ascendant, and a Democratic State in the period when the Republicans were ascendant. The six successful presidential candidates for whom Kentucky voted were Harrison, Whig, in 1840; Taylor, Whig, in 1848; Buchanan, Democrat, in 1856; Cleveland twice in recent years; and McKinley in 1896. Kentucky voted for the Whig candidates until the rise of the Republican party in 1856, and then for the Democratic candidates until 1896. These facts are of more than coincidental interest. They tell the story of the intellectual vigor and sturdy independence of the grand old commonwealth. She has followed her convictions regardless of "being left." In 1852 the Whig party had so far gone to pieces that Winfield Scott, its candidate, carried only four States, but Kentucky was one of them. In 1860 the Bell and Everett ticket carried

only three States, and Kentucky again was one. In 1864 McClellan received only twenty-one electoral votes, of which Kentucky contributed eleven; she was then one of three States. In the same courageous way she followed Horace Greeley.

No State in the Union has such a record, and it is creditable to Kentucky that her people should vote in accordance with their convictions, no matter what the neighboring States were doing. And so, when the great Civil War began, Kentucky tried to have her own way, and, to use an expression borrowed from the euchre-table, "go it alone." The great mass of her people were for the Union; her personal friendship and her political sympathy, however, were with the South. "We do not wish to see the Union shattered," the people said, "and we do not wish to assist in the coercion of our friends in the South; so we will be neutral. It is none of our battle. You fight it out among yourselves."

This, however, was not possible. The rage for battle took possession of the people, and pretty nearly every able-bodied man in the whole commonwealth took service in one army or the other. Neighborhoods, communities, and even families, were divided, and in no other State was it brought so closely home to the people that the contest between 1861 and 1865 was a civil war. The State was also a great battle-field, and when the fortunes of war had taken the fighting farther South, guerrillas raided one portion and another, robbing, burning, and killing with a wantonness and savagery unexampled in modern times. These were experiences that did not tend toward the cultivation of the gentler spirit which is to rule the world when the brotherhood of man has become an accomplished fact, and the possibility of war has passed away.

That conditions and happenings before his birth, and therefore beyond his control, have contributed to the development of his one obnoxious characteristic, does not absolve the Kentuckian of to-day from responsibility. He may be judged a little more kindly, but the laws of civilization cannot be abrogated in his behalf. He must reform and submit. When he does, that which is proud in his record will show with renewed brilliance; that which is good in his life will take on added virtue.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the political crisis that came upon Kentucky while I was writing this article, it seems to me that there is a disposition on the part of the people both to reform and to submit. Though the contesting candidate for governor was assassinated by a mountaineer,—for your real lowland Kentuckian shoots in the open and never from ambush,—though martial law prevailed in the capital city for ten days, and the writ of habeas corpus was virtually suspended, though there was technical civil war, there were no acts of violence worthy of note, and the people, as a whole, acted with admirable self-restraint. There is another one of the peculiarities of the Kentuckians. Individually they take the law into their own hands; collectively they have as great respect for the law as any people in the world. And in the emergency referred to, it seems likely, at this writing, that they are about to agree to a reinstatement of the law, even though that law is so unjust that it provides for a reversal of the verdict of the people as expressed at the polls.

At this dark hour in her history the future for Kentucky never seemed brighter.

THE SUCCESS OF THE GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

SINCE the British government, in the year 1870, assumed control of all inland telegrams, the business of that department of the general post-office has grown to enormous proportions. The object of assuming this control was twofold: first, to reduce the exorbitant telegraph tolls of private companies — tolls so high as virtually to be prohibitive

for many kinds of business; and, secondly, to safeguard the public against any return to former charges. It matters not what one may think as to the desirability of the introduction of such a system into the United States, the fact is patent that in Great Britain it has proved a signal success. The twofold object was long since attained, and

there is no likelihood that the system will be overthrown.

When the project of taking over the private companies was under discussion, many petitions in favor of it were addressed to the House of Commons. A bill was brought in by the chancellor of the exchequer at the session of 1868, authorizing the government to treat with the companies. The government, through the Post-office Department, which conducted the negotiations, proposed that the basis of the purchase should be the highest price realized on the Stock Exchange prior to the twenty-fifth day of May in the year of purchase. The companies objected, and a compromise was made whereby the companies were to receive twenty years' purchase of their net profits up to June, 1869. The companies placed their profits at £7,035,977; but this sum appearing exorbitant to the government, it was scaled down £1,320,930. The amount finally recommended to be paid included £5,220,109 for the profits to the telegraph companies; £700,000 for the rights of the railway companies having lines in service; £300,000 for extensions and compensation to small companies, and £494,938 for other items, a total cost to the government of £6,750,000, or, in round numbers, \$33,750,000. Strenuous objection was made to the bill by the minority, on the ground that this sum was too large. The bill passed, however, during the session of 1869.

To account for the public favor in which the system is held in Great Britain, it is only necessary to say that one may send a telegram of twelve words between any two points in the United Kingdom for fifteen cents, confident that every possible effort will be made to protect its contents and hasten its delivery, and that this is accomplished with no increase in taxation, the business being not only self-supporting, but so far profitable as to insure it against the need of parliamentary appropriations.

Before the year 1870, in England, four private companies controlled the telegraph, as with us in America. The rates charged by these companies were very high. For example, it cost about one dollar—from three to six shillings at different periods—to send a telegram of twenty words from London to Dublin. In addition to this, the systems were incomplete and the service was unsatisfactory; the interests of the public were of minor importance. Upon the transfer of the properties to the general government a radical change was at once instituted. Irrespective of distance, a uniform rate of one shil-

ling—twenty-four cents—for twelve words was introduced. Important improvements, including a large extension of the wire area, were at once begun. Contrary to the opinion of those who thought that this large reduction would result in a heavy loss to the government, the revenues advanced so rapidly and so healthily that reductions from this lower rate were from time to time instituted, until, at the present time, one may send a twelve-word message any distance for six-pence,—twelve cents of our money,—with one halfpenny for each word of the address, and one cent for each additional word after the twelve.

The report of the Post-office Department for 1899 gives the latest available figures. This report shows that the people so far appreciate and utilize the system that they sent in 1899, up to the date of the closing of the report, in ordinary telegrams, which are exclusive of press telegrams, cable messages, government, franked, and reduced-rate despatches, over three million messages more than during 1898. In 1869, the year before government assumption, seven million messages were sent; in 1899, nearly ninety million messages. In 1869 the average charge for telegrams was a little over fifty cents, while the charge for the same message to-day, inclusive of address, is about fifteen cents. In 1869 there were under three hundred employees, while there are at present over three thousand in the London office alone. Last year, after allowing for a deficit of at least a million dollars in the department devoted to the daily newspapers, the system cleared above all cost of maintenance over one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds; in round numbers, eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This satisfactory balance would have been far larger but for the newspaper deficit. The newspapers of Great Britain, under the present system, make large use of the telegraph, and the rate for their telegrams is so ridiculously low that the government loses about two hundred thousand pounds sterling every year on this department of the service. Of course the larger the volume of newspaper business the greater the loss. In certain years the government loses one million five hundred thousand dollars on its newspaper service. The newspapers apparently have the government by the throat, and they seem in no haste to loosen their grasp. Effort has from time to time been made to secure parliamentary relief,—for changes in the system are dependent upon national

legislation,—but without avail. For telegrams sent between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M. the newspapers pay one shilling per hundred words. For each additional hundred words after the first they pay twopence. Provision was made at the outset for the transmission of copies of original telegrams at the rate of twopence per hundred words. The intention was that this should apply to metropolitan newspapers, but it was made to apply to papers in any quarter, provincial as well as metropolitan, so that a news association may furnish as many papers as it will with messages, which, after all expenses are deducted, cost the newspapers an extremely low price, and entail a heavy loss to the government. Last year the newspapers of the kingdom—and of course all figures given pertain to transmission in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, not to any British dependency—sent seven hundred and fifty million words, an average of about fourteen million four hundred thousand words per week. This calls for largely increased expenditures, and adds many employees to the staff. But so long as the expenses of the department are more than met, the average Englishman probably does not bother his head about the newspaper deficit, the sending of his own telegrams at the twelve-cent rate doing much, no doubt, to reconcile one who might otherwise be critical.

It requires an immense establishment and a small army of employees to carry on this vast business. Branch telegraph offices are established in all parts of the kingdom, virtually all of them connected with the local town or city post-office. The system is steadily advancing, so that a map of the British Isles showing the network of government telegraph lines looks like the webs of two industrious spiders, the one superimposed upon the other. In London, where the business centers, great buildings have been erected alongside the general post-office buildings in St. Martin's le Grand, a few moments' walk from St. Paul's. To accommodate the vast telegraphic traffic there is an extensive pneumatic-tube system in the main or central portions of the city, connecting with the central buildings. A message filed at any one of the many offices in this area is at once transmitted by exhaust power to the central office. By an ingenious leverage device the exhaust is at will turned into a direct force, so that upon the receipt and registry of the message it is at once sent on to the department to which it belongs.

Should you visit the building at a busy

hour, say at four o'clock in the afternoon, you would find, as you go from floor to floor, three thousand two hundred and fifty telegraph operators at work. Of these eleven hundred are young women. It may be assumed that every one of these operators is an expert. They must pass a preliminary civil-service examination, competitive to the last degree, and after examinations are over must be able to maintain a high degree of efficiency in actual work. The appointments are for life, or during good behavior. When the operator is proficient he may expect to earn one hundred and sixty pounds per year; in round numbers, eight hundred dollars. Certain operators, however, rise as high as one hundred and ninety pounds,—nine hundred and fifty dollars,—while superintendents of departments receive two hundred and ten pounds—ten hundred and fifty dollars—per year. The rate of payment, it will be seen, is considerably lower than the rate for similar service in the United States, though there is to many, no doubt, a compensating attraction in the security of tenure. The government also provides medical attendance for all free of charge, thus adding, in a negative way, to the net income of the operators. When the operator is too old for service he may retire on a pension, varying according to the length of time he has been employed, but large enough, in any case, to keep the wolf from the door to the end.

It is remarkable and interesting to note that in fifteen years only seven men and one woman have been discharged from this service for cause. Should a woman marry while in service, she receives from the government a wedding-portion amounting to fifty pounds. The men are not similarly remembered, though comparatively few of them are single men. Very few of them, however, own their homes. Some, by working overtime, particularly during the busy season, are enabled to earn more than the wage above noted, though the overtime system has come to be looked upon rather as a curse than as a blessing. It is quite likely to lead to loose ways of thinking on the subject of living, the men forming the habit of spending their money foolishly because they know that more than the regular revenue may at any time be expected. Most workmen would consider the additional amount earned a boon, giving them a chance to save something for a rainy day, but with the telegraph operators of Great Britain this does not seem to be the case.

100
8750
5900
7400

The influence of American invention is seen throughout the building. For example, the Hughes system of synchronous telegraphy is of great value in the cable service. The operator in London cabling to France, for instance, presses a key bearing a certain letter of the alphabet. Attached to the device is a rotating apparatus, which, in connection with a similar one in the French office, opens and closes the current in exact simultaneous movement, allowing the instrument in France to print each time the letter touched by the operator in London. The system of sending a number of messages from both ends of the wire at the same time is another American invention, aiding markedly in the transmission of the vast volume of business. A working speed of six hundred words per minute has been attained, some of the lines carrying three hundred words per minute each way.

The scenes in the long rooms of the main building suggest intense mental activity. During the busy season the operators send out about two hundred and forty thousand messages per day. These messages run from the twelve-word telegram of the shopman, telling his wife he will be late to dinner, to a twenty-thousand-word newspaper despatch on some subject of national or international importance.

Entering the great operating-room toward five o'clock in the afternoon, one may see far in the distance a buxom waitress bearing a huge can of coffee and a supply of bread and butter. At the right hand of the swift-working operator she places a cup and a plate, and supplies him from her store. The government pays for the food, on the theory that it is less valuable than the time necessary for the operators to go out of the building for luncheon, and the men are willing to give up the time in return for the meal. This service is for those who come on duty before nine o'clock in the morning and those staying after five o'clock in the evening. Half an hour's time is allowed in the middle of the day for the regular luncheon, to be paid for by the operator, who must patronize the restaurant in the building. He may not leave the building while on duty.

One room is devoted to sending telegrams pertaining to sport. Several hundred men are employed in this work, for your Englishman must have sporting news in his paper if he has nothing else, and sometimes he has nothing else. On the occasion of a recent exciting foot-ball match three thousand five hundred and nine messages were sent in one

day, comprising a total of forty-two thousand words concerning the event.

In another department, not open to the general public, are the regular press operators. During exciting parliamentary debates the number of words sent by these men is very great, frequently reaching one million words between dusk and dawn. The newspapers make extensive use of the service for the sending of news from any part of the city having a branch telegraph office to the main newspaper office. The reporter takes his manuscript to the station. He need not wait, for by the pneumatic tube the copy is sent to the central telegraph office without counting the words. The article is at once telegraphed to the newspaper office; all clerical work, including the counting of words, is done later. The reporter is known at the station where he files his message, and is required to make a certain deposit to cover the expense, which is of course refunded to him by his editor.

Another room is devoted to the cable service, though the government does not control the general foreign cable service. It maintains, however, an elaborate short-service cable system, most of the messages going to near-by points. The number of cablegrams sent by the government service in 1899 was larger than ever before, and a new cable has just been completed between North Wales and Ireland. There is communication between coast-guard and life-saving stations also, so that information of wrecks may speedily be had, and signals of coming storms may be sent to all dangerous coast points.

An indication of the extent of the service may be had from the fact that nearly thirteen thousand miles of wire were added during the year 1899, while three hundred and thirty-three new offices were opened, making a total of ten thousand eight hundred and sixteen. An underground line is in course of construction from London to Birmingham, and six thousand miles of wire in it are already prepared for service. A clock in a small glass-cased room on one floor is connected by wire with the national observatory at Greenwich. At exactly two minutes to ten o'clock on every working day of the year a bell rings, every operator in every important telegraph office in Great Britain drops his work, the commercial heart of the nation ceases beating, and the observatory time-piece in Greenwich, by synchronous attachment to the clock in the central telegraph office, and from that to the entire telegraphic system, gives England the time of day.

I take the following figures as to the ex-

tent of the business done by this great national telegraph system from the latest report furnished me in London, the forty-fifth report of the Postmaster-General. In compact form this table shows much information:

could not be purchased, would be enormous, much larger, naturally, than the expenditure for the purchase of the English lines more than a quarter of a century ago. But if the purchase could be effected at a figure fair to

CLASS OF TELEGRAM.	NUMBER.			RECEIPTS.		
	1898-99.	1897-98.	Incr. (+) or Decr. (-).	1898-99.	1897-98.	Incr. (+) or Decr. (-).
Ordinary inland	72,073,868	68,810,786	+ 3,263,082	£ 2,216,681	£ 2,130,973	+ £ 85,708
Press (inland)	6,240,394	6,015,901	+ 224,493	134,231	133,009	+ 1,222
Foreign	6,974,896	6,482,806	+ 492,090	328,507	316,718	+ 11,789
Railway, free	1,388,434	1,381,965	+ 6,469	· · ·	· · ·	· · ·
Railway, reduced rate . . .	29,095	29,795	- 700	572	589	- 17
Government, free	336,965	308,746	+ 28,219	· · ·	· · ·	· · ·
Totals	87,043,652	83,029,999	+ 4,013,653	£ 2,679,991	£ 2,581,289	+ £ 98,702

It is not easy to forecast the changed condition of affairs in the United States should a movement providing government control of the telegraph end successfully. The expenditure for the honest and fair purchase of lines now in operation, or for the establishment of an independent government system if, for any reason, lines now in operation

all concerned, or, failing this, an independent government line could be established, resulting in either case in a reduction in toll such as has been effected in Great Britain, the net results accruing to the people would be beyond estimate. Though the initial expenditure must be great, the system probably would ultimately more than pay for its maintenance.

A TENNYSON LETTER.

HE letter of Tennyson printed below comes to THE CENTURY through Mr. Paul W. Mavity, who writes to the editor concerning it: "In the second volume of the 'Memoir' of Alfred (Lord) Tennyson by his son, pages 163 and 164, is 'a letter from a bricklayer in America, the son of an old Somersby bricklayer, which delighted him [Tennyson], and which obtained a line or two of cordial thanks.' But it seems that Tennyson was generous enough to reply by more than 'a line or two of cordial thanks,' and the reply has been well preserved by Messrs. George H. and Ed. Atkinson, sons of H. K. Atkinson (the original recipient, now deceased), by whose kind permission the reply, together with the letter that prompted it, is now published. In giving Atkinson's letter I take the liberty of correcting three trivial errors that appear in its publication in the 'Memoir.' Its date there given is 1874, whereas it should be 1873, or earlier, since the reply is plainly

dated November, 1873; Atkinson's middle initial is given in the 'Memoir' as H., whereas it should be K.; and finally, where in the 'Memoir' it speaks of 'the handsome cock who was burned to death,' it should read 'the handsome cook,' since Mr. Ed. Atkinson remembers having heard his father tell the story of a cook who was burned to death in a fire at the Somersby home."

Following is the letter from America:

TRENTON, MISSOURI, 1873.
MR. TENNYSON.

SIR: I don't know whether this will gain me a response; I know it ought. I have long wished I could get a line from you, since your poetry is in almost every house considered respectable, and your name a household word even out here in the far West. I will relate one anecdote in proof. A good little sewing-girl had gained my esteem. I wished to make her a present, and she said, "If I had Tennyson's poems!"

I am H. K. Atkinson, son of Thomas Atkinson, bricklayer, Hagg, near Somersby, and am a bricklayer myself. You will scarcely remember my father building the doctor's dining-room; you were

very young then, about my age. My reminiscences of the Tennyson family run away back. My mother was a Tealby woman, and was in her young days dressmaker for the old squire's lady; and my father thought so much of the doctor, who was always the doctor *par excellence*. The public papers here describe you as a stout, broad-shouldered man, and I remember the doctor so well that if you resemble him I think I should know you. Ah me! it only seems like yesterday when the doctor came down to scold the old coachman for ordering my father to build the new carriage-house on too large a plan (coachman would say to the doctor what no one else dare); said he, "By G—d, sir, you have a twopenny coachman; I have a twopenny master." I can just now see the good doctor smile and walk away, and the coach-house was built. I can just now see the apple-trees, that bore such fine yellow apples, running up from the stables to the house; the broad lawn where some boys, whom I wot of, used to astonish me by coming out with those wondrous gauze helmets and long foils, and I was afraid mischief would be done. You were not very broad-shouldered then, I remember. Do you remember the Siberian crab-tree down the garden, the old Scotch firs at the house end, where the rooks used to build, and those tiny bantams that made their home over the oven, and the handsome cook who was burned to death? I remember one Good Friday we were working for the doctor. I see him coming, and hear him saying, "Atkinson, you must leave work and go to church," and I remember he preached from "As Moses lifted up the serpent," the first time I had ever heard it as a text, and that is nearly fifty years ago. Ah, sir! perhaps no man in America knows as well as I where you first heard the wrens twitter, the blackbirds, thrushes, the robins sing. Many a speckled trout and silver eel have I caught in the brook running through the meadow below.

And now I am here, about fifteen hundred miles west of New York, asking for an autograph all the way from the Isle of Wight.

If you can spare me a line, I would like to know how many children you have, also if Mr. Fred is living, Mr. Charles (Turner now), also Miss Emily, whom everybody loved, also Mr. Arthur.

I was burned out in Chicago, and have lost a fine boy since then from consumption, my only boy. I live in a house and garden of my own here, between two groves. We can grow fine peaches here, also all kinds of melons, etc., etc., without extra care.

Have I tired you? Well, my heart grows soft and young again in looking over the long past, though I have sailed the seas over, I've crossed the wide ocean.

If this goes into your waste-basket, please excuse the scrawl, and believe me, sir,

Yours truly,
H. K. ATKINSON.

Tennyson's reply is here printed by permission of his son and literary executor, the present Lord Tennyson:

"NOVEMBER, 1873.

"DEAR MR. ATKINSON: Seeing the American post-label on your letter and thinking that it only enclosed a request for an autograph, I had flung it aside, but my wife, opening it, read and said, 'Here is a letter which is delightful.' Then I read also and found her saying true; for delightful to me it was to hear a voice so far away from me in space and time calling to me 'over a vast,' as Shakespear says, and speaking of the old things: the brook; the golden apples; the old coachman who always seemed to me half-mad, though I fancy he was generally half-drunk; the brook, by which at the end of the great fields I used to build cities and castles of sand till the current undermined them and the towers fell, and down which I made sail little bits of wood freighted with imaginary wares for China and India till an eddy overwhelmed them. And as for the golden apples—summer apples, we used to call them—I have never seen their like but once long years after at Coniston in the old courts; they are now probably extinct. I believe the broad lawn is now, I am sorry to say, altered by the new-comers and goes down in a slope from the house. So you remember us fencing there, but what you call marvelous gauze helmets were masks with wirework to protect the eyes from sudden thrusts.

"As to my family: my eldest brother, Frederick, is married to an Italian and lives in Italy; has three daughters and two sons, one in India, and one (my namesake) in Canada; my brother Charles is also married and vicar of Grasby, Co. Lincoln; my sister, Emily, has been long ago married to a Captain Jesse and has two grown-up sons; my eldest sister, Mary, is now Mrs. Ker and has one son who is now at Trinity College, Cambridge, as likewise are my own two sons, Hallam and Lionel; Arthur is married, but has no family. There is but one of us dead—Septimus—whom probably you do not remember as you do not ask after him. I think I have answered all your questions, have I not?

"I remember the Siberian crab-tree very well, and the Scotch fir with the rooks, but the bantams that roosted over the oven have flown out of my memory; and I remember the burning of the handsome cook, but I was then where my boys are now, at Trinity College, Cambridge.

"That you may long flourish among your peaches and between your groves is the wish of your countryman, and contemporary, and friend,
A. TENNYSON."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Wit, Humor, and Women.

IT is Emerson who, in writing about Scott, exclaims: "What an ornament and safeguard is humor! Far better than wit for a poet and writer. It is a genius itself, and so defends from the insanities."

It is better than wit, not only for a poet and writer, but for anybody, as Emerson would probably have been willing to acknowledge; a very desirable possession both in the artist and in the ordinary human being to whom the artist appeals.

There are some interesting points to be considered about the sense of humor. Undoubtedly it defends from the insanities; but it does not defend from other things against which it might be considered a useful defender. For instance, it did not keep Scott himself, that great master of humor, that Shaksperian-minded man, from so constructing his valiant romances that the keen-eyed Thackeray could find therein full scope for his peculiar and satirical humor, as witness the excruciating "Rebecca and Rowena." One is pretty sure that the somewhat savage satirist realized that, with all its patent faults, there was a life in "Ivanhoe" that no satire could get its knife into, while one wonders that Scott's own sense of humor did not avail to prevent the protest of his "friend and printer" against the premature demise of the belligerent Athelstane in "Ivanhoe" from being so seriously taken as to bring about the actual resuscitation of a warrior once thoroughly disposed of.

A sense of humor does not always, then, prevent the humorist from the danger of absurdity. Neither does it prevent the humorist from being sentimental; otherwise Dickens, the chief humorist of modern England, would have been saved from his incontinent sentimentality. And again, neither does a genuine sense of humor—a humor full of moisture, of sweetness, of humanity—prevent the same humorist from being a wit, and a wit dry and acid.

The wit of much of George Meredith surely is dry and acid. But it is he who says such super-excellent things about humor in "Richard Feverel." Sir Austin was cognizant of the total absence of the humorous in himself—"the want," says the author, "that most shut him out from his fellows." The "faculty of laughter" was unhappily denied him. "A good wind of laughter" would have relieved him of much of the "blight of self-deception, and oddness and extravagance; had given a healthier view of our atmosphere of life." It is not only that Meredith says good things about humor, but that he, with all that bites in his wit, can create such a purely, sanely delight-

ful, and altogether admirably humorous character as Mrs. Berry. Meredith is an example of an artist doubly fortunate in possessing an equipment of both wit and humor.

A battle has lately been raging in the renewed debate as to whether women have humor at all, apropos of which the supporters of the negative should refer to page 157, American edition, of this same "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," letter of Lady Blandish to Sir Austin. "I suppose we women do not really care for humor. You are right in saying we have none ourselves, and 'cackle instead of laugh.' It is true (of me, at least) that 'Falstaff is only to us an incorrigible fat man.' I want to know what he illustrates. And Don Quixote—what end can be served by making a noble mind ridiculous? I hear you say—practical! So it is. We are very narrow, I know. But we like wit—practical again!"

It is our private opinion, however, that no matter how many women prefer wit to humor, no matter how many women may have little or no sense of humor at all, nevertheless there are many women who have humor, and that the number seems to be rapidly on the increase. We speak now especially of writers. There are the well-known stories, for instance, of Mrs. ——. If they are not humorous, what stories are humorous? Their humor is none of your light, unsubstantial, "feminine" texture; it is diaphragmatic humor; it hits below the belt; you laugh till you ache. And there is the celebrated sketch of Mrs. ——, known of platform readers these many years; it is witty, it is comical, it is thoroughly, richly humorous. There, too, are Miss ——'s stories, all about a certain singular Western community; they are of the very essence of humor. There are the pleasingly humorous Dutch stories of Mrs. ——. And there is the humor that crops out in the genial verse of Miss ——; and in the ——but why continue the catalogue? Why not, indeed, the gentle reader may say; and why not, the gentle reader may further say, print out boldly the names of the humorous "women writers" so tantalizingly referred to?

These are the reasons for vagueness: first, a certain editorial modesty prevents, for these special examples, all and several, as well as many others in mind, have been printed, every one of them, in the pages of this magazine; and, second, our editorial experience is that there is no question on which mortals more painfully differ than this very question of humor. It is our editorial experience that a large number of apparently intelligent minds are cut off from seeing any humor whatever in productions which a large number of other intelligent minds find perennially amusing;

and when one of these non-appreciators catches sight even of the name of the alleged humorous writer in a table of contents, he is often and again afflicted with a kind of vindictive fury. Far be it from us, therefore, here and now, to commit ourselves to individual and actually named instances. For names, for instances galore, new and old, see the columns of the Saturday supplement of the daily journal where the controversy has been so gaily raging. There names by the score are clearly printed, challenging without fear a somewhat puzzled universe.

What is Good Citizenship?

THE great size of modern democratic communities has added immeasurably to the complications of their civic problems. None of the students of democracy, from the time of Plato to the fathers of the American republic, contemplated its workings in a nation of seventy millions and in cities ranging from a quarter of a million to three and a half millions. Many of them held, in fact, that a democratic form of government could succeed only in a small community. This was the view of Montesquieu, who, writing about twenty centuries after Plato and Aristotle, declared that it "is natural for a republic to have only a small territory, otherwise it cannot long subsist." Among the reasons which he gave for taking this view, it is interesting to note the following: "In an extensive republic there are men of large fortunes, and, consequently, of less moderation. The public good is sacrificed to a thousand private views; it is subordinate to exception, and depends on accidents." The theory of all writers, ancient and modern, is the same, namely, that in a large community the vital contact of citizens is impossible, and hence unity of action, brought about through the existence of a public spirit, becomes extremely difficult, if not virtually unattainable.

Is this theory sound? So far as actual results are concerned, it must be admitted that they go far to sustain it. By common consent, popular government in the great cities of this country is not a success. The degree of failure varies in different cities and from year to year, but it is generally admitted that the almost invariable outcome is failure, so far as it does not supply wise, honest, and beneficent rule. The same admission is made, in a modified degree, about our State and national legislatures.

When we come to consider the cause of this failure, we find it invariably the same. The control of politics, and hence the conduct of public affairs, has passed, through the indifference and indolence of our most intelligent and virtuous citizens, into the hands of political machines and bosses, who use their power for personal and private ends rather than for the public welfare. This is the explanation given by all outside observers whose opinions are of any value, including Mr. Bryce and Mr. Lecky, and it is unquestionably the true one. It carries with it the assumption, which is sustained by an unbroken record of election statistics, that the intelligent and virtuous elements of the population, standing together

in solid mass without regard to partisan political considerations, are in a majority in all communities, including the largest cities.

Can these elements be thus brought together? This is the task before advocates of good government in America, and it is not a light one. There is only one basis upon which the union can be formed, and that is good citizenship. This brings us to the question of what good citizenship is. Aristotle devotes much space to a discussion of whether or not the virtue of a good man and of a good citizen are one and the same thing, and concludes that they must of necessity be the same, since both have the same objects in view, namely, the highest welfare and happiness of the community in which they live. "The state which is best and acts best," he says, "will be happy, for no one can fare well who acts not well, nor can the actions of either man or city be praiseworthy without virtue and wisdom. But valor, justice, and wisdom have in a state the same force and form as in individuals, and it is only as he shares in these virtues that each man is said to be just, wise, and prudent." Can we give a better definition of good citizenship than is to be found in these words? Is it not true that if we could apply to public affairs, through the united action of intelligent and virtuous men, the same standards of character and conduct which these men as individuals apply to private and business life, we should secure a just and wise and prudent government, under which all the people would be happy?

It all comes down to this single, simple question of character. There is nothing else in the problem of government in a democracy, large or small, or in any other form of rule. Apply the test of character as rigorously to public men and public affairs as we apply it to private men and private affairs, and popular government, city, State, and national, ceases to be anywhere in America a failure and a disgrace, and becomes a success, a blessing, and an honor to us as a people. Of course the task of securing this application is not an easy one; on the contrary, it is one of the most stupendous that has ever confronted a great people, for it is nothing less than the creation among the majority of them of a new state of mind. Prejudices that have been handed down from father to son since the very foundation of the government will have to be removed. What has been called the double conscience theory, one standard of morals for private life and another for public life, will be the hardest obstacle to overcome, for it has obtained a well-nigh universal lodgment in the American mind. The great majority of people, virtually all members of the regular political parties, are firmly and fully possessed with it. They do not believe that the same test of character should be applied in public as in private affairs, and the task of convincing them that it should be will be a long and arduous one. It will not be hopeless, however, for during the last few years great progress has been made with it in nearly all quarters of the country.

While it is doubtless true that the enormous

size of our electorate makes the task of good citizenship far more difficult than it would be in a smaller republic, it is also true that the success of good government in every community, large or small, depends finally upon individual effort. The indifferent and negligent citizen is not a modern production. Read what Demosthenes, speaking to the Athenians of their duty as citizens, said more than two thousand years ago:

"If you get rid, all of you, of the spirit of evasion; if each man will show himself ready to act whenever duty calls him and he can possibly render service to the state; if you are willing to depend upon no one but yourselves, and will give up, each of you, hoping that he can remain idle while his neighbor does everything for him, then, I say, you will come to your own; if God will, you will recover once again the position which your past indolence has thrown away."

Is there a community in the United States today, suffering from bad government, to which these words do not apply as well as they did to Athens in the days of Philip? Is there one of them in which a complete reformation might not be achieved by following this simple counsel of Demosthenes? His words constitute so complete an epitome of good citizenship that they should be printed on the title-page of every citizens' manual. Get rid of the spirit of evasion and do your whole duty, without waiting for somebody else to do it for you. That is the beginning and end of the whole matter. Call things by their right names, or, as Matthew Arnold puts it, "see clear and think straight." Insist that honesty and capacity are as important in public as in private life, and do not permit anybody to delude you, by raising a party cry or appealing to a worn-out prejudice, into abandoning your ground. This is the work of education to which all men who desire to see free government maintained upon this continent must bend their energies. They must appeal to the plain common sense of the American people, for in that direction lies our hope of salvation.

On the Reading of Poetry.

APROPOS of the recurrent question whether the appreciation (not to say the production) of poetry in America is on the decline, it has transpired that an American artist who recently exhibited in New York a picture entitled "The Eve of St. Agnes" has been constantly met with inquiries as to the source and the character of the story which his figure was intended to illustrate! That a metropolitan circle, given to the cultivation of beauty in art and music, in personal adornment, and in home-furnishing, should be ignorant of a poem which for the combination of color, form, rhythm, imagination, and feeling is hardly equaled in the English language indicates that if poetry were to depend for its vogue upon the rich or the fashionable, or even the "generally intelligent," it would be likely to fall into swift and sure desuetude. Fortunately, the best in literature survives through "the remnant," who, by an authority out of all proportion to their numbers, pass on to posterity their sifted judgments. Among these the

poets of each generation (if they be poets of quality, whatever be their rank) may be depended on to carry forward the fame of those who have gone before. Among the most precious items in our legacy as heirs of all the ages are those

Olympian bards that sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so.

It is because, as Matthew Arnold says in his delightful preface to Wordsworth, "the world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things," that it gives one a pang to feel that neglect should fall upon a poet whose work is the very incarnation of youth and beauty.

The fact seems to be that much of the current reading of poetry is undertaken for factitious reasons. The writer's personality, his work in prose, his presentation of certain types, his advocacy of certain doctrines, and other considerations, attract more strongly than a high poetic standard. It is of course better that people should read from an inferior motive than not at all. The world of literature is large, and one cannot read everything, but it seems strange that any American—one of a nation characteristically intent upon "getting the best"—should be content with the perusal of large quantities of contemporary fiction when just within reach are the masterpieces of poetry, with all their music, joy, and inspiration, their power to cheer, to comfort, to take the reader out of the materialism and custom which lie upon him

with a weight
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life!

How many a reader would be ashamed to confess that he has not read "the novel of the summer" which "everybody" is reading, who would have no kindred emotion in acknowledging his ignorance of Milton's "L'Allegro" or Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" or Shelley's "Skylark"!

The practical value of good poetry in the formation of character is inestimable. Fancy the advantage to young men and women of making the personal acquaintance of men like Ralph Waldo Emerson or Robert Browning; and yet this is substantially what any person may do. Indeed, the best of a man is often seen in his works, and it may be better to know them than him; and this is true to such an extent that the unthinking are apt to hold the Muse responsible for the foibles of her devotees, instead of being thankful that she has inspired even in men of great faults the saving grace of the ideal—a grace by which both author and reader are saved. One cannot live on such heights without breathing a more wholesome air and feeling his nearness to the divine. It is especially desirable in this country, where the increasing number of new fortunes is giving to life and society a noticeable air of vulgar luxury, that every educational influence should inculcate the beauty of simplicity and the supremacy of the ideal. Among the antisepsics of society and the conservative forces of gov-

ernment, the silent and subtle effect of the world's great poets is too frequently overlooked.

Another use of such reading is that it establishes standard for judging the poetry of one's own time, and to judge poetry correctly is to encourage it. For the establishment of true literary standards is not alone to be accomplished by the production of new books of high value, but by intelligent literary criticism. So far as poetry is concerned, we need a revival of competent

criticism in the press—not the encouragement of mere compliment, but a philosophical exposition of the principles of poetry. What is needed is the daily application to the verse of the day of the high standards set forth in Mr. Stedman's acute and profound treatise on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," a work which should be in the hands of every literary critic in the country and of every reader who is able to perceive the place of poetry in a great national literature.



OPEN LETTERS

The Coming Conference on Foreign Missions.

DURING the last ten days of April Carnegie Hall and the churches of New York city will be filled with the representatives of over two hundred missionary societies, gathered in conference on the subject of foreign missions. It will be an assembly well worth the observation of all interested in the world's progress. Among the two thousand or more delegates will be men and women of many nations, prominent in every walk of life, identified in the closest way with the movements that are making history so rapidly, not only in this country, but in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Pacific: teachers who have had a large share in directing the energies of Japan, and been instrumental in the development of India; women who with true womanly tact and heroism are lifting their sisters of Asia and Africa out of their misery; physicians who have carried new life with healing to nations bound by the worst of superstitions; preachers who have penetrated where even explorers have hesitated to go, and have transformed savages into civilized beings.

The gathering is styled ecumenical, not in the ecclesiastical, but in the historic sense, embracing the entire inhabited globe. Distinctively evangelical, and not including the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, it will still represent every country of the six continents, and every race and language. A conference, not a council, it will assert no authority, lay down no laws, but simply discuss the varied phases of the great work of missions. In these days of exact business methods, foreign missions stand in the forefront in executive ability. The Presbyterian Board spends only four and one half per cent. on administration, and the other boards are ably conducted. All, however, seek still more effective management. Missionaries, while warm-hearted, are, as a rule, notwithstanding the popular belief to the contrary, hard-headed. They have few illusions, recognize facts, know what can be done and what cannot be done, and are ever seeking the maximum of result at the minimum of cost. Hence one great purpose of the conference will be to discuss the best

methods. There will be a review of the marvelous growth of the last century, and a survey of the present, with its fifteen thousand missionaries, one million three hundred thousand communicants, three million five hundred thousand adherents, twenty thousand schools, and one million scholars; but the chief topic will be still greater advance for the future.

Among the subjects thus to be discussed will be comity, education, self-development of the native churches, medical work, relation to governments and non-Christian religions, Bible translation, Christian literature, etc. Comity is a much-abused and often misunderstood, yet very important term. It signifies the courtesy that should obtain between persons working together to the same end. It forbids interference with work already established, and directs new workers into new fields rather than into those already occupied. It is a good word, already somewhat popular, but needing emphasis, and even interpretation. Education needs discussion. To use the conventional illustration, Is it right to use money given for evangelizing the heathen to teach algebra and science? That depends upon whether evangelization means merely conversion, or the building up of Christian men into Christian citizens, fully equipped for all that is needed in the development of Christian nations. It is a large question and a vital one. Closely allied with it is that of the self-development of native churches, including self-support and self-direction. Is the Christian Church of Japan or China or Egypt to be dependent upon America and England, or to be permanent and independent, make its own mistakes, have its own life? To what extent is mission work philanthropic, and how far should medical aid be subordinate to evangelistic purpose? To those who will take part in the discussion of these and other similar questions they are of mighty import, and the contribution to their solution cannot fail to be of great interest to all students of human development.

One great characteristic of the conference, as already evident, will be its indication of the increasing desire, even longing, for a closer fellow-

ship of Christian workers. Men and women of every race and language, of diverse training and customs, are looking forward to it with eagerness for the opportunity it will give of coming into intimate relations with one another. Underlying the various phases of truth which form the basis of the different Christian bodies all are coming to realize a substantial unity. Especially is this true of the workers in the foreign field. There the minor divisions so prominent here lose their value as lines of separation, and become but the distinctive mark of different sections of the great army, dominated by the same loyalty, and bound together for one great purpose. The workers at home need more of the same conception, and the Conference on Foreign Missions, it is believed, will become a mighty influence to weld the entire Church together in the spirit of the unity for which its Master prayed.

Edwin Munsell Bliss.

The "Century's" American Artists Series.

HENRY O. TANNER.

HENRY O. TANNER, whose painting "The Annunciation" is reproduced on page 815, is a native of

Pittsburg, where he was born January 21, 1859. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, mainly under the late Thomas Hovenden. Subsequently he went to Paris and continued his art studies, principally under the guidance of Benjamin Constant. During his earlier Paris days, on more than one occasion, he won the competitive prize offered to his class. His Salon picture of 1896, "Daniel in the Den of Lions," received honorable mention; his "Raising of Lazarus," in 1897, was purchased by the French government and received a gold medal; his "Annunciation," 1898, is in the Wilstach collection in the Pennsylvania Museum, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Mr. Tanner's work shows the leading of a studious and devout spirit. His father is a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the instincts of the son have been turned to religious subjects, to study which he has spent much time in the Holy Land. As a draftsman he is sure and sincere, and as a painter he shows originality in color and treatment. His compositions are simple and dignified, and are impressive alike to artist and layman.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Pap Briggs's Phenomenal Hen-Food.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMATION OF UNCLE BILLY."

WITH DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

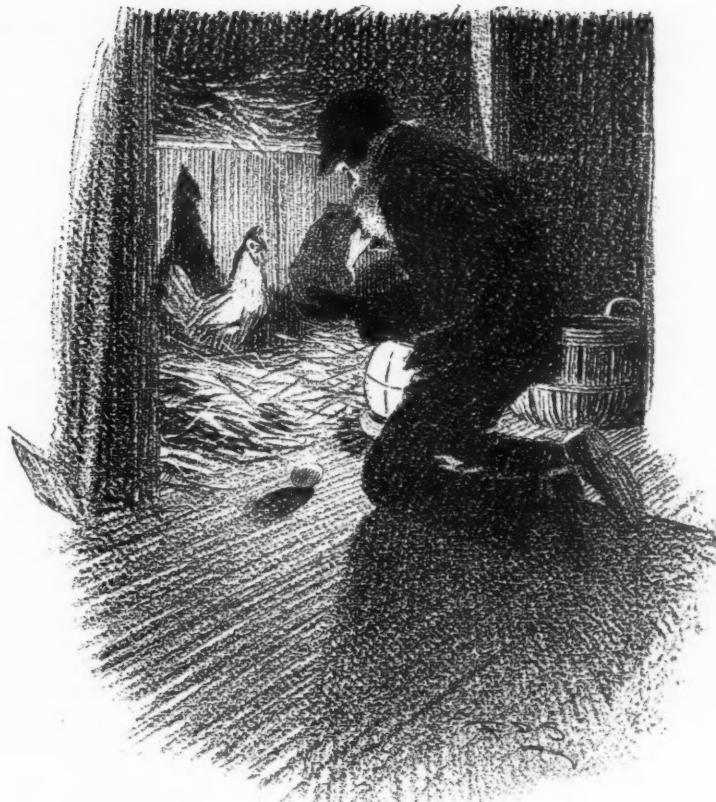
WHEN Pap Briggs became too old to farm any longer, he sold his place to Jed Slocum, and put the money in the Kilo Bank at four per cent., and moved into a small house in Kilo to end his days peacefully. His sole companion was his daughter Sally, who did his housework, and had an ambition to own a real silk dress. But Pap said alpaca was "plenty good," so Sally swallowed her ambition at one gulp, and contented herself with the alpaca.

As for Pap Briggs, his wants were simple. An egg for breakfast, and enough tobacco to burn all day, were his chief earthly desires. It was Sally who made him buy a set of "store" teeth, and he wore them for her sake, and to his own great discomfort, for they were a plain, unmistakable misfit, and felt, as he said, "like I got my mouth full o' tenpenny nails." When out of Sally's sight he avoided this feeling by carrying them in his hand, hidden in his red bandana handkerchief. At the store he used to show them with a great deal of pride, and openly boasted of their cost and beauty. On Sunday he wore them all day, and felt as prim as a Pilgrim Father.

When Miss Sally moved to town she said there was one thing her father *should n't* do, after liv-



"LIKE I GOT MY MOUTH FULL O' TENPENNY NAILS."



"THAT NIGHT PAP PUT FOUR EGGS IN THE NESTS."

ing all his life on a farm, and that was, have store eggs for his breakfast.

"Hens is enough trouble, Lord knows," said Miss Sally, "an' dirty, if they can't be kep' in their place; but there's some comfort in their cluckin' round, an' I guess I'll have plenty time, an' to spare, to tend to 'em; so, Pap, you won't have to eat no stale eggs fer breakfast if I kin help it. They ain't nothin' I hate to think on like eatin' boughten eggs. Nobody knows how old, or who's been a-handlin' them; an' that you sha'n't do, sure's my name's Briggs!"

So she brought half a dozen hens and a gallant rooster to town with her, and supervised the erection of a cozy coop and hen-yard, and Pap had the comfort of knowing his eggs were fresh. But fresh or not, it made no difference to him so long as he had one each morning and it was fairly edible.

"These teeth o' mine," he told Rogers, the grocer, "cost twelve dollars down to Franklin by the best dentist there; but, law sakes! a feller can't eat hard stuff with any comfort with 'em for fear of breakin' 'em every minute. They ain't

nothin' but chiny, an' you know chiny's the breakiest thing man ever made. Thet's why I say, 'Give me eggs fer breakfast, Sally,' an' eggs I will have."

The six hens did their duty nobly during the summer and autumn and a part of the winter, and Pap had his egg unfailingly; but in December the long, cold spell came, and the six hens struck. It was the longest and coldest spell ever known in Kilo, and it hung on and hung on until the entire hen population of eastern Iowa became disgusted and went on a strike. Eggs went up in price until even packed eggs of the previous summer sold for twenty-seven and thirty cents a dozen, and angel-cake became an impossible dainty.

The second morning that Pap ate his eggless breakfast he suggested that perhaps Sally might buy a few eggs at the grocery.

"Pap Briggs," she exclaimed reproachfully, "the idee of you sayin' sicc a thing! As ef I would cook packed eggs! No; we'll wait, an' mebby the hens 'll begin layin' again in a day or two."

But they did not, and the days became a week,

and two weeks, and still no eggs rewarded her daily search. Pap knew better than to repeat his suggestion of buying eggs, for Sally Briggs said a thing only when she meant it, and to mention it again would exasperate her.

"Our hens don't lay a blame egg," he told Rogers, complainingly, "an' Sally won't buy eggs, an' I can't eat nothin' but eggs fer breakfast, so I reckon I'll just starve to death naturally."

"Why don't you try some of our hen-food?" asked Rogers, taking up a package and reading from the label. "Guaranteed to make hens lay in all kinds of weather, the coldest as well as the warmest. That's just what you want, Pap."

"Well," he said, "I been a-keepin' hens off an' on fer nigh forty year, an' I ain't never seen none o' the stuff that was ary good; but I got to hev eggs or bust, so I'll take a can o' the stuff. But I ain't no hopes of it, Rogers; I ain't no hopes."

His pessimism was well founded. The cold spell was too much for even the best hen-food to conquer. No eggs rewarded him.

One evening he was sitting in Rogers's, smoking his pipe and thinking. He had been thinking for some time, and at length a sparkle came into his eyes, and he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and arose.

"Rogers," he said, "mix me up about a nickel's wuth o' corn-meal, an' a nickel's wuth o' flour, an'"

—he hesitated a moment and then chuckled—"an' a nickel's wuth o' wash-blue."



"YOU'VE FORGOT THE EGGS, SALLY."

"Hen-food!"

exclaimed Rogers. "You don't 'low that 'll make hens lay, do you?"

"I ain't advisin' no one to use it as don't want to," said Pap; "but I'm a-goin' to feed that to my hens"; and he chuckled again.

"You're up to some devilment, sure," said Rogers, laughing. "What is it, Pap?"

"You just keep your hand on your watch till you find out," answered Pap, and he took the package and went home.

"Sally," he said, as he entered the house, "I got some hen-food now that's bound to make them hens lay, sure."

She took the package and opened it.

"For the law's sake, Pap," she said, "what kind o' hen-food is this? It's blue!"

"Yes," said Pap; "it is blue, ain't it? It's a mixture of my own. It don't look like much, but I bet you a silk dress it'll make them hens lay. I ain't been a raisin' hens off an' on for forty year fer nothin'. You got to study the hen, Sally, an' think about her. Why don't a hen lay in cold weather? 'Cause the weather makes the hen cold. This'll make her warm. You just try it. Give them a spoonful apiece, an' I reckon they'll lay."

"I don't believe it," she snapped, "an' I'll hold you to that silk dress, sure's my name's Briggs." But the next day she gave them the allotted portion.

That evening when Pap Briggs knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose from his seat in Rogers's store, he said, "Rogers, hev you got some mainly fresh eggs—eggs you kin recommend?"

"Yes, I hev," said Rogers, with a grin. "So yer hen-food don't work, Pap?"

Pap chuckled.

"It's a-workin'," he said, "an' you can give me a dozen o' them eggs. An', say, you need n't tell Sally."

Rogers laughed. "I'm on," he said.

Pap put the bag of eggs back of the cracker-box, and put three of them in his pocket.

When he reached home he quietly slipped around the house and deposited the three eggs in three nests. Then he went in.

The next morning Sally greeted him with a smile. "Eggs this mornin', Pap," she said. "That hen-food did work like a charm. I got three eggs."

Pap ate his without comment until he had finished the second.

"It does seem good to hev eggs again," he said.

That evening and the next evening he deposited three eggs as before.

On the third morning Sally said: "It's queer about them hens, Pap; they lay, but they don't cluck like a hen generally does when she lays an egg."

Pap hesitated a moment.

"It's sich cold weather," he said, "I reckon that's why."

About a week later Sally said: "I do declare to gracious, Pap, them hens do puzzle me. Here they are a-layin' as reg'lar as summer-time, an' never cluckin' or lettin' on a bit, an' the queerest thing is they jist lay three eggs every day. It don't seem natural."

That night Pap put four eggs in the nests. The next he put in five, then three, and the danger into which his wiles had fallen was averted.

One morning Sally startled him by saying: "Pap, I can't make them hens out. Here they are a-layin' right along, an' all at once they quit layin' decent-sized eggs like they ought, an' begin layin' little, mean things no bigger 'n banty eggs."

Pap scratched his head.

"You mus' allow, Sally," he said, "thet it's quite a strain on a hen to keep a-layin' right along through sich weather as this, an' I'm only thankful they lay any. Mebby ef you give 'em a leetle more o' thet hen-food they'll do better."

"I believe it," said Sally. "Why, it's wonderful, Pap. I should n't be a bit surprised to find 'em layin' duck eggs ef I jist gave 'em enough o' thet stuff."

Pap looked closely at her face, but it was innocent. She suspected nothing.

The next day the eggs were of the proper size.

"It's a real blessin' to hev hens a-layin'," she said one day. "I took half a dozen over to the minister's wife this mornin', an' she was so pleased! She said it was sich a blessin' to hev fresh eggs again. She was gittin' so sick o' them she's been a-buyin' at Rogers's. She was downright thankful."

About a week later she said:

"Them hens of oun do beat all creation. I run out o' thet hen-food a week ago, an' hain't give 'em a mite since, an' they keep on a-layin' jist the same. I can't make head nor tail of 'em, Pap."

Pap squirmed in his chair.

"Pshaw now, Sally," he said, "you ought n't do that. Feed 'em plenty of it. They deserve it. Ef you stop feedin' 'em they'll stop layin' pretty quick. The effect of thet stuff don't last more 'n two weeks. No," he said thoughtfully; "ten days is the longest I ever knewed it to last on 'em."

If Pap Briggs enjoyed his eggs for breakfast, he enjoyed as fully the many laughs he had with Rogers over his scheme, and Rogers found it hard to keep his promised secrecy. It would be such a good story to tell. But Pap exhorted him daily, and he did not let the secret out.

One Sunday morning Pap came down to his breakfast and took his seat. Sally brought his coffee and his bacon. Then she brought a plate of moistened toast.

"You've forgot the eggs, Sally," said Pap, admonishingly.

"They ain't none this mornin'," said Sally, briefly.

Pap looked up and saw that her mouth was set very firmly.

"No eggs?" he asked tremulously.

"No," she said decidedly; "no eggs! I kin believe thet hens lay eggs an' don't cluck, an' I kin believe thet hens lay eggs all winter, an' I kin

believe thet Plymouth Rock hens lay Leghorn eggs an' Shanghai eggs an' banty eggs, Pap, but when hens begin layin' spoiled eggs I ain't no more faith in hens."

Pap Briggs laid down his knife and fork.

"Spoiled eggs!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, spoiled eggs," she said. "You an' Rogers ought to be more careful."

Pap turned his piece of bacon over and eyed it critically.

"Had I better git thet silk dress in Franklin or hev Rogers order it?" Sally asked.

Pap ran his fingers through his hair, felt his beard, and then grinned sheepishly.

"Blame ef I care where you git it," he said.

Ellis Parker Butler.

FANNY PETTIGREW.

PRETTY FANNY PETTIGREW!

Her imagination

Colored life so fresh and new

It was desolation

From her side away to be

While you'd reckon *One, two, three!*

Such a merry step she had,

Such a ringing laughter,

But to hear her made you glad,

Drew your own step after.

Fifty laddies still were bent

Just the way Miss Fanny went.

All among the fifty goes

This lad to the shrine;

Laughs to see in kneeling rows

Rivals forty-nine.

"Goddess, mercy!" while they pray,

"Kiss me, honey!" wins the day.

Arthur Gill.

MOTIFS.

AMONG the ruins of her life a woman wept. "Here," she said, "I built my happiness, and for that which made it gave the jewels of my soul. A joy worth so much I thought must last; but here I mourn, for it lies fallen in the dust, shattered by the weight of what it cost."

ON the walls of an old temple was found this picture: a king forging from his crown a chain, and near by a slave making of his chain a crown. And underneath was written: "Life is what man makes of it, no matter of what it is made."

THEY sought a place to bury their hatchet, and chose the heart of the friend who stopped the fight.

SURROUNDED by the pleasures of a pampered life, a woman sighed. "I have all the gifts the world can give," she said, "and would give them all for the wish to keep them."

E. Scott O'Connor.

Teki-Teki-No.

A LITTLE JAP TRAGEDY

OH, get your tears all ready, little people, and I'll tell

The saddest little tragedy that ever there befell.
It happened to a little boy, far off in old Japan—
The story makes me shudder, but I'll tell it if I can.

He was a lively youngster, and was up to lots of tricks;

They paid a nurse to watch him, though he'd reached the age of six.
And everybody prophesied he'd some day break his neck.
(But still he *might* have grown up had they called him, briefly, *Tek.*)

(In a conversational tone)

But instead they always called him
Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke.



One day the boy was fooling in the garden near the well,
When O-Yuki (so the nurse was called) was startled by a yell.
She turned around, supposing he had fallen from some tree,
And bruised his hands, or stubbed his toe, or hurt his little knee.



But ah! no sight of him at all fell on her startled gaze.

"It's just some little joke," she said—"the kind he always plays."

Just then she heard from down the well a muffled cry—a splash;
And to the edge, quite horrified, she made a lightning dash.

And leaning over, she cried, "What! is that you, little

Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke ?"

The boy managed to keep his mouth out of water barely long enough to say, "Yes!

Oh, help your little

Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke !"

O-Yuki then quite helplessly went screaming round about;

The boy's papa came running fast in answer to her shout.

"Come, come, O-Yuki! Why this noise? What's all this fuss and stir?"

"He's drowning—help!" Said pa, confused, "To whom do you refer?"

And breathlessly she answered:

"Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke !"

The father sped with all his might to fetch a hempen rope,
Not knowing after all this time there was no room for hope.

The boy was drowned, and that's the end; there's nothing more to say

Except to point the moral—this: that lengthy names don't pay.

Such, for example, as

Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke.



Jerome D. Greene.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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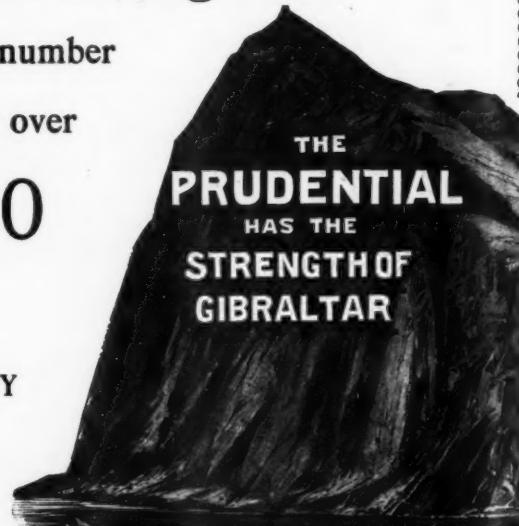
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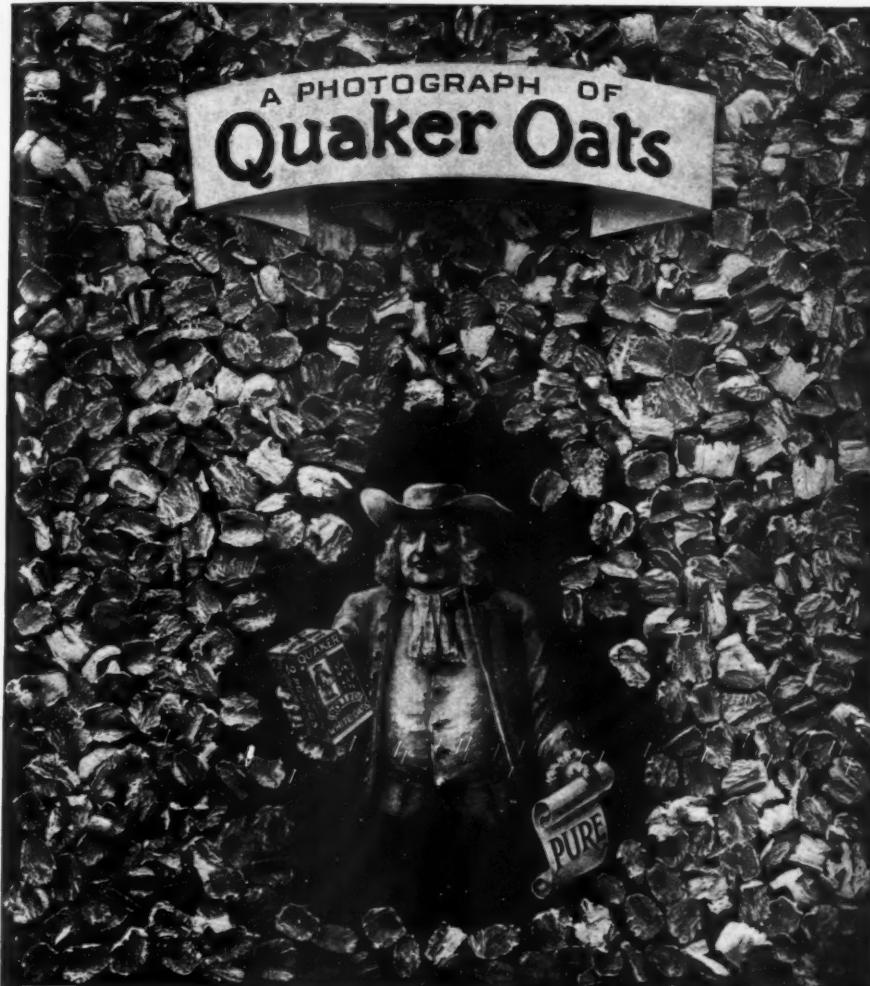
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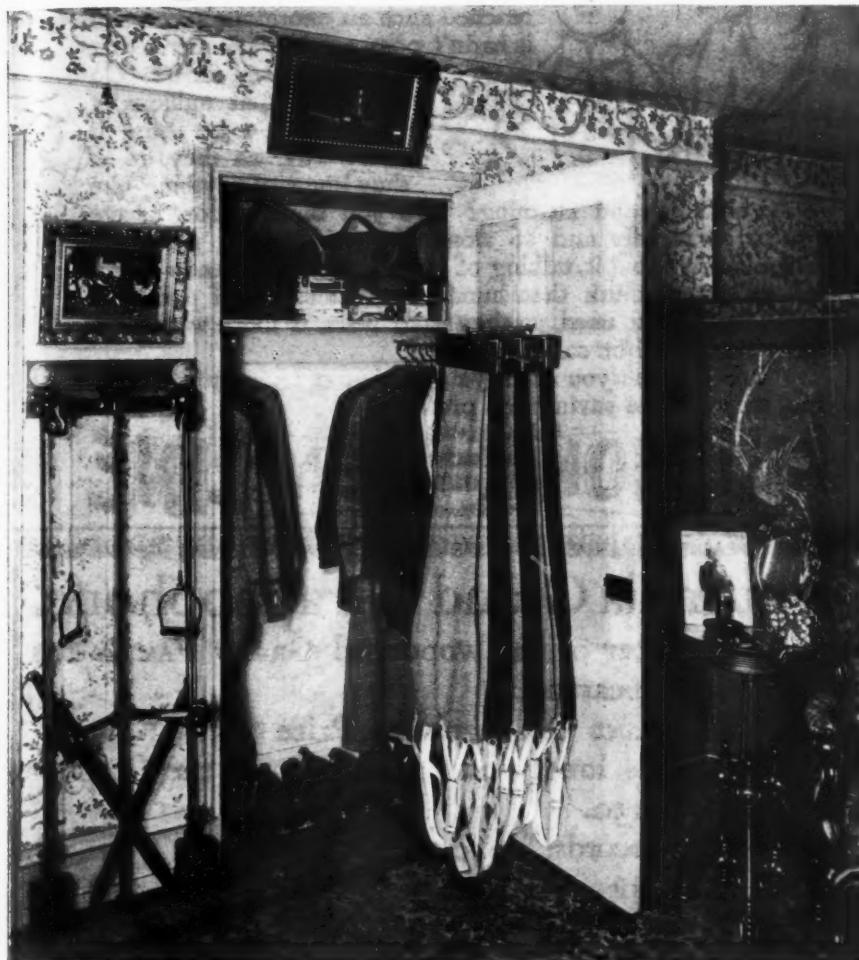
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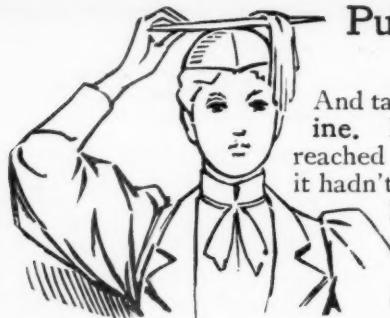
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30



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"A Distinctively Original Creation, both as regards the scale and manner of construction."

THE best that money can buy in the way of materials enters into the construction of the **KRELL PIANO**, inside as well as outside. It has no flaws. Otherwise the wonderful volume and exquisite singing quality of tone which have given it first rank would not be possible. There is satisfaction in the possession of a perfect piano.

It is easy to obtain a **KRELL** anywhere from Maine to California, on easy terms if desired, which we shall be pleased to explain upon application. Handsomely illustrated brochure sent free to those who write for it.

THE **KRELL** PIANO CO.

Whether you own a Piano or intend at any time to buy one, you should have a copy of "Facts." It contains valuable points of interest to all, and is sent FREE.

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VOSE PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

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The Highest Type of Music Box Ever Manufactured

The only disk Music Box made that changes its tune sheets automatically. Perfect acting yet simple mechanism. Boxes from \$7.00 up. Illustrated catalogue free.

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HOUSE FURNISHINGS

Not for sale by stores.

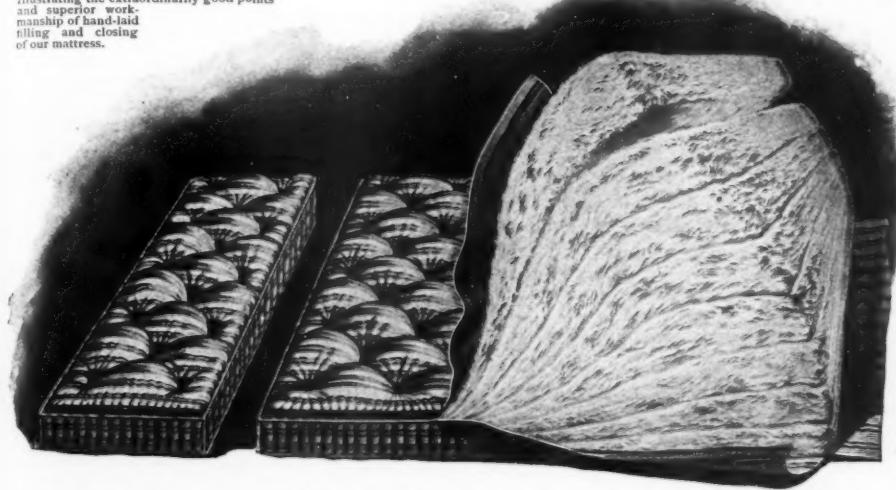
Express prepaid to your door.

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, \$15.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on."—SHAKESPEARE.

Illustrating the extraordinarily good points and superior workmanship of hand-laid tiling and closing of our mattress.

TRADE-MARK.



PATENT ELASTIC FELT consists of airy, interlacing, fibrous sheets of snowy whiteness and great elasticity; closed in the tick by hand, and NEVER mats, loses shape, or gets lumpy. Is perfectly dry, non-absorbent, and is guaranteed absolutely vermin proof. Tick may be removed for washing without trouble. Softer and purer than hair CAN BE; no repicking or restumping ever necessary.

Thousands have purchased, but *a thousand doubters hesitate*. If you doubt, we don't ask you to buy — simply send your name and address on a postal, and we will mail you our handsome 72-page colored, illustrated book, "The Test of Time." Send anyhow, whether you need a mattress or not.

We sell on the distinct agreement that you may return it at our expense and get your money back (without dispute) if not satisfactory in every possible way at the end of THIRTY NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL, and positively guarantee that the best \$50.00 Hair Mattress made is not its equal in cleanliness, durability or comfort.

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID EVERYWHERE.

U. S. Army Building, New York.

39 Whitehall Street, January 1, 1900.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.

Gentlemen.—The Patent Elastic Felt Mattress I purchased of you twenty-one years since is still in use and most comfortable, notwithstanding the wonderfully long service it has given. There can be no question of the superior excellence and durability of the Ostermoor Mattress.

Respectfully,
H. S. KILBOURNE, Surg. U. S. A.



2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	-	\$ 8.35	6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG.
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	-	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	-	11.70	
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Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.

Take Care! Don't be Deceived!

There is not a single store in the country that carries our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "Felt," which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. Our name and guarantee is on every mattress.

Can be bought only direct from us.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 122 Elizabeth St., New York.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

32

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ON MAMA'S
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Ladies!
Look for That Mark

The young housewife should learn the importance of the hall-mark on china when buying her dinner ware. It is the most important feature in the bargaining.

The mark of the Eagle and the Lion means perfect ware, the most exquisite pattern of the present day and the most reliable and durable surface. The Homer Laughlin China Co.'s goods do not crackle or craze with age but retain the perfect gloss of French china. The largest and best merchants, the most discriminating buyers endorse the Laughlin ware.

Your dealer will cheerfully order for you any line of our goods.

The Homer Laughlin China Co.,
E. Liverpool, Ohio.



Full Turkish Tufted.

A piece of leather furniture is a thing of great personality. Indeed, it is most like a true friend. We make only the highest class of leather furniture, using the best frames, curled hair and leather. We sell it all direct to users at factory prices. Every piece guaranteed to please or come back at our expense. We pay freight to customers east of Mississippi river; to points beyond equalized.



Write for catalogue showing many designs,
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MADE FROM THE FRESH
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TASMANIAN BLUE GUM TREE
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Send 5¢ stamp for
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make the ordinary clothes closets hold twice as much, keep everything in sight, in reach and ready to wear without pressing.



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CLOSET LOOP



AUTOMATIC TROUSERS HANGER



GARMENT YOKE

GOODFORM CLOSET SETS are \$3.00 each
TWO SETS in one shipment, \$5.50.

For Ladies—12 Garment Yokes, 12 Skirt Hangers, 2 Shelf Bars and 2 Loops.

For Gentlemen—12 Garment Yokes, 6 Nickel Plated Trouser Hangers, 2 Shelf Bars and 1 Loop.

Trousers Set—6 Trousers Hangers and 1 Loop, by Express, \$1.50.

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Sold in first-class Dry Goods Stores and by Clothiers and Furnishers. If not on sale in your city, send to nearest agency (see list below), or to us.

Express charges are very light if a few sets are sent in one shipment. Money back if you want it.

Those not familiar with the value of our productions should send \$1.00 for prepaid samples. Catalogue free, shows both Ladies' and Gentlemen's sets.

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 Providence—Calander McAsulan & Troup Co.

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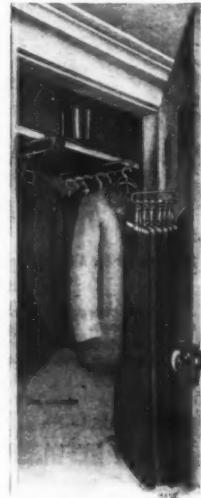
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Automatic

Absolutely the Simplest, Lightest-Running, Best-Constructed, Strongest Chain-Stitch Sewing Machine ever invented. Has neither shuttle nor bobbin. No tensions to adjust. Always ready when needle is threaded.

SOLD ONLY BY
THE SINGER
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Offices in every
city in the world.



REFRIGERATORS

34



Built to order for Albert E. Bulson, Jr., B.S., M.D., Fort Wayne, Ind.

McCray Refrigerators

Built to Order

For Residences, Clubs,
Hotels, Public Institutions,
Markets, Grocers, etc.

The illustration shows a refrigerator built to order for DR. ALBERT E. BULSON, JR., Fort Wayne, Ind. It is tile lined and arranged with the convenient device to be iced from the outside.

Zinc Lined Refrigerators Are Dangerous.

The corroding zinc and imperfect circulation of air generate poisons which are absorbed by the foods and cause disease. Milk and Butter are especially susceptible to odors and poisonous gases.

The McCray Tile Lined Perfect Ventilating Refrigerators are made to order in all sizes, from the smallest to the largest, and for any purpose required. A complete line of stock size Refrigerators also.

All Work Guaranteed Absolutely Satisfactory.

Send for Catalogues and Estimates.

CATALOGUES—No. 35 for Residences; No. 45 for Hotels, Clubs and Public Institutions; No. 50 for Grocers and Meat Markets.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR & COLD STORAGE CO., 101 MILL STREET, KENDALLVILLE, IND.

BRANCH OFFICES.

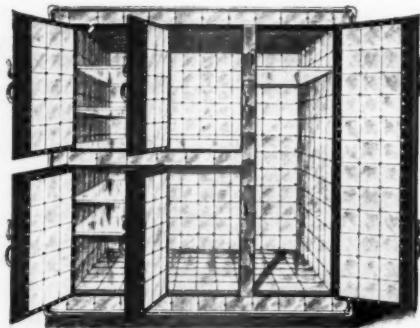
Chicago—182 W. Van Buren St. New York—341 Broadway.

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“Entirely of Tile”



Do you want the **newest** and **best** refrigerator, made of porcelain outside and inside—doors entirely of tile, no chance to warp, no odor, always clean, and will last a lifetime?

If so, send for descriptive catalog to

THE WILKE MFG. CO.,

24th and St. Charles Sts., Anderson, Ind.

A Perfect Food Preserver

THE LEONARD CLEANABLE REFRIGERATORS



(SCIENTIFIC AND ELEGANT.)

Can be easily taken apart and cleaned thoroughly without back-breaking effort. They are cleaner, colder, drier, than any other kind. The scientific construction, arrangement of flues and eight walls for insulation are **EXCLUSIVE** features which save the ice and produce a lower temperature.

\$8.25 for this style—size 25 x 17 x 40; others equally as low. Freight prepaid east of Rockies. Privilege of returning if not satisfactory. Souvenir free.

Write for free book L that tells about our other styles.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.,
6 to 30 Ottawa Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

REFRIGERATORS

THE MONROE

Porcelain-Lined Refrigerators

Dainty—Cleanly—Healthful—Economical—Odorless

Anybody who wants a refrigerator would have a MONROE if he knew all about it. And it is due to yourself that you know about it. You choose for a lifetime. Better spend a half hour to learn which is best. You will select the MONROE. Every food compartment is lined with white porcelain, moulded into one piece, with rounded corners. No crevices. No joints where food may lodge and decay. The whiteness throws light into every corner, so that you may see any uncleanliness. The glaze enables you to wipe it up with a cloth—about all the cleaning ever necessary.

Common porcelain put to such uses would break, crack, craze or peel. MONROE porcelain never does. It is the ideal lining—the lining that makes ours the only refrigerators that are absolutely healthful and odorless.

The MONROE costs more than common refrigerators, but that cost is economy. It isn't on account of the linings. The whole construction is so skillful, the insulation so perfect, that the MONROE saves its cost over and over in the ice that the other refrigerators waste. The cost gives you an honest refrigerator, cheaper by far than the common kind, even were the common kind free; for the main cost is the ice cost.

We save you all middlemen's profits by selling direct, freight prepaid. Dealers must pay what you pay. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Our new catalogue, with pictures in colors, shows how dainty they are; write direct to us for it.

These refrigerators are always sold direct from factory to user. But for convenience in showing we have exhibits in the following cities, for no one who sees a MONROE will be content with the common kind:

Baltimore. John Turnbull, Jr. & Co., Furniture,
1840 W. Baltimore St.

Binghamton. Innes & Demarest, Heaters, 128 State St.

Birmingham. Hopkins Stove & Tiaware Co., 5025 Second Ave.

Boston. Abram French Co., China, 89 Franklin St.

Buffalo. Wm. Scott, Florist, 546 Main St.

Chicago. L. B. King & Co., 245 N. Dearborn St., 6th floor.

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Columbus. The Hasbrook-Barger Co., China, 87 N. High St.

Detroit. L. B. King & Co., China, 245 Woodward Ave.

Kansas City. T. M. James & Sons, China, 1000 Walnut St.

Louisville. W. H. McKnight, Sons & Co., Carpets,
2nd, Fourth Aves. and 23rd Main St.

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1250 Wisconsin St.

Nashville. Phillips & Buttner Mfg. Co., Stoves, etc.,
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New Rochelle. Thos. J. Reid & Son, 66 Mechanic St.

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St. Louis. R. B. Gray China Co., 312 N. Broadway,

St. Paul. Wemoto, Howard & Co., Agents, China,

138-397 Jackson St.

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Toledo. Daunt Glass & Company Co., 215 Summit St.

Washington. Dulin & Martin Co. (Inc.), China,

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Nobody Appreciates Water

more than those people who, having sanitary appliances in their houses, find their water supply uncertain. If they had a

RIDER or an ERICSSON HOT AIR PUMPING ENGINE

certainty would take the place of uncertainty.

Catalogue "R" on Application to Nearest Office.

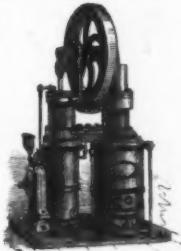
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HOUSE FURNISHINGS

36



ENVIRONMENTS

A BOOK ON ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION

IT contains new and practical ideas and suggestions for the use of wall coverings; interesting and valuable matter about the principal styles of *Interior Decoration* including Colonial, Style of the Louis, Flemish, Oriental, etc. It is tastily printed and is illustrated by color reproductions of interiors, and sketches. It will enable those intending to decorate this year to make selections for every room with discrimination and economy.

Sent FREE upon receipt of a postal by the

W. P. NELSON COMPANY
194 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.



Hot Ashes

burn through old barrels quickly, and through tins sooner or-later. Such substitutes for a good ash and garbage can are dangerous.

Witt's Corrugated Can

is made of galvanized steel with close fitting top. It is fire-proof and watertight. A hot coal or wet garbage will remain safe in the can until time for removal. The corrugation makes it strong.

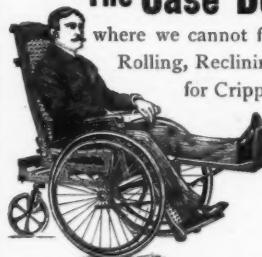
Ask your dealer for it. If he hasn't it, send us his name and yours.

"Tight Around the Waste" tells about our can. Write for it.

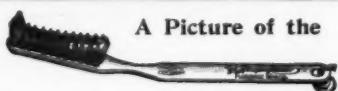
THE WITT CORNICE CO., Dept. A, Cincinnati, O.

The Case Doesn't Exist

where we cannot furnish the necessary Rolling, Reclining or Carrying Chair for Cripples or Invalids; or a luxurious adjustable Easy Chair or Couch for well folks. State what you want and write for catalogue.



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A Picture of the

"Prophylactic" Tooth Brush

to help you recognize this
"cure for future toothaches."

SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—clean between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. These mean much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. Adults' 25c. Children's (2 sizes) 22c. By mail or at dealers'. Send for our free booklet "Tooth Truths."

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HOUSE FURNISHINGS

37



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(PATENTED - OTHER PATENTS PENDING.)

\$1.00 PER SECTION

and upward, according to style and finish. Shipped "On Approval," subject to return at our expense if not better value than is offered elsewhere at the prices we ask.

ABSOLUTELY NON-BINDING DOORS

—dust proof—moisture proof—will not stick or bind in any climate. This is only one of several features that make the "Macey" Sectional Bookcase positively the best bookcase in point of Construction—Convenience—Style—Finish and Price ever made.

Write for Sectional Bookcase Catalogue No. "J 1."

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(Makers of Office and Library Furniture)

CARD INDEXES AND LETTER FILES.

We make a complete line, and our Quality and Prices are such that it will pay, and pay well, to write for our Catalogue No. "J 5" before you order.

ROAST A RIB

or boil
an egg, fry a fish
or bake a cake—no matter
how small or how great your
cooking need is, it can be done
with more comfort and less cost with a

Detroit Jewel Gas Range

than with any other gas or coal range
ever made. Not merely a summer
luxury, but an all the year round
necessity. Cooking costs less, the re-
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"Cooking by Gas" a valuable booklet
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Mention CENTURY.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS,
Detroit, Mich. Chicago, Ill.



STOVES RANGES ETC.

38



The perfection of all reservoir ranges is reached in a range that will work equally well with soft coal or hard coal, wood or coals—bake, roast, boil, seethe and fry to perfection—heat all the water you need almost instantly—properly used, last a lifetime, and save its price in a year.

Majestic Malleable Iron and Steel Range

does all of it, and the reservoir will not boil, "thump" and steam you out of the kitchen. This range will not clog with ashes and clinkers, allow smoke and soot to escape into the kitchen, crack or break, or subject you to the expense and annoyance of every other cooking apparatus. Made of MALLEABLE IRON and best open-hearth cold-rolled steel, 10 to 50 per cent heavier throughout than any other range. Flues lined with pure asbestos, and the entire range riveted with the best Norway iron rivets—air-tight and dust-tight. This explains why a Great Majestic Range will do its work in half the time, and with half the fuel.

Majestic Ranges

Our Booklet, "A Model Kitchen," SENT FREE. Half the bad cooking is due to defective fire and range arrangement. This Booklet tells "How a Kitchen Should be Arranged" to get best cooking results from any range; and tells all about Majestic Ranges and Malleable Iron. Postal brings it. Shall we send it?

NEW YORK SALESROOM
45 CLIFF ST.

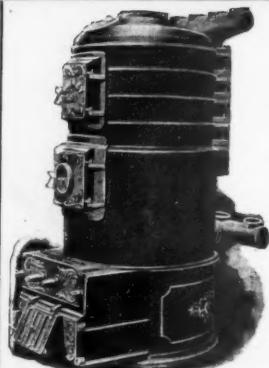
Majestic Manufacturing Co.

2024 MORGAN STREET
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Gurney

HOT WATER HEATERS STEAM BOILERS RADIATORS



SUCCESSFULLY HEAT

Dwellings, Apartment Houses, Banking Institutions, Public and Private Buildings.

SAFE, CLEAN, RELIABLE, AND ECONOMICAL IN CONSUMPTION OF FUEL.

READ WHAT USERS SAY:

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"I write to express our hearty satisfaction with the Gurney Heating System in our building." — JOHN G. THORNE, Secretary Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.

"The two Bright Idea Boilers in the Town Hall maintained a temperature of 75° throughout the entire building on a pressure of one pound of steam. They are very satisfactory to the selectmen and all concerned." — M. J. HORTON & SON, Poultney, Vt.

For sale through the Steam and Hot Water Fitting Trade. Have your architect specify the Gurney, and insist on your Fitter using the Gurney. Avoid substitutes.

IF THERE IS NO GURNEY AGENT IN YOUR TOWN, WRITE US DIRECT FOR INFORMATION.

Send for handsome illustrated book "How best to Heat Our Homes."

GURNEY HEATER MANF'G CO.

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HEATING APPARATUS

39

YOU can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it.

Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" is that chimney.

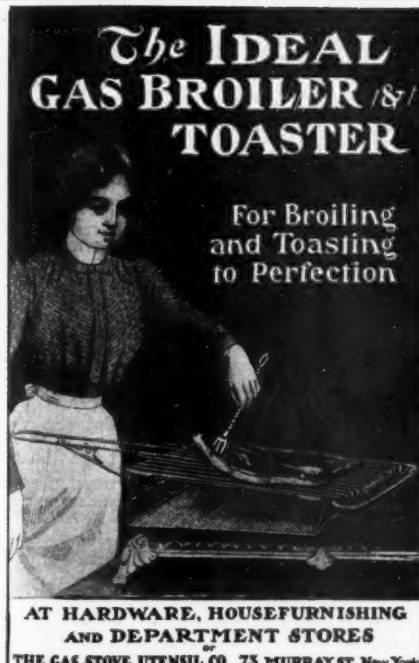
You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

Our "Index" describes *all* lamps and their *proper* chimneys. With it you can always order the right size and shape of chimney for any lamp. We mail it FREE to any one who writes for it. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**The IDEAL
GAS BROILER /&/
TOASTER**

For Broiling
and Toasting
to Perfection



AT HARDWARE, HOUSEFURNISHING
AND DEPARTMENT STORES
THE GAS STOVE UTENSIL CO. 73 MURRAY ST. NEW YORK



Gas is supplanting coal as a fuel in most up-to-date kitchens because it is absolutely clean and convenient—strike a match, turn a handle and the stove is hot. For roasting meats or baking pastry, bread or anything, the best results can not be had unless the oven is a

Bake-even Oven.

The excellent baking qualities of the "Monitor" make it strong where other gas ranges are weak. Heat is applied uniformly—no shifting of pans from rack to rack. The oven is closed—no fumes from burning gas. With a

Monitor Gas Range

you can boil or broil, bake or fry, roast or toast, heat water for the entire house. It will do all that any coal range can do and do it quicker and cheaper. Occupies small space.

"Kitchen Comfort" tells how to make your kitchen comfortable with the least trouble and expense. Sent on request.

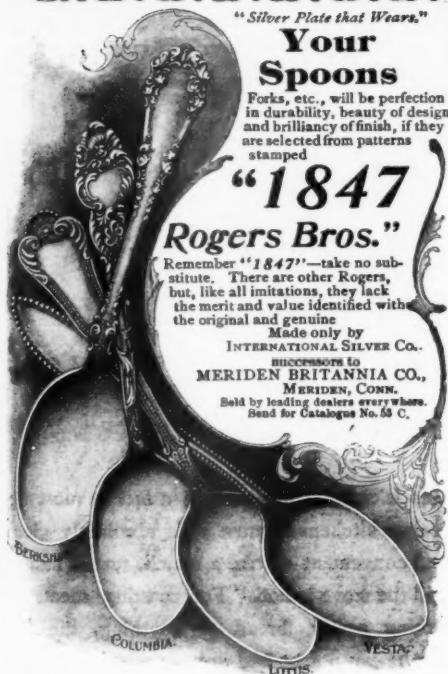
THE WM. RESOR & CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Manufacturers of Stoves and Ranges since 1819.

Address Dept. B.

SILVERWARE

40



New Belt Rings.

STERLING SILVER. 50 CENTS A PAIR.



These rings are for mounting on the ends of saah belt ribbon. A narrow ribbon about 1½ inches wide, passing through the rings and tying in a bow-knot takes the place of a clasp. Illustrated directions with each pair. Order by number. 3897 Plain and 3898 Chased, 50 cents a pair. 3899 Gold finished (on sterling silver) Plain, and 3900 same, Chased, 60 cents a pair. Sent *safely prepaid*. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Send for our Complete Catalogue "M" of Sterling Silver and Solid Gold.

Daniel Low & Co.,
Gold and Silversmiths,
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Quincy's

Perfumes are
of the highest
quality, and a
selection is
simply a matter
of preference.

"Daisy Queen"



A fragrant
perfume, rich in
the sweetness of
field and forest.
Delicate yet
lasting.

Sold by all dealers, or will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00. LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay St., New York.

EVERY BRIDE receives more or less duplicates—if you will send them to us we will allow you more for them in trade or cash than any one else—whether in silver, bronze, cut glass, diamonds or what not.

Duplicate Wedding Presents

stantly varying line of gifts at less than one-half the prices asked elsewhere, made by Tiffany, Howard, Starr, Gorham, Whiting, and all the prominent makers.

Old gold and silver taken in exchange, or purchased outright.

J. H. JOHNSTON & SON,
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PAINTS STAINS ETC.

41



The above picture taken from life shows the

BERRY BROTHERS' TOY WAGON

In use. Ask your dealer in Paints and Varnishes about it, or drop us a line and we will mail you copy of above picture and particulars.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited,
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The improved Shingle Stain and preservative. Imparts an artistic finish to shingles and prolongs their life by penetrating the pores of the wood and retarding decay.

Shinglettin is made in all desirable shades, is easily applied, the colors are permanent, and money is saved by its use.

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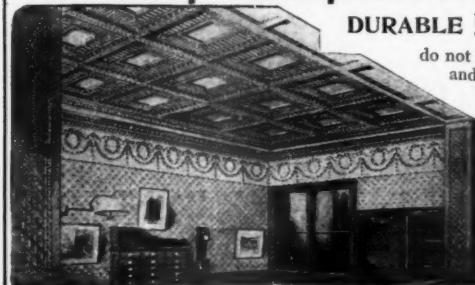
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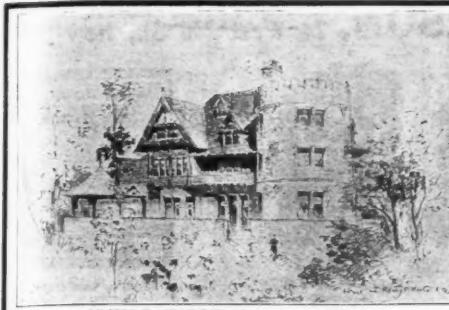


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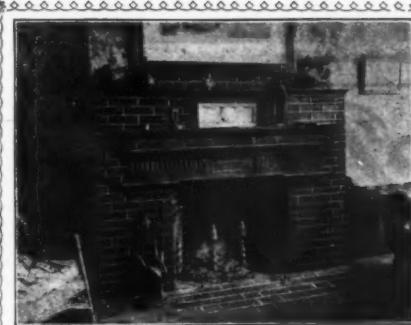
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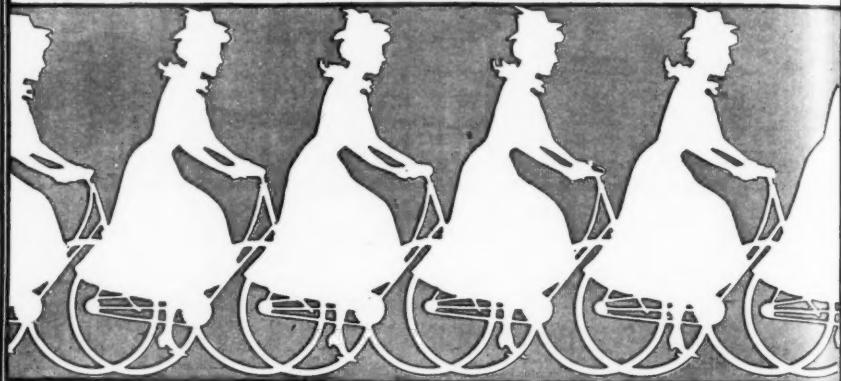
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BICYCLES

48

BICYCLES

CLEVELAND



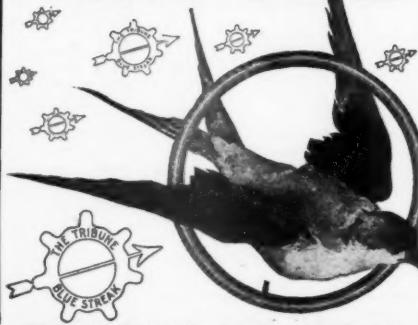
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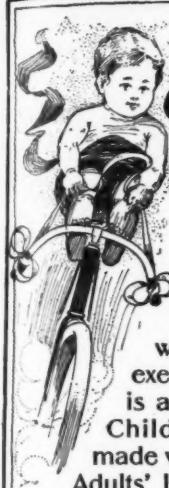
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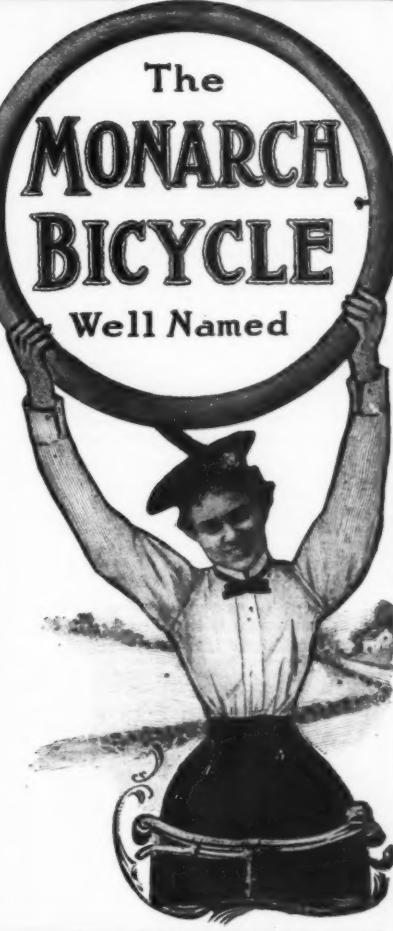
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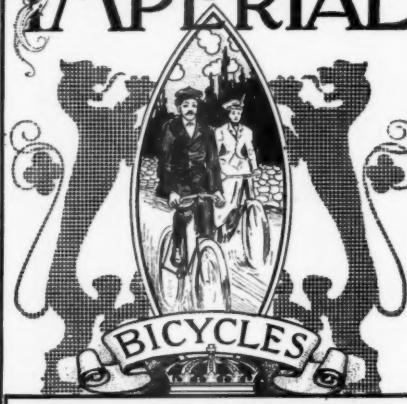
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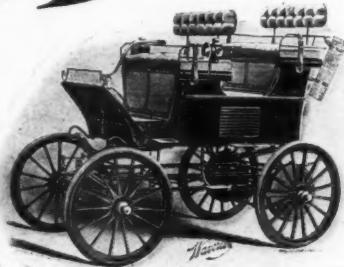
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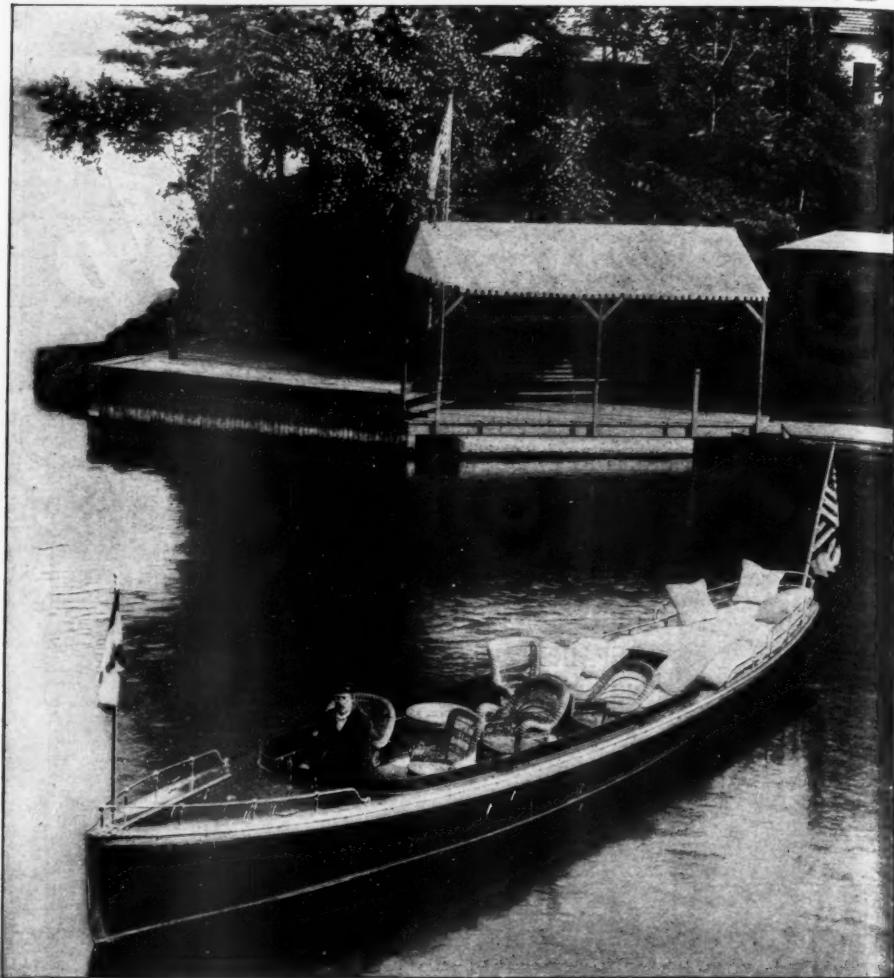
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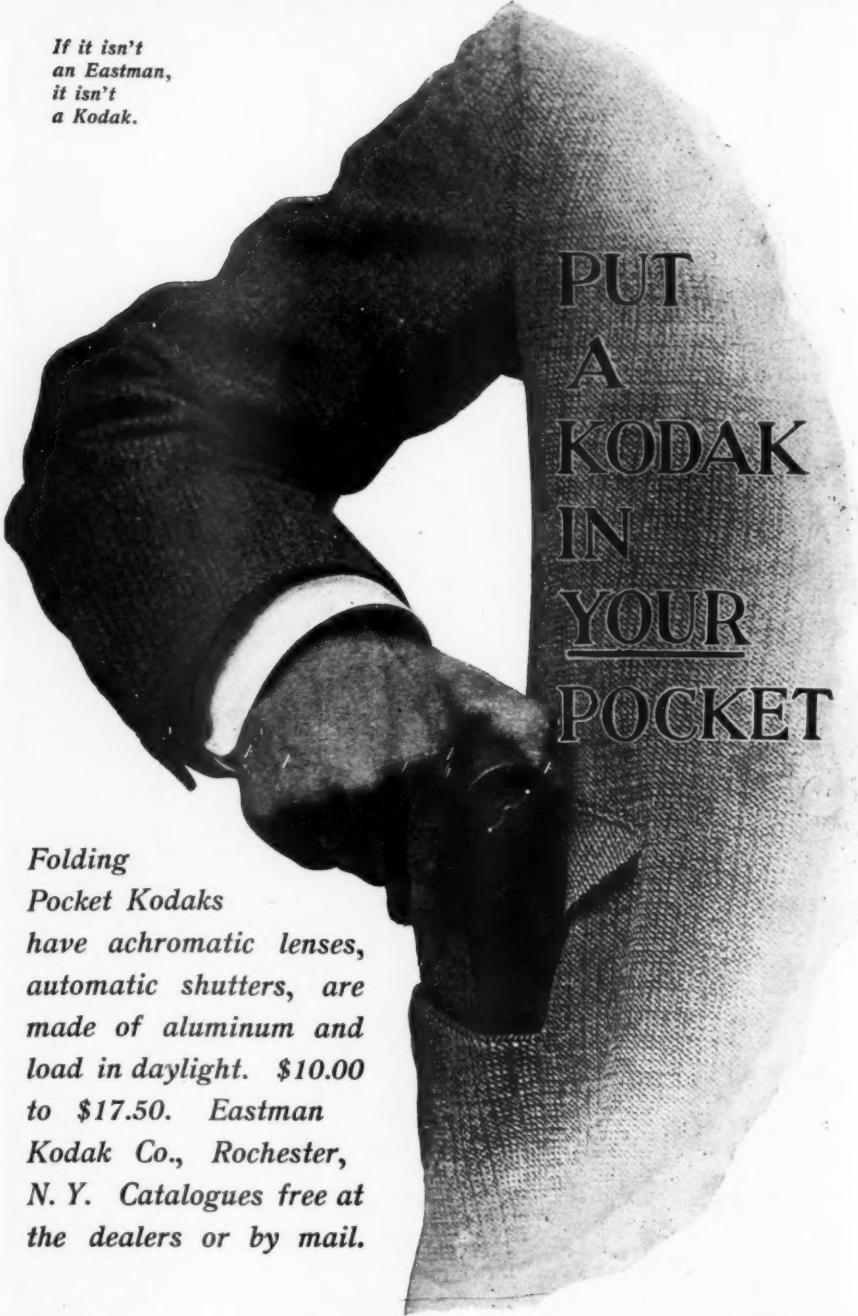
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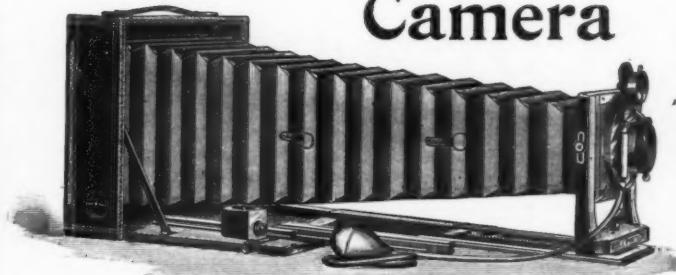
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PHOTOGRAPHIC ODEON

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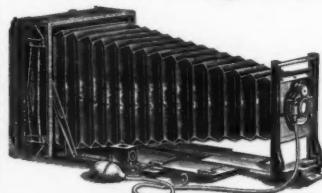
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MISCELLANEOUS

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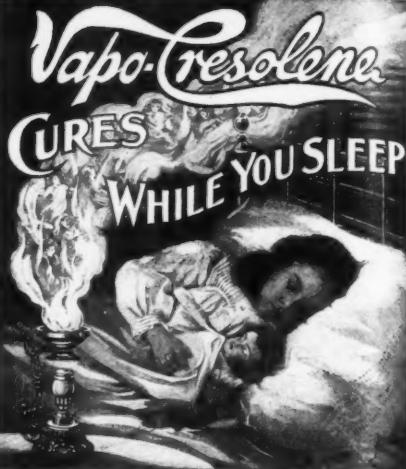
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66



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HELMET BRAND 2 FOR 25¢

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bands of
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lisle or
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FIGURE you

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the Combined Belt and
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Redfern Corsets

French Gored - Solid Whalebone



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Our catalogue illustrates:

New Skirts in the latest Paris cut, \$4 up.

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up.

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Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts made of double-face materials.

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We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades.

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THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY, 119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.

An Advertisement, with Notes.

The Advertisement.

The Notes.

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in 15 prizes, closed on the 1st of April,

But

The Men still have until September 1st,
1900, to hand in their stories concerning
“SOROSIS” Shoes, for 15 prizes of \$1500.

Therefore send to us for information upon
the subject, so that you may enter the
competition and secure one of the prizes.

The judges are well known
and responsible. So are we.

Write to . . .

A. E. LITTLE & CO.,

92 Blake Street, Lynn, Mass.

WE MAKE “SOROSIS” SHOES, THE BEST SHOES FOR
WOMEN.

This is to catch your eye.

This is something to re-
member us by.

This is to excite your
interest and regret—if
you did not compete.

This awakens curiosity
and suggests hope.

This confirms hope and
arouses ambition, with
a side appeal to cupidity.

This is directive, with a
slight hint of flattery.

This is our guarantee of
good faith.

This is where we are.

This is cold fact.

Spring Overcoats

THE "Raglan" is the ultra-fashionable coat for Spring.

It is made in either dark or light shades; elegantly trimmed and finished; fine serge linings, silk velvet collar, etc. H. S. & M. garments are *Ready-to-wear*. You can pay three times our price for clothes made to your measure and not get the correct style, graceful appearance, satisfactory fit and good service our clothes afford. The picture here is from life, it is not a "fashion-plate," but the portrait of a man with one of our Raglan Coats on. We make all the correct things, Sack Suits, Cut-aways, Double-breasted Frocks, Covert Topcoats, English Walking Coats, etc. Style-Book "H" tells all about them.

Get Your Size

Raglan Overcoats as shown in the illustration, made of black or Oxford, Vicuna, or of tan or gray Whipcord, silk velvet collar, finest linings and trimmings, \$20, \$22, \$25, \$30

See other Styles in the other Magazines this Month

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this trade mark sewed inside the collar of the coat. Glad to send you our new Style-Book "H" free of charge. Every man should have it.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx
C H I C A G O
Largest Makers in the World of Fine Clothing for Men



Three Minutes



only required to take, develop, and finish the above picture with the

NODARK CAMERA

Size of camera, 3½ in. wide, 4½ in. high, 12 in. long.
Size of pictures, 2½ in. x 3½ in.

With this camera the entire tedious and difficult science of photography is reduced to such simplicity that any child can use it.

No Dark Room.

No Costly Chemicals.

No Printing Frames.

No Blurs or Hazy Results.

The process is so perfect that every plate comes out right. There is no secret about the Nodark Camera—simply a new dry-plate tintype is used instead of glass plates or films. Every Nodark Camera is complete and perfect. Also includes 26 plates, 1 developing chamber, 2 bottles of solution, and instructions how to operate and make the pictures. **Price, \$6.00.**

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and the pleasure of conversation.

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They are easily adjusted by the wearer. They are comfortable and invisible. Very soft and elastic.

Write for free booklet telling of many thousands cured of deafness.

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No washing. No wetting of paper. Send for circulars and samples of work.

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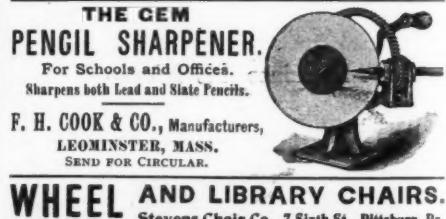
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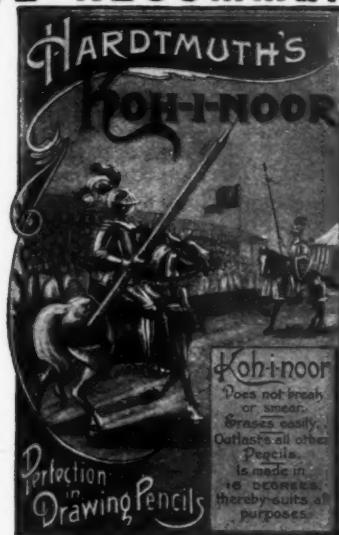
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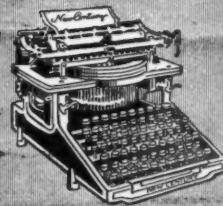
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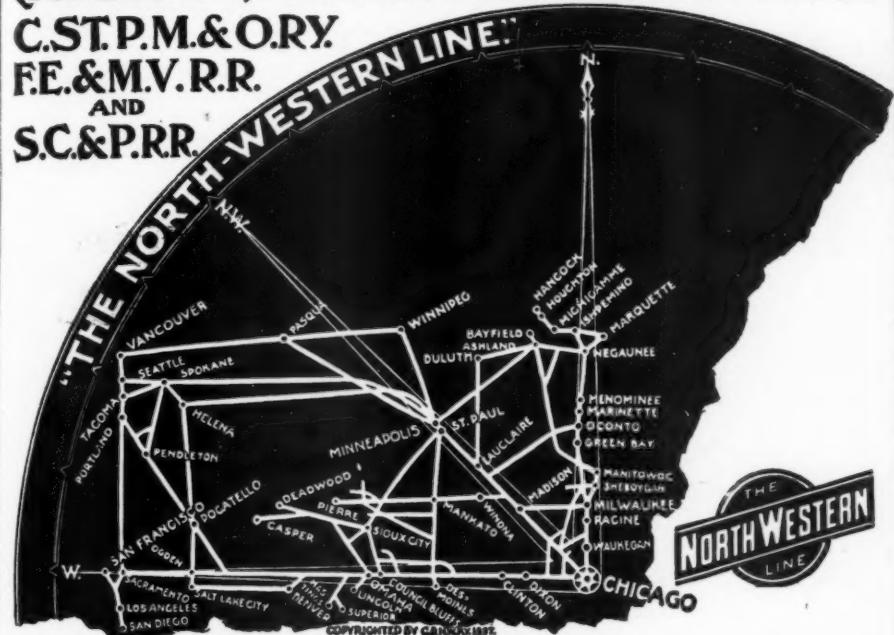
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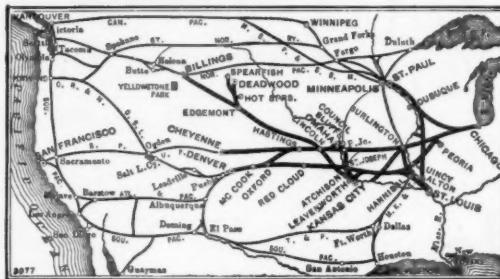
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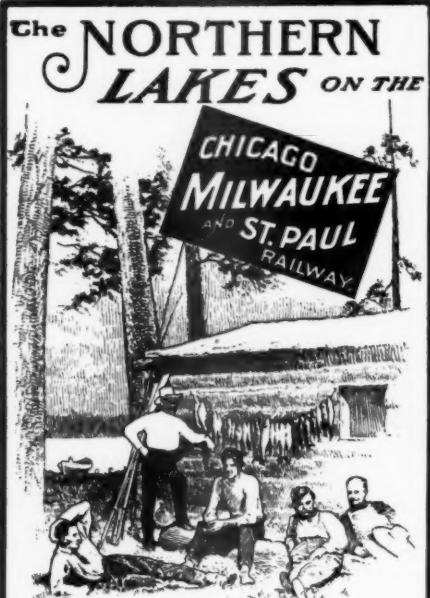
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It is noteworthy in connection with the growth of our business that the best getters of business for us seem to be our clients. Many of the new customers that we secure come to us recommended by some one for whom we are already doing advertising.

We go anywhere for business.

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The Kind You Like to Eat.
Pure, Satisfying Food.



KORNLET
is the creamy pulp of a tender, high flavored variety of sweet corn, with all the coarse, indigestible hull left on the cob. As a delicate article of food there is nothing equal to Kornlet.

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Ralston Breakfast Food
SAVES TIME, TEMPER AND DIGESTION.

Most cereals require a double boiler, and at least 20 minutes cooking, while Ralston Breakfast Food is prepared with ease and dispatch in a single boiler in five minutes.

There's not another dish so delicious for Breakfast that contains as much nutrition as Ralston Breakfast Food.

Ask your grocer. If he doesn't keep Ralston, send us his name, and we will mail you a sample free.

PURINA MILLS,

"Where Purity is Paramount."

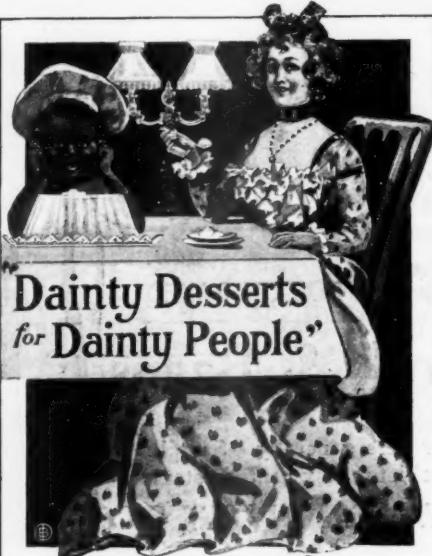
Manufacturers of Purina Health Flour. (Whole Wheat), in 5 lb. Packages and 10 lb. Sacks.

750 GRATIOT ST.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FOOD PRODUCTS

86



KNOX'S GELATINE

has revolutionized the gelatine trade of America. Housewives marvel at its lack of odor and at its transparency.

Each packet makes at least a pint more jelly than any other packet of equal size.

It is a *pure* calves'-stock gelatine—that's the whole secret. Any one in America can make it, but **I am the only one who does.** It is time for the *truth* to be known about gelatine.

I WILL MAIL FREE

my 32-page book of seventy recipes, called "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," to every applicant. Send for it to-day.

For 5 cents in stamp (to cover postage and packing), I will mail the book and *full pint sample*. I wish you would at least give it this trial.

For 15 cents and the name of your grocer, I will mail the book and a *full 2-quart package* (two for 25 cents). Pink gelatine for fancy desserts in every package.

CHARLES B. KNOX,
10 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

That Trouble of Yours

may be caused by

Coffee !!

Prove to yourself by leaving it off 10 days.

Nearly every physical ail can be traced to a disturbance of the nervous system, caused generally by some food or drink that sets up the trouble. The nerves telegraph to far-away organs. So if pain or incipient disease show anywhere, try leaving off Coffee for 10 days and use Postum Food Coffee. You may thus locate your trouble and be rid of it.

Thousands have.

All grocers supply Postum Food Coffee. Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

An oval-shaped illustration showing three people: a man in a tuxedo and two women in dresses, all smiling and holding a tray of chocolates. Below the oval is a circular text area.

TO WIN A
HEARTY WELCOME,
TAKE ALONG A BOX OF

Whitman's CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

Sold everywhere.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate makes a delicious drink in a minute.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia,
Penn.

FOOD PRODUCTS



**Taffy was a Welchman . Taffy was a thief :
Taffy came to my house and stole the Durkee's Salad Dressing**

FREE Send for free BOOKLET on "Salads: How to Make and Dress Them," giving many valuable and novel recipes for Salads, Sandwiches, Sauces, Luncheon Dishes, etc. Sample 10 cents.
E. R. DURKEE & CO., 534 Washington Street, New York.

FOOD PRODUCTS

88

Ko-nut.

A Pure, Sterilized Vegetable Fat from the Cocoanut

For Shortening and Frying

Ask your grocer for Ko-Nut, or write to—

INDIA REFINING COMPANY, Philadelphia.

**THIS
HANDSOME
BOY'S
HEALTH AND STRENGTH
ARE
FOUNDED ON A ROCK
BECAUSE THE FOUNDATION
WAS LAID IN INFANCY AND
REINFORCED IN CHILDHOOD
THROUGH THE CONTINUED USE
OF IMPERIAL
GRANUM
THE GREAT PREPARED
FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN**

SEND FOR BULLETIN

**THE IMPERIAL
GRANUM CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.**

**SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
EVERYWHERE**

If remote from drug store, send 75 cts. for regular sized package to **JOHN CABLE & SONS, 153 Water St., New-York**, and prove for yourself merit and economy of Imperial Granum.

Over the Coffee Cups.

BY C. F. BLANKE,
President Blanke Tea and Coffee Co., St. Louis.

Coffee Purity.

The purity of coffee is a very essential factor in a good cup of coffee. Pure coffee means more than coffee that is unadulterated; it means coffee that is free from all foreign matter. Coffee naturally has foreign matter, some of which is accumulated with the coffee while being harvested and prepared for market; some of which is the natural outer covering of scale of the bean. An otherwise good coffee is very seriously damaged by this scale, which in roasting is burnt and gives the coffee a burnt flavor in the cup. An up-to-date plant like that of The C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Company has machinery for removing all this objectionable matter.

C. F. BLANKE.

This is one of a series of talks on coffee by the greatest blenders and importers of high grade coffee in the world, Mr. C. F. Blanke, president of the Blanke Tea and Coffee Co., St. Louis. The talks were published in the St. Louis Star and contain valuable information about coffee, the care of the coffee pot and Mr. Blanke's recipes for making all kinds of coffee. A pamphlet containing the set complete will be mailed free on request.

Send \$1.30 for 3 pound can of "Faust Blend," Blanke's best blend of coffee, used exclusively by more high grade hotels, dining car services and steamer lines than any coffee in the United States.

C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ADaintylunch



Of Boneless Chicken
Prepared in
One Minute
One of the
Thirty varieties of
Libby's Luncheons

There were five times as many cans of Libby's Luncheon Meats sold in 1899 as in 1898, proving the

Great Popularity of these convenient, delectable Meats.

Libby's Luncheon Meats are delicious foods, perfectly prepared—always all ready—no fire—no bother—all you have to do is to serve. For sandwiches, quick lunches, suppers, emergencies of every description! They include delicacies and substancials appetizing and satisfying—for all meals, indoors and outdoors.

We publish a neat little book called, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," which we send free to every one who requests it by letter or postal. It gives more than 100 recipes for preparing Libby's Luncheon Meats.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO.

FOOD PRODUCTS

90

The Boy Is Father to the Man

However sturdy and promising a child may be, it may arrive at maturity poorly developed and lacking vigor, unless properly fed.

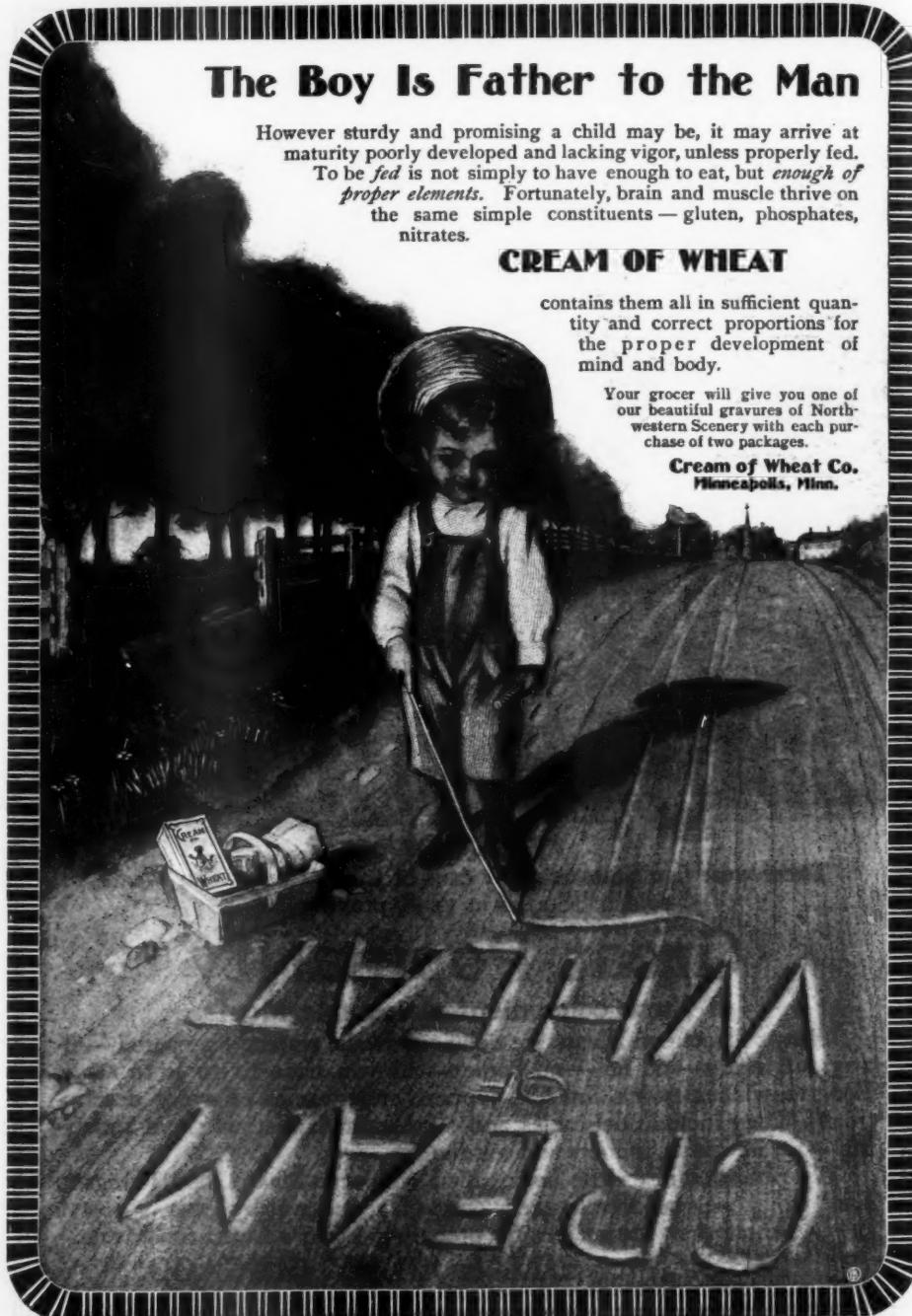
To be fed is not simply to have enough to eat, but *enough of proper elements*. Fortunately, brain and muscle thrive on the same simple constituents — gluten, phosphates, nitrates.

CREAM OF WHEAT

contains them all in sufficient quantity and correct proportions for the proper development of mind and body.

Your grocer will give you one of our beautiful gravures of North-western Scenery with each purchase of two packages.

Cream of Wheat Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.



MINERAL SPRINGS

91

The Water of the Discriminating Epicure



White Rock^{OZONATE} *LITHIA WATER*

The epicure calls for White Rock because it is clear, bright, mellow and refreshing; because it has the vim and life of charged water without the bite and sting; because it keeps the intellect clear and the appetite keen. In bottling White Rock water the "rough edges" of the carbonating process are toned off by the introduction of pure oxygen, giving it its exclusive freedom from harshness and burn.

Four pints of White Rock will be sent anywhere in the United States, prepaid, upon receipt of \$1.00. After drinking four pints you will buy it regularly of your dealer. Booklet **FREE**.

WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRING COMPANY,

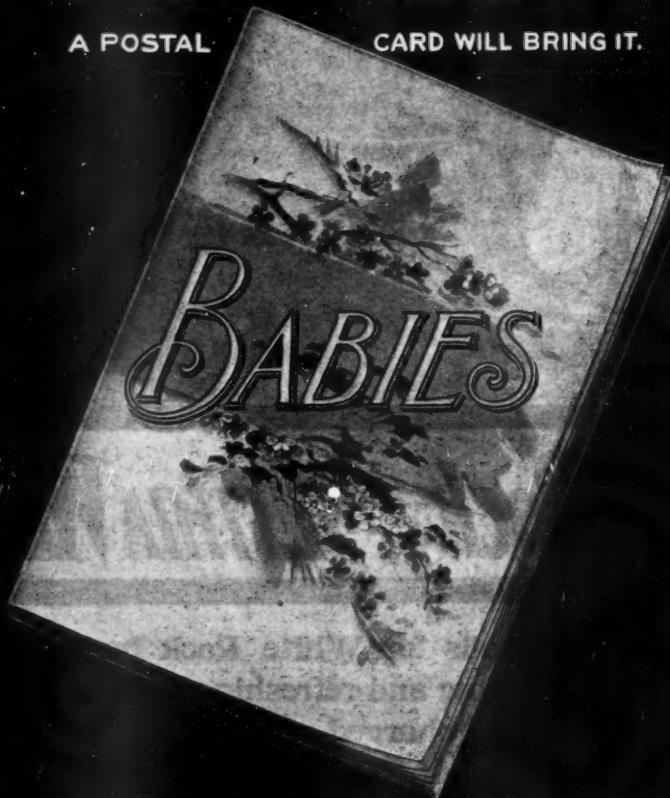
Waukesha, Wis.

FOOD PRODUCTS 92

“BABIES”
A Book on Infant Feeding.
FREE to Mothers.

A POSTAL

CARD WILL BRING IT.



More Good Natured, Strong, Robust, Healthy Babies are raised on

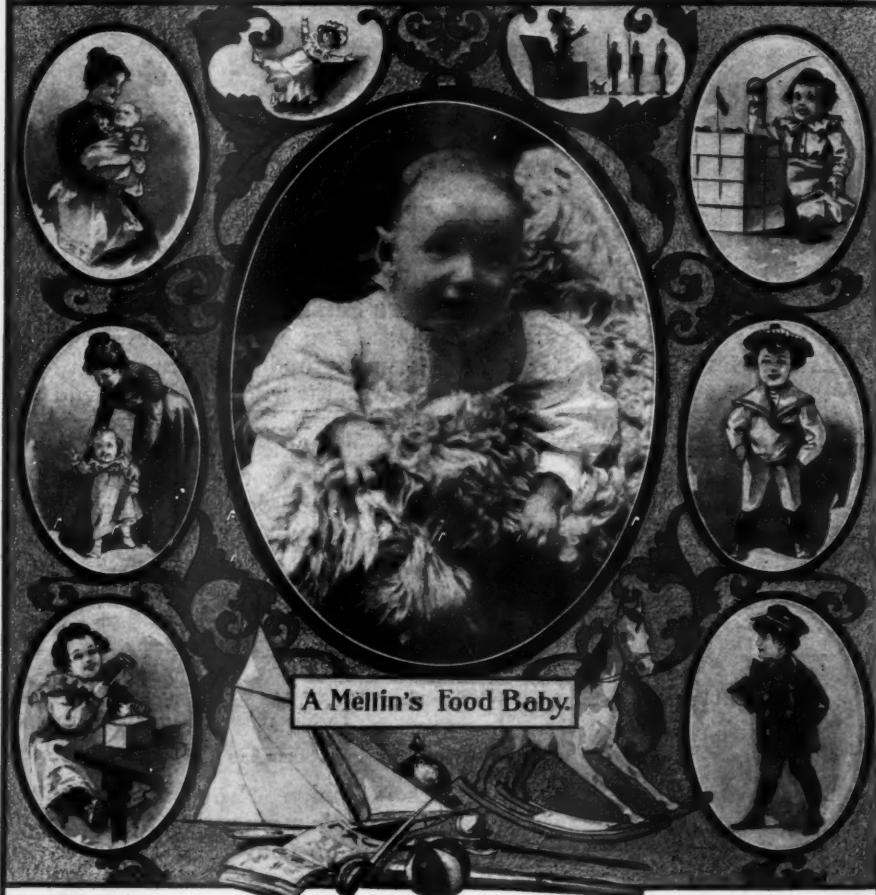
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

than on All Other (so called) Infant Foods Combined. It has
stood the test for More than **FORTY YEARS.**

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., NEW YORK

FOOD PRODUCTS 94

MELLIN'S FOOD



*Laughs because he is happy. Happy because he is healthy. Healthy because he lives on
MELLIN'S FOOD*

I send you under separate cover photograph of our baby, seven months old. He's a Mellin's Food boy, for that is the only food he ever had that agreed with him, and we tried five kinds. When we began his stomach had been disordered by frequent changes of food, but after using Mellin's Food he became the picture of health and happiness. The photograph is typical of him, as he is nearly always laughing—hasn't cried an hour in three months.

PROF. BERT M. LASUER, 229 Lansing Street, Utica, N. Y.

Send for our "Portraits of Mellin's Food Babies."

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

FOOD PRODUCTS

THE ANNUAL SALES OF

SWIFT AND COMPANY

FOR THE YEAR 1899 EXCEEDED

\$160,000,000

Why buy unknown goods when the name of Swift guarantees reliability and highest quality in every Ham, piece of Bacon or pail of Lard bearing the name of Swift?

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF TORONTO.

MAR 30 1900

SOAPS

96



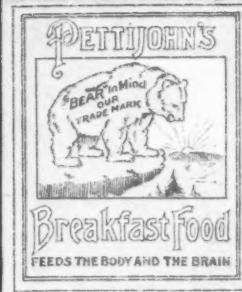
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In the studio of the painter Ivory Soap is invaluable, for nothing else will so safely remove the grime from frames, brushes, statuettes, and those various and interesting things that artists like to collect and keep about them. Even oil paintings can be freshened by wiping them off with Ivory suds.

99 $\frac{1}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.







Pettijohn's Breakfast Food

ALL THE WHEAT BUT THE OVERCOAT.

FREE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

MOTHER GOOSE IN PROSE

BY L. FRANK BAUM.

SUPERB FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

The most delightful of all childrens' books. The old, familiar nursery rhymes charmingly retold and elaborated into tales of surpassing interest to children.

"Better entertainment than the jingles on which it is founded."—*Boston Transcript*.

"A world of entertainment for the little ones."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"Will surely keep the children happy."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Cut the 3 bears from one Pettijohn's Breakfast Food package and send with 8c. in stamps, to pay for mailing, and we will send you free Vol. I., containing History of Mother Goose and Little Boy Blue.

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO.,

Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"A Perfect Food"
"Preserves Health"
"Prolongs Life"

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



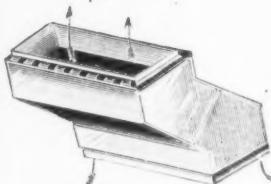
Trade-Mark
on Every Package

"Known the world over.
... Received the highest in-
dorsements from the medical
practitioner, the nurse, and
the intelligent housekeeper
and caterer." —Dietetic and
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Perfection Furnace Pipe



In building
a house or
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new furnace,
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and pipe. It
is now being
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Life and Death

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Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—They Destroy Health

Polite Correspondence

has tasteful dignity
when done with dead
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is dead black from the pen-point,
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